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VOL. VIII. No. 2

## Beethoven

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A Beethoven Causerie: Part VI, "Beethoven  
in England, 1823."

Beethoven's Portraits (*Gustave Drexler*).

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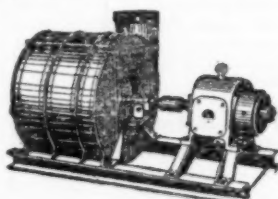
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	-	-	-	The Editor	-	-	101
---------	---	---	---	------------	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER I. GENERAL.

Poem	-	-	Ivor Gurney	-	-	103
A Century of Beethoven	-	-	H. C. Colles	-	-	104
A Speech for the Opposition	-	-	John Ireland	-	-	109
The Choral Fantasia	-	-	Prof. Edward J. Dent	-	-	111

## CHAPTER II. COMPOSITION.

Portraits	-	-	-	-	<i>between 122 and 123</i>
His Appearance	-	-	<i>the late</i> W. Barclay Squire	-	122
Variation Form	-	-	Sir Henry Hadow	-	127
Form	-	-	Prof. Donald Tovey	-	131
The Third Period	-	-	Dr. J. B. McEwen	-	156

## CHAPTER III. STRINGS AND ORCHESTRA.

"An Schwager Kronos"	-	<i>trans.</i> A. H. F. S.	-	-	163
Beethoven and Goethe	-	Scott Goddard	-	-	165
The Orchestra	-	Sir Hamilton Harty	-	-	172
The Quartets as a player sees them	-	Rebecca Clarke	-	-	178
Violin Sonatas	-	Jelly d'Aranyi	-	-	191
The Violin Concerto	-	F. Bonavia	-	-	198

## CHAPTER IV. PIANOFORTE.

Poem	-	-	John Freeman	-	-	201
His "Infinite Variety"	-	-	A. E. Brent Smith	-	-	202
Beethoven and the Piano	-	-	Dr. G. Dyson	-	-	206
Some Textual Questions	-	-	Dr. E. Walker	-	-	211
Random Notes on the Sonatas	-	-	J. A. Fuller Maitland	-	-	218
Pianoforte Concertos	-	-	Fanny Davies	-	-	224

## CHAPTER V. VOICE.

Poem	-	-	W. M. Marsden	-	-	227
The Songs	-	-	Walter Ford	-	-	228
George Thomson, publisher	-	-	Richard Aldrich	-	-	234
Fidelio	-	-	Dyneley Hussey	-	-	243

## CHAPTER VI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Autographs	-	-	-	-	<i>between 252 and 253</i>
Ninth Symphony	-	-	Prof. Donald Tovey	-	{ 253
C Sharp Minor Sonata	-	-			{ 258
The Man and his Time	-	-	Richard Capell	-	262
W. v. Lenz	-	-	Ernest Newman	-	268
Book Reviews	-	-	Scott Goddard	-	273
Bibliography	-	-	C. B. Oldman	-	276
Poem	-	-	E. H. W. Meyerstein	-	289
Gramophone and Player-piano	-	-	Sydney Grew	-	290



5

# *Music and Letters*

APRIL, 1927.

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VOLUME VIII.

NUMBER 2

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## PREFACE

THIS number of MUSIC AND LETTERS—this book, may I say?—passes in review the more important aspects of Beethoven's work. Written by thirty different pens, it does not pretend to be exhaustive; nor was that its intention. Each essay came in answer to an appeal for special knowledge on some particular point, and there are necessarily, and rightly, a few gaps in the series. The book is arranged in chapters, whose divisions are marked by poems or illustrations, and whose subjects are indicated in the Table of Contents. I may be allowed, perhaps, to call attention to the advertisement pages also, in which readers may possibly find the very thing they were looking for.

With quite half the contributors to this volume writing is not an everyday occupation, and our thanks are especially due to them for their sacrifice of time and labour. Mr. Edward Speyer has helped the publication in more ways than would appear from the pages of autographs and portraits which come from his collection, and Mr. Scott Goddard than from the two articles signed by him. The short note on "Beethoven's Appearance" is perhaps the last thing that Barclay Squire wrote for the Press. I saw him when he had only a few more days to live, and perhaps knew it. He was just as quietly helpful as ever. The portraits were selected on his advice.

Owing to the welcome, but unexpected, wealth of musical lore that was showered upon me at the last moment by Professor Tovey, a few articles dealing with questions less central have been unavoidably postponed till July. To oust contributions is always a painful task for an editor, particularly when they have already appeared in the prospectus. A few facts also came to my notice too late for insertion. We must try to manage these matters better next year, when if we are all alive and well, as the saying is, we shall be commemorating

Franz Schubert. To that end, I ask now for information relating to the whereabouts of portraits and autographs of Schubert, and for suggestions of any kind, to reach me by Jan. 1, 1928.

It may be held that an editor should "speak to the motion" on an occasion like this, either by way of correlating the different views or by some contribution of his own. The project would have been attractive, had space permitted. I will confine myself to one thought, in one paragraph.

The notion that Beethoven is, to put it baldly, out of date has been handled in various ways in the first chapter. When living minds stand before us and give us the best they have been able to reach for the moment, we are puzzled, because we do not know the processes of mind, heart and character by which they reached it. When such minds recede into the past, we are again puzzled because we do not feel the stresses and aspirations of the age which called out what was in them. If music is to be more to us than the soothing of the ear, as when the hand is soothed that strokes velvet, its understanding must imply a feeling for the spirit both of the man and of his age. The "Eroica" is to be explained neither by the sketch-books alone, nor by the French Revolution alone. We may know more of the man than did those who saw him actually running, rather than walking, about the streets of Vienna, because we do not merely catch glimpses of him in a life that is full of other things, but get him in perspective; and more of his period than any one actor in it, because we see the whole setting of the stage, and the impulse of fashion has lost its hold on us. But the music of the past offers too easy navigation; adventure craves a few sunken rocks. The notion, then, that Beethoven is played out is, when it rises beyond something quite petty or impatient, a kind of divine discontent, and, at its best, a determination to feel the life we have now to live, and not be like the dweller in Rephan, who came back to Earth, because, as he says,

I yearned for no sameness but difference  
In thing and thing, that should shock my sense  
With a want of worth in them all, and thence

Startle me up, by an Infinite  
Discovered above and below me.

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Beethoven I wronged thee undernoting thus  
Thy dignity and worth ; the overplus  
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You have our great Ben's mastery and a freer  
Carriage of method, spice of the open air . . .  
Which he, our greatest builder, had not so—  
Not as his own at least but acquired to.  
May no false fashion put thy true fame away  
As in Vienna, when wantons laid all away  
Thy work Homeric for a soft Southern zephyr,  
And heroes were no other than as day's heifer  
Sacrificed on the altar of world's praise,  
The amusement or brittle heightening of drab days ;  
Whereas thy sinewed strength is by Aeschylus,  
Homer, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and a pillar of us.  
Master ! Such are our memories which do never betray  
Our own makings, thou so generous in thy great-heart way.

IVOR GURNEY.

## A CENTURY OF BEETHOVEN

A CENTENARY, in itself considered, is but a small thing, but the words "a hundred years ago" are commonly allowed to provide a legitimate excuse for building a monument to a great man's memory. Frequently that monument is raised the higher on the occasion of the centenary because the builders are aware that their work should have been accomplished long since. Not infrequently it bears an uncomfortable suggestion of the children building the tombs of the prophets whom the fathers slew.

That, however, is not the case, it may be said, with the centenary of Beethoven's death which we celebrate here and now. The great artist was honoured during his life and at his death. There has never been a moment since, when it could be said with truth that his work was neglected in any civilised country. His monument has been raised by the performance, repeatedly and with ever-increasing reverence, of every work which he put on paper, by the preservation and careful scrutiny of his manuscripts, by the publication of his music in scrupulously accurate texts and by the critical study of every record regarding his life and his art. For generations the highest tribute which it has been possible to pay to any executive artist, orchestral conductor, chamber music player or solo pianist, has been that he or she is a great interpreter of Beethoven. Rival "readings" of his works have been weighed and sifted. Artists have laboured to shed new light on them, sometimes no doubt to the point of discovering features of which Beethoven himself was unconscious, but generally with the result of giving a clear elucidation of his mind and spirit scarcely accorded to any other composer. In particular it may be said that the art of orchestral conducting has itself sprung into existence through the need for interpreting Beethoven aright, and the conviction that nothing must be left to the chance of the moment. One has only to compare the records of Sir George Smart's diary regarding the production of the Choral Symphony during Beethoven's life with the point of view of a Weingartner or a Kussewitsky to-day to appreciate the changed outlook. The string quartet party has equally polished its ensemble to the point of perfection in response to the same need, and it was the exposition of the complete series of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas by such men as von Bülow and Hallé which created the vogue of the piano recital. In the field of literary criticism too, we pay special honour to those who had the insight or the good fortune to be the instruments for spreading abroad the knowledge of Beethoven, and we take no little pride in the thought that English-speaking people have taken a substantial share in that process. The researches of



Englishmen such as Sir George Grove and J. S. Shedlock, and of Americans such as A. W. Thayer and H. E. Krehbiel, are everywhere regarded as essential concomitants in the large body of Beethoven criticism.

At the moment then of this centenary we look back over the hundred years mainly with the feeling that it is difficult to add one stone to the monument which has been so carefully built. We can do little but ruminate on the many facets of Beethoven's own achievement which time has made increasingly clear, and hope that in the process some detail may yet emerge with greater clearness. But another point of view suggests itself when we look back on Beethoven's art with a vision enlarged by all that has happened since 1827. It has been a commonplace of criticism, almost a cliché, to praise later men by a reference to him, and the suggestion that in some way or other their work reflected the spirit of his has been held to give them the hall-mark of genuineness. Wagner, who like Napoleon, placed the crown on his head with his own hands saw (1849) "*Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*" as the fulfilment of Beethoven. The enthusiastic friends of Brahms who heard his symphony in C minor at Carlsruhe (1876) delighted to call it "*The Tenth Symphony*." The disciples of César Franck, headed by M. Vincent D'Indy, proclaimed that in *le style cyclique* their master alone had solved the secret of Beethoven's "*Third Period*," and finally (let us hope), Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in search for an original phrase with which to introduce this magazine to an admiring public in 1920, triumphantly produced "*ELGAR late BEETHOVEN & Co.*"

The justice or otherwise of these and similar claims need not come into discussion here. We can see now that composers great and small throughout the nineteenth century kindled their torches or their tapers at Beethoven's mighty furnace. Wagner's, by far the largest, is of outstanding importance, because it may almost be said that he was able to rekindle the furnace itself just when its flames were dying down. He, who alone among the musical minds of the nineteenth century was big enough to begin a new era in the art, and who despite his passionate protestations to the contrary was regarded in his own day as the great revolutionary, ultimately made good his claim to have founded the music-drama on the basis of Beethoven's symphonic style. A century after Beethoven's death it is seen that the æsthetic criticism of him has divided itself into two chronological periods, pre-Wagnerian and post-Wagnerian; the one praised him as the culmination of the classic standpoint towards pure instrumental music, the other hailed him as the precursor of romanticism and the apostle of self-expression. Both have found the satisfaction of their ideals in the nine symphonies.

It is only in these latter days that there have been spirits so hardy

as to suggest that there are possible courses for the art of music to follow which Beethoven knew nothing about, or knowing ruled out. The world at large is far from being satisfied yet that they have proved their case. Their presence and their increasing hardihood may or may not be a sign that Beethoven's dynasty is shortly to have an end. Nevertheless they lend an increased significance to his centenary and point out why it is different from other centenaries. We can look back over the history of the last hundred years and see that the art pursued in innumerable different forms, opera and music-drama, symphony and symphonic poem, the sonata whether of the concerted or solo types, has developed along lines prefigured in Beethoven's work, and we can see in the music of our own generation a tendency of the conservatives to go behind him for their precedents and of the radicals to ignore him in their adventures.

Beethoven regarded only the major and minor scales as worth the serious attention of a modern-minded musician. Though he labelled a short passage in a late quartet *in modo lidico* it meant no more than the momentary attraction towards the effect of B natural introduced into the key of F major. Not for one moment did he think of his harmony as belonging to any other system than the major-minor one; the whole broad pattern of his sonata form rested on the contrasts of key-centres and a momentary disturbance of their clarity, such as the simultaneous tonic and dominant of horns and strings in "Eroica," or the cacophonous mixed chord which heralded the "Freude" of the Ninth, was only present in order that the scheme of keys might become the more perspicuous presently. Widely as he ranged in his designs between the first and the ninth symphonies and between Op. 18 and the posthumous quartets, he never stirred from this position in regard to tonality and harmony. For him harmony was the art of using a few chords in relation to well disposed key-centres, and form was the art of proving to his hearers that the key-centres were well disposed and not fortuitous. In order that his elaborated forms, diverging further and further away from those current in the eighteenth century, might carry conviction his use of chords in a key had to remain simple.

His successors, accepting his tonal principles implicitly, might push harmonic decoration to unheard of lengths without forfeiting their allegiance to him. They did; some of them, notably Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt were accused of having denied Beethoven's faith in tonality merely because of their exuberance of harmonic detail, which sounded strangely to ears accustomed to his comparative simplicity. Sometimes the accusation had some justice in it. In the cases of Berlioz and Liszt, for example, their key-centres were not always well disposed, and much of their larger music has become practically a dead letter in consequence. In the main, however, one master after

another in the last century was able to prove that his conceptions of tonality were those of Beethoven's major-minor system and that as a consequence his musical structures were capable of becoming comprehensible to minds for whom that system represented the norm of classical design. It is within the memory of a generation still not very far advanced in years that the tone poems of Richard Strauss, which once sounded wilfully iconoclastic, now seem rather tamely reminiscent of nineteenth century tonal standards.

But that will not be so of much of the music which is new to-day. Doubtless it will become as familiar in the course of time as any other, but not by reference to Beethoven's tonal standards. The radical seekers after "polytonality" and "atonality," as well as the conservatives who hark back to the modes of plain song and of folk song, move in regions of musical thought which deny his premisses, and most of the world is not quite sure whether their chosen premisses lead to any reasonable conclusion. We in England at the moment are inclined to favour the conservative group. We are still a little staggered by the revelation in these last days of a great and mature school of composition which flourished in this country two hundred years before Beethoven lived. Our composers are fascinated by the idea of applying its principles to the problems of modern music, and those principles were of a kind which Beethoven assumed to have been outgrown for ever.

So it is that while Mr. Bernard Shaw's *mot* passed merely as an extravagant compliment to Sir Edward Elgar, the same thing, applied, let us say, to Mr. Gustav Holst on the occasion of the production of his first choral symphony, would be too empty to pass muster even from the pen of a licensed humorist. The compliment to be one at all would have rather to allude to the old-established firm of Byrd and Weelkes. Similarly a French critic's assertion that Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" is a work of equal potency with Beethoven's Choral Symphony leaves us wondering whether the author of the remark is extraordinarily clever or only trying to be thought so. Those who first heard Beethoven's Choral Symphony could place it beside a long list of previous works owning a similar musical idiom and draw some comparisons even if they failed to grasp its whole significance. The admirer of Stravinsky's Ballet cannot produce a parallel standard of measurement. He can only prophesy, and musical prophecy has not been so successful in the past as to win a ready and general acceptance now.

It will be agreed, however, that there are sufficient signs of change at the present time to make it seem probable that the peculiar influence of Beethoven, the impress which he set on the whole art in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, is wearing off with the completion of a similar period in the twentieth. Allowing it to be so,

his achievement is still one of the most amazing things in artistic history. There is no other to be compared with it in music. Palestrina and Lassus dying at the close of the sixteenth century, sank almost immediately into oblivion as regards influence on successors. Alessandro Scarlatti set his seal on Italian opera for a generation or so after his death, but the thing itself was a hothouse product. Handel held this country in his grip for the best part of a hundred years after his death, but only because it was a country in stagnation. J. S. Bach only began to exert any influence at all a hundred years after his death, so that it is still too early to measure its extent. Mozart was quickly obliterated by Beethoven himself. Only Beethoven through an entire century of richest growth has remained the great exemplar.

Moreover it must be insisted that the very signs of restiveness shown towards his technical methods by modern composers are part of the heritage he left to them. If there is one thing which distinguishes Beethoven from all his predecessors in musical composition, even the mightiest of them, it is his insistence on the personal responsibility of the artist for every creation of his brain in all its aspects. He had to speak truth. His sketchbooks assert his labours to find the truth in every case. He knew he could never go back, and the demand for works in his earlier styles he dismissed as mere childishness. Because of his pursuit of truth, not absolute truth but the truth for him, the Mass in D was finished two years after the occasion for which it was intended had passed. We admire the profusion of early Masters, but after Beethoven their ready acceptance of conventional expedients could no longer be tolerated. There could be no more "clattering of dishes at the Royal banquet" as Wagner expressed it, no more "surface noise" as we are inclined to say now. Every detail had to be the considered product of the composer's own thought to be accounted music at all. Beethoven imposed that exalted standard on the small fry as well as on the great. "That is how I feel it; I could not write it any other way," has ever since been accepted as the composer's justification. The plea has no doubt covered a multitude of sins and has been a cloak for petty self-consciousness and eccentricity of all kinds, but it is also the frame of mind in which all the great product of the past century has been brought to life and it was not that of the century before Beethoven. It must also be allowed to those whose methods contradict his. If he dictated a form to the art which it was destined to follow for at least a hundred years, he also imposed on the creative artist a spirit of unflinching sincerity which must live for all time.

H. C. COLLES.

## A SPEECH FOR THE OPPOSITION

THE opinion has been expressed by some people that Beethoven's music is beginning to lose its hold on the public in general and on musicians in particular. Does the C minor Symphony sound so thrilling as it did thirty years ago? Does the Choral Symphony hold one spellbound, from first note to last, as it did, say, in the 'nineties? Do the Waldstein, the Appassionata, the Hammerklavier, the best of the earlier and later chamber music, transport us into another world with such certainty as they used to do? The answer is for the individual. Speaking personally, the works of Beethoven which I have always loved best still appeal to me with their original thrill.

But there must be some reason for the alleged decline in Beethoven's popularity. It may be that the times in which he lived imbued his work with a quality which is antipathetic to some of us who live in such a totally different age, when every manifestation in art is expected to be built on trope and ellipsis. I will try to enter into some of the more obvious reasons why Beethoven's work as a whole does not make such a forcible appeal as its deep humanity, its greatness of outlook, and marvellous technical invention would seem to command.

It is not because the idiom of Beethoven is outworn. The modern mind can turn with joy to Palestrina or the more daring Byrd. Haydn and Mozart still delight us, and the amazing variety of Bach perhaps counts for more with the public, at present, than the music of any of the earlier composers. Harmonic idiom is not the point in question.

Probably the crux of the matter, as regards Beethoven, is his extreme subjectiveness and seriousness, coupled sometimes with a certain triteness of material which is so often relentlessly developed to its utmost logical conclusion. His endless repetitions in form, his inexorable insistence on cadential points, his long development sections and codas often seem to detract from the effect of even his greatest works. He is so intent on the music itself that a sense of sound, for its own sake and as an aural experience, is generally lacking, and this deficiency is often productive of unpleasant sensations to modern ears. One might say that as the outstanding musical figure of the century he influenced the course of music towards an



his achievement is still one of the most amazing things in artistic history. There is no other to be compared with it in music. Palestrina and Lassus dying at the close of the sixteenth century, sank almost immediately into oblivion as regards influence on successors. Alessandro Scarlatti set his seal on Italian opera for a generation or so after his death, but the thing itself was a hothouse product. Handel held this country in his grip for the best part of a hundred years after his death, but only because it was a country in stagnation. J. S. Bach only began to exert any influence at all a hundred years after his death, so that it is still too early to measure its extent. Mozart was quickly obliterated by Beethoven himself. Only Beethoven through an entire century of richest growth has remained the great exemplar.

Moreover it must be insisted that the very signs of restiveness shown towards his technical methods by modern composers are part of the heritage he left to them. If there is one thing which distinguishes Beethoven from all his predecessors in musical composition, even the mightiest of them, it is his insistence on the personal responsibility of the artist for every creation of his brain in all its aspects. He had to speak truth. His sketchbooks assert his labours to find the truth in every case. He knew he could never go back, and the demand for works in his earlier styles he dismissed as mere childishness. Because of his pursuit of truth, not absolute truth but the truth for him, the Mass in D was finished two years after the occasion for which it was intended had passed. We admire the profusion of early Masters, but after Beethoven their ready acceptance of conventional expedients could no longer be tolerated. There could be no more "clattering of dishes at the Royal banquet" as Wagner expressed it, no more "surface noise" as we are inclined to say now. Every detail had to be the considered product of the composer's own thought to be accounted music at all. Beethoven imposed that exalted standard on the small fry as well as on the great. "That is how I feel it; I could not write it any other way," has ever since been accepted as the composer's justification. The plea has no doubt covered a multitude of sins and has been a cloak for petty self-consciousness and eccentricity of all kinds, but it is also the frame of mind in which all the great product of the past century has been brought to life and it was not that of the century before Beethoven. It must also be allowed to those whose methods contradict his. If he dictated a form to the art which it was destined to follow for at least a hundred years, he also imposed on the creative artist a spirit of unflinching sincerity which must live for all time.

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unduly logical classicism of form and expression which is the very reverse of all modern ideals in art.

The formalism of Mozart is a convention so transparent as not to obscure the innate grace and beauty of his ideas, and his work, so much slighter than Beethoven's, is often more acceptable, partly on account of his unfailing sense of sound as sound, and his love for a translucent, flexible texture, wherein every note is in its right place—a quality which Ravel shares with Mozart.

The greatness of Beethoven can never be in question, but whether his music as a whole will continue to command the unquestioning idolatry, accorded to it as a matter of course until recently, may be doubted. It seems unlikely that modern taste can return wholeheartedly to anything, however great, which is open to criticism on the grounds of formality or portentousness.

The tendency nowadays is towards brevity of statement, flexibility and conciseness of form, clarity of texture, and attention to sound as an experience for the ear. The works of Debussy, Ravel, and Stravinsky display these qualities, and form a natural continuation of the pre-Beethoven period—a period in music more in accord with present-day taste than the Beethoven-Brahms epoch, which includes not only some of the greatest things in music, which are obviously for all time, but also, if one may say so without treason, a good deal which now seems to many people dull and faded.

JOHN IRELAND.

## THE CHORAL FANTASIA

For a hundred years the name of Beethoven has been throughout the musical world the symbol of all its loftiest ideals. There is no other composer who has held that representative position so consistently and for so long a period. Handel perhaps came near being thus regarded, but only in England, and Handel's apotheosis lasted only for about a hundred years after his death. The modern worship of Mozart and Bach is a thing of recent growth, and in both cases it differs in a vital point from the adoration of Handel and Beethoven. Bach and Mozart have been exhumed after a long period of indifference; the domination of Handel and of Beethoven began in both cases from the moment of their deaths. It is reasonable that we should ask ourselves in this Beethoven centenary year what is the real significance of Beethoven for us. Signs are not wanting to show that the cult of Beethoven is on the wane. Shall we live to see a day when the name of Beethoven represents no more to the general musical public than the equivalent of "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus" and a so-called *Largo*? It is not unthinkable; and if so, it does not much matter what particular works of Beethoven will constitute that equivalent. We have already reached a point at which almost the only works of Beethoven which are thoroughly familiar to the average concert-goer are those which afford the most conspicuous opportunity for the display of a pianist's or a conductor's own individuality. One by one the rest have been tacitly dropped, and the concert-giver who is rash enough to attempt their revival is faced by either a yawning audience or an empty room.

It is a testimony to the greatness of Beethoven that even one or two of his works can still produce, or appear to produce, the impression of being music of our own time. We ought to be suspicious of that impression and enquire of our own minds whether it is really anything but an illusion. After these hundred years we may perhaps do Beethoven more honest justice if we admit frankly that he is a composer of a century ago. If we admit this, we can disregard any disappointment that we or others may feel when we hear his works in the concert-room to-day after an experience of Wagner, of Brahms and Delius, as well as of all the younger men who are expressing the emotions of our own age. There is no denying the historic immensity of Beethoven's personality; our duty is to recognize that he belongs to a historic period and that we can only understand

him rightly by studying his own environment and by studying, not necessarily performing publicly, the whole of his artistic output. If we take this attitude towards Beethoven, then there is no work of his, not the humblest *Bagatelle*, without its interest and value for us. Every bar that he wrote will contribute something towards our understanding of Beethoven as a whole, and we may indeed find that certain works which no musician of to-day would greatly wish to hear performed may yet strangely illuminate the obscure passages of those which everyone still wishes to retain.

Whenever we make a thorough-going and detailed study of the complete works of any great composer we inevitably find that he "repeats himself." When we discover isolated bars or phrases from some familiar work recurring elsewhere, it may be in the most unexpected and apparently inappropriate surroundings, we must not ascribe the fact to poverty of invention or even to carelessness. No doubt such coincidences were not deliberate, but were the product of a subconscious mind; that is what makes them peculiarly interesting. One of the richest fields in which to study such coincidences is the final period of Mozart. "The Magic Flute" and the "Requiem" are complementary to each other and must rightly be studied side by side; "Così fan Tutte" and "The Magic Flute" will also throw light on each other, and there is at least one striking moment in "Così fan Tutte" which requires *Ave verum Corpus* as a footnote to it. It is absurd to suppose that the man who wrote these things, even in a desperate condition of ill health, was deficient in musical invention. Something was occupying his mind which he wished to set down in terms of music. We can never discover what it was so as to be able to set it down ourselves in words; it is expressed for us in the music itself, and that music is important for us not because it is associated with one set of words or another, but because it is the expression of Mozart's personality.

It is not out of place to mention Mozart here, because we may also learn much from a comparative study of Mozart and Beethoven together. It is not enough to say simply that Beethoven was influenced by Mozart as all artists have been influenced by their predecessors. We must distinguish carefully, if we can, between an influence which is purely technical and one which is spiritual. It is the latter which is the more important of the two, though it may be more difficult to track down and analyse. Technical influences are not always transmitted from one great man to another; in technical matters Beethoven probably learned much more from the hard of now forgotten average composers of his youth than he did from Mozart or Haydn. The history of music often shows us that a great composer is affected by the music of some great predecessor not in a broad

and general way, but as the result of being suddenly struck by isolated works, or even, it may be, by isolated passages. Schubert must have received a shock of this kind when he heard the *Allegretto* of the Seventh Symphony; the memory of that opening haunted him for years afterwards and affected his entire musical outlook.

One can hardly help concluding that such shocks are the result of the spiritual contact of two minds. To translate the theme of that *Allegretto* into words is impossible; we cannot know what was the exact significance which Schubert attached to it—probably he did not know himself. It is only one of many out of Beethoven's "inspirations"; but it appealed to Schubert with a singular force, it was a seed which generated within his soul. Beethoven created it and left it, though he had still years enough of life remaining in which he might have developed the idea himself. He did not do so; Schubert developed it for him, though very likely not in the way that Beethoven himself might have done.

If we look through the works of Beethoven to see if we can find an analogous contact with the mind of Mozart we shall notice at least one conspicuous and outstanding case. Would he ever have called his detested sister-in-law "The Queen of Night" if "The Magic Flute" had not haunted his memory ever since he first heard it? Florestan and Leonora, as I have said elsewhere, are Tamino and Pamina grown up and facing the fire and water of our own world. But "Fidelio" was not the only product, perhaps not even the most important one, which resulted from that contact. It is evident that the moments in "The Magic Flute" which most powerfully dominated Beethoven's imagination were the two finales, and most especially the concluding movements of those two finales. The chorus in C major which ends the first act brought us the C minor Symphony; the last chorus of the opera brought us "Prometheus" and the "Eroica."

It is easier to understand the contact of Beethoven with Mozart than that of Schubert with Beethoven, because there is an ethical significance behind it, and we know that the ethical element was perpetually present to the mind of Beethoven. At the present day we may very possibly wish that it had not been so present; it seems to be that insistence on ethical significance which has made musicians of to-day turn in revolt against their elders' adoration of him. But as historians we must admit the presence of ethical ideals, and it is indeed impossible fully to understand Beethoven unless we recognize his ethical intention and set ourselves to understand that too.

"The Magic Flute" is the musical expression of the new age which was ushered in by the French Revolution. Mozart had lived just long enough to catch a glimpse of what was to be the new age of



music—just long enough and no more. His other operas had been written for a court; "The Magic Flute" was written for the people, and for a "people" who even in reactionary Vienna knew something of what was going on west of the Rhine. Those choruses of Egyptian priests were the first rays of the vision which culminated in the "Missa Solemnis" and the "Ode to Joy." The first new light which Beethoven contributed towards the age of illumination was the creation of Prometheus, blasphemer against God and benefactor of humanity; and this same Prometheus is the hero of the Eroica Symphony. The last few pages of "The Magic Flute" show us that Prometheus was a figure of Mozart's vision too, though Mozart may not have known by what name to call him.

Among the many now neglected works of Beethoven we may note other occasions on which Beethoven acknowledges his debt to "The Magic Flute" and the ideals which it unveiled to him. The Choral Fantasia is seldom performed, and when it is performed it seldom arouses much enthusiasm. The last time that I heard it at a small provincial festival it provoked an interesting criticism from a distinguished composer who was in the audience. Another item in the concert had been "Pomp and Circumstance." "What a mistake to make those poor people sing the Choral Fantasia! You must admit it's a wretched work; that's why it's never performed." I refused to make the admission, and countered the next statement by saying that we had performed it recently at Cambridge. "Oh, Cambridge! that's right enough, I dare say—you've got an audience of prigs there; they'll pretend to admire anything with Beethoven's name to it. But what I mean is—here are these unsophisticated people hearing 'Pomp and Circumstance,' which is Elgar at his best, and the Choral Fantasia, which is Beethoven at his worst, or something like it; and the result is that they go home with the impression that Elgar is a much greater composer than Beethoven—and I think that's a pity."

The Choral Fantasia has few friends. Pianists dislike it because it is not showy enough; compared to a proper concerto it gives them no chance—what is that absurd chorus shouting about? Chorus singers like it no better. What is that absurd pianist doing? Keeping us waiting; and when we do come in the stuff is merely fatiguing and so easy to read that we are bored with it by the end of the first rehearsal. Conductors hate it because they do not understand it. The only musician whom I ever heard speak of it with real enthusiasm was Leonard Borwick. He knew how to interpret it; and those who knew Leonard Borwick can understand why.

The Choral Fantasia is neither a concerto for the pianoforte nor just a setting of a poem to music for a chorus. It is an improvisation



and a vision. In the Golden Age all music was improvisation; creation and performance were one and the same thing. Even now the large mass of the general public likes to believe, or to pretend, that they are the same thing still. It is the pianist or the conductor who appears to be creating nowadays, but that makes no great difference to the public. They see, or think they see, what they want to see—the musician in the throes of the creative act. And our pianists, and still more our conductors, play up to their public very prettily. It may surprise us that public improvisation has gone out of fashion during the last half century; but our modern public is too sophisticated in some ways. The only people who extemporize in public now are the organists in church; and they no doubt are under special inspiration. In Beethoven's days, and throughout the whole eighteenth century, public extemporization was quite a common thing; indeed it was expected as a matter of course from any musician who aspired to be something more than a mere player. The proof is given by the enormous number of sham extemporizations which were printed, going down even as far as Sterndale Bennett's Preludes and Lessons in the middle of the nineteenth century. Chopin's Preludes belong to the same category. They, like the preludes of Rameau, the Bachs, Mozart, Beethoven and Bennett, represent the sort of thing that a musician was expected to throw off before he settled down to play something really serious.

A composer of Beethoven's reputation would be expected to exhibit his creative powers on a more extended scale. Arpeggios and sham recitative were hardly enough. Sometimes a theme would be given to the players by someone else. What is he to do with it? Some form must be found. The classical sonata form will not do; it is too deliberately structural, it implies too accurate a memory of long stretches of material. The classical "development section" often bears the stamp of improvisation, but viewed historically the classical "development section" has other origins. When it has a clear sense of form within itself, as it ought to have, that form is prescribed for it by the exposition which precedes it and the recapitulation which follows. It cannot stand by itself; it is a transition from one point to another. The two obvious forms for an extemporization are fugue and variations; they may also be combined. We remember Bach chiefly as a writer of fugues and Beethoven as a writer of variations; but it would be untrue to say that fugue belongs to the age of Bach and variations to that of Beethoven. There are plenty of fugues in Beethoven and plenty of variations in Bach and Handel.

The first duty of a prelude is to arrest attention and concentrate it. So we begin with a few full chords, or a long held bass note; the choice of our chords will depend on whether we wish to settle our

audience quietly or to startle them. We must make acquaintance with the touch of our instrument, indeed get our own fingers into practice; for we have only consented to extemporize after much pressure and it is part of our pose that we have not touched a keyboard for weeks. So we run about a little in semiquavers; if we are in the mood for it we may even turn our prelude into a *toccata* or an *étude*. If we are really none too fluent we may try a little recitative, or hint at a *fugato* if we cannot manage a fugue. The fact is that we have to gain time, and try to think out some sort of real idea while we are supposed to be waiting for the divine afflatus. We can keep our audience in a state of interested suspense for a space with effects of pleasant or unpleasant sound and vague reminiscences of some musical convention with which they are familiar. The works of J. S. Bach will illustrate all these methods.

The Choral Fantasia has the characteristic form of an extemporization on the grand scale. It has its plan; one could not expect the chorus and orchestra to extemporize as well as the pianist. But it is planned to suggest an extemporization, and we know that at the first performance Beethoven did himself actually extemporize the whole of the introductory movement. The score as printed still bears the trace of that extemporization in the direction which heads the first entry of the orchestra: *Qui si da un segno all'orchestra o al direttore di musica*. And it is curious to note that this entry, which one might have thought to be the real beginning of the work, is also headed in large letters "Finale." The main scheme of the work is a theme and variations. The variations fall into two groups, the first instrumental, the second vocal. They are preceded by a long quasi-extemporary introduction for the pianoforte, after which comes a rhapsodical dialogue between pianoforte and orchestra. Between certain variations there are developments on the lines of a concerto; before the voices enter there is a short reference to the rhapsodical dialogue, and the work concludes with a long coda.

Let us consider the Choral Fantasia from a more romantic point of view. Our first clue to its meaning should naturally come from the words which are sung. The author of them was one Christoph Kuffner, author of numerous plays, poems and novels popular in their own day but now utterly forgotten. The words of the Choral Fantasia have no great literary merit, but they have none the less a certain significance. Kuffner was a devoted lover of music and had in his youth been the friend of Haydn and Mozart. His poem sings the praise of music and its power. And it is clear that this friend of Haydn and Mozart was trying to express in his verses something which lay very near the hearts of those two musicians—the ideas which inspired "The Magic Flute," the mystical spirit of eighteenth-

century Freemasonry, the new religion of liberty, equality and fraternity. Here is a translation, or rather, a free version of Kuffner's poem, which can be sung to Beethoven's music if slight modifications are made to fit certain bars.

Strains of secret music hover  
Round the wisely listening ear;  
Eyes that Beauty once has opened  
Find her flowers everywhere.

Happy souls, by her enlightened!  
Sweet content is theirs and joy;  
Toss'd no more on passion's tempest,  
Wafted towards the life on high.

When the singer's notes are wedded  
To the poet's word of might,  
Forth from formless void and darkness  
Breaks the new created light.

Blest are those to whom 'tis granted  
To behold that wondrous ray,  
Who by Truth and Beauty guided  
Find the realm of endless day.

Every seed of noble nature  
That within their hearts was sown  
Wakes to nobler life and fragrance  
In that glorious light alone.

There the seer of inward visions,  
Borne aloft on Music's wing,  
Hears a thousand echoing voices  
To his own in answer ring.

Haste, O soul, that voice to follow,  
Haste, O soul, that joy to share,  
Led by Love, by Strength and Beauty  
On to Music's final sphere.

The pianist in the Choral Fantasia represents the poet. The introductory pages set us in the atmosphere of rhapsody and inspiration; he strikes magnificent attitudes, hints at visions, breaks off suddenly with a gesture of mystery. A new theme enters, given out by the basses of the orchestra—quiet, but resolute and threatening. The

poet protests in pathetic phrases of recitative. It is interesting to note that on the occasion when Beethoven first played the Choral Fantasia, in 1808, it was preceded by the Pianoforte Concerto in G major, the slow movement of which presents us with a very similar situation. And it was followed by the C minor Symphony. Beethoven knew what he was about when he arranged that programme. Gradually the voices of the orchestra assemble, soft, mysterious, secretive and troubled, like the citizens in "Egmont." There is a pause. Two horns call, and are echoed by two hautboys softly, as if asking a question. They answer it themselves; then after two clear assertions of agreement, the poet propounds his theme. It is one of those utterly naïve and childlike tunes such as Beethoven alone could write—ininitely trivial or infinitely sublime, according as it strikes the hearer. It is a tune which one must receive in a childlike spirit, and the first few variations seem to show it to us in a state of happy infancy, surrounded by the little fluttering noises of wind instruments—cooing horns, a butterfly flute and twittering hautboys. A new emotion comes into it with the altered line which the clarinets present; the period covered by Beethoven's lifetime is an interesting field in which to study the gradual evolution of the personality of the clarinet, and the change which the personality of the hautboy underwent as the result of the clarinet's ascendancy. Once more I may refer the reader to "Così fan Tutte." The bassoon part which accompanies these two clarinets still belongs to the eighteenth century; the romantics would never have allowed the bassoon to be so publicly industrious.

With the entry of the string quartet the theme becomes more vigorous until the full orchestra presents it grown to man's estate. The pianoforte has been silent for some time. Prometheus the poet has been watching the development of his creatures; now, when they have reached their first maturity he can speak to them, urge them on, show them yet further ideals to which they may press forward. He leads them on to a new key; it is only the dominant, but at this stage even the dominant is an adventure. There are reminiscences of the Waldstein Sonata, hints at the theme of the "Ode to Joy," an unexpected stab of pain, and then the crash of battle. At this point the variations are interrupted by a long development section which foreshadows the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, composed in the following year although published under an earlier opus-number. After wandering through a wide range of new experiences we come to another variation. It is an adagio, and in a strange key, A major. It brings us a new type of sentiment. The theme is remembered by the clarinets, and we recall Berlioz's association of them with the voices of "noble heroic women." The poet at the pianoforte

decorates their version of the theme with delicate phrases of caressing tenderness, while, underneath, violas and violoncellos seem to murmur a recollection of

Mir ist so wunderbar—

That subsidiary theme on the arpeggio of the subdominant chord, with which the poet first waved on his followers to adventure, here reappears, but more like a lingering farewell. Horns call again in the distance, the key changes to F and the hero rides off to a jingling march. But his thoughts are elsewhere. He is "the eternal dreamer" of Germany, and as he dreams an anxious pizzicato phrase becomes more and more insistent until once more that threatening motive with which the orchestra first set in after the poet's introduction returns. But the poet has no more fear or hesitation. One great startling chord interrupts the murmur and he has the crowd under his control. The poet is certain of his power; he knows the spell of Orpheus whose song draws all living things after him. We have for some time been becoming conscious that the emotional scheme of the Choral Fantasia is much the same as that of Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." Like Strauss, Beethoven ends his story with the hero as poet.

It is at this point that the voices of the singers are first heard. Beethoven has always had the reputation of writing music which no singers can ever sing. If he does so it is not for want of sympathy with the singers or for want of understanding of the expressive powers of the human voice; it is because he regards the human voice as the only medium for his most sublime and exalted inspirations. In this respect the Choral Fantasia is the conscious forerunner of the Choral Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis." Like Haydn in his "Creation," Beethoven demands a chorus not of men and women but of angels. Later generations have always regretted that there was not a closer personal contact and collaboration between Beethoven and Goethe; but had personal contact been possible, there was another poet living in those days whose visions ought to have been interpreted by Beethoven—William Blake.

Once more the horns and hautboys call; this time they have no hesitating pauses, for the rushing arpeggios of the poet at the piano-forte carry them on to their affirmative C major chord, and the basses of the orchestra enforce their affirmation by the proud logic of their descent from the dominant chord of G through the relentless (as so often in Beethoven) four-two on F to the six on E which buttresses the arch to the E above. The upper voices gently introduce the familiar theme; it should have had words by the author of the *Songs*



of *Innocence*. Tenors and basses take it up, while the pianoforte elaborates it with yet more sparkling embroidery until the full chorus and orchestra burst in with the words

Grosses, das in's Herz gedrungen,  
Blüht dann neu und schön empör,  
Hat ein Geist sich aufgeschwungen,  
Hall't ihm stets ein Geisterchor.

This stanza gives the clue to the meaning of the *Fantasia* and to most of Beethoven's choral music—it is the chorus of the "sons of God shouting for joy" whom the poet's word and song have transubstantiated for us.

We see now the technical value to the musician of a melody so simple and direct. It is suitable to any instrument and to any voice. It will take any words and will take on the emotion of any words. The English translation usually sung has the curious drawback of being too easily singable. Beethoven requires words which have more colour and individuality, even more awkward consonants that shall force the singers to realize the sense of struggle which must of necessity precede the joy and glory of achievement. And just as this simple tune can be made to take on a new emotion by some minute change of harmony, so it can take on another kind of new emotion by the slight changes of phrasing and accent which are imposed upon it by the shape and sense of the words which are sung to it. It is a dreary work for a choral society to practise, if they have no idea of the work as a whole. Like so many of Beethoven's compositions, it requires an understanding of its moral intention as well as a mere performance of the notes. Choral societies love such a work as Bach's *Mass in B minor* because the actual notes are so difficult to learn that even good sight-readers can find something to worry them right up to the end of a whole season's rehearsals. Most village choruses could get the notes of the *Choral Fantasia* right at the first reading. What has to be studied and carefully rehearsed is something which very few choral conductors—Stanford, I need hardly say, was the most penetrating and inspiring of exceptions—ever seem to understand: the subtle values of vocal colour and phrasing which depend partly on pure vocalization and partly on a fine sense of literary values. And in any choral work of Beethoven we must always be intensely conscious of moral values too. That may be difficult for us, because we have to make some considerable effort to put ourselves back into the frame of mind of a hundred years ago.

The hero of the *Choral Fantasia*, the poet, the seer, the man of genius, is Beethoven himself. It is Beethoven whom we must



imagine seated at the pianoforte, evoking for us his vision of the poet's life, swaying us as the orator sways the crowd, catching us up into the glorious company of the elect who shall follow him to the fashioning of a newer and happier world. Those initiates of Isis, the illuminated of the dying eighteenth century, thought that they had accomplished the transformation when they destroyed the tyranny of monarchs and set the new spirit of nationality upon their ruined thrones. We know now that this was only a first step in a long and toilsome ascent. The last ten years have taught us, if the last hundred years have failed to do so, that there are still further barriers to be overthrown. We only wait for the Beethoven to show us the way.

But it will have to be a new Beethoven. Ludwig lies in his grave.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## BEETHOVEN'S APPEARANCE

It might be difficult to decide what Beethoven looked like if one had to depend only on the contemporary portraits. As to these it must always be remembered that portrait-painting was at a low ebb in Vienna in his days. Even with the best artists there is always present a tendency to "classicize" the sitters, to idealise their features and depict them among surroundings supposed to enhance their ideal, rather than their actual appearance. Fortunately we are not dependent on the portraits alone, but in a mass of evidence of people who saw Beethoven in the flesh. Even here the idealising tendency has to be discounted, but, allowing for this, it is possible to get a very definite idea as to what Beethoven looked like. This is especially the case in his later life (from about 1816 onwards), when he began to be regarded as a very great composer, and his eccentricities of appearance and behaviour were always before the public. The whole matter has been admirably treated in Th. von Frimmel's "*Beethovens Aeussere Erscheinung*" (Munich, 1905), of which these lines can only claim to be a very brief summary.

In height Beethoven was not more than 5 feet 5 inches. He was very strongly and broadly built, his head unusually large, with thick black hair, which began to turn grey in 1816. The forehead was broad, with bushy eyebrows and rather deepset eyes. The latter are variously described as as black, bluish-grey and brown: probably the last epithet is correct, but all the evidence goes to show that they changed in expression in a remarkable way and gave the impression that they were bluish-grey. Until about 1817 Beethoven was short-sighted and used eye-glasses. His nose was broad and his complexion red and swarthy, increased by a strong growth of hair on the face—often left unshaven for days. The cheeks were marked by small-pox; the mouth broad, with a slightly protruding lower lip; the chin unequally divided by a deep cleft, which is most noticeable in the later portraits. His hands were broad and red and his fingers short.

As to the portraits, Frimmel bases his judgment of them on a





Engraving, J. NEIDL  
from  
Drawing, G. STAINHAUSER



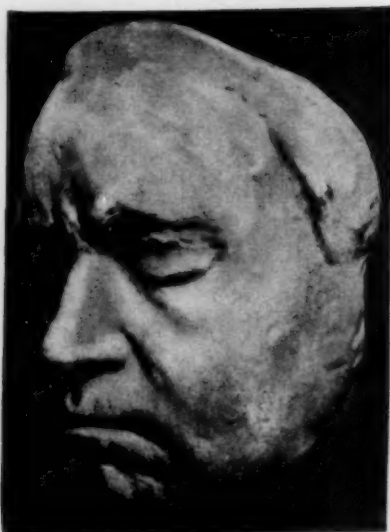
Etching, B. HÖFEL  
from  
Drawing, L. LETRONNE



Miniature  
C. HORNEMAN



Bust  
F. KLEIN



Life mask  
F. KLEIN



Sketch  
J. D. Moore



Sketch  
J. P. Lynde



Painting  
F. Schreier



Drawing A. V. Martin  
from  
Painting, F. Schreier



Engraving, J. Niles  
from  
Thomas G. Stoddard



Engraving  
C. H. H. H.



Engraving, J. Niles  
from  
Thomas G. Stoddard



Engraving  
J. Niles



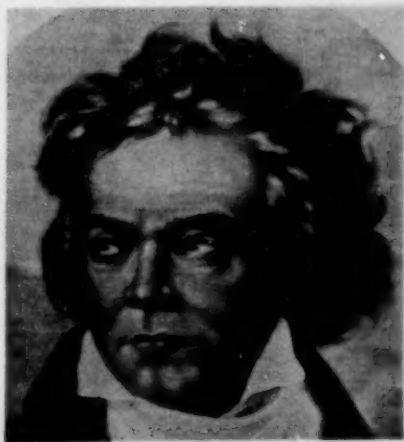




Sketch  
J. D. BOEHM



Sketch  
J. P. LYSER



Painting  
F. SCHIMON



Drawing, A. V. MENZEL  
from  
Painting, F. SCHIMON



mask\* which was taken from the life in 1812 by Franz Klein (1779-1836) and on the bust which he executed from it. Of earlier portraits the best seem to be an engraving by J. Neidl from a drawing by G. Stainhauser, executed in 1801; a miniature in ivory by C. Horneman (1776-1844); and a painting by W. J. Mähler (an amateur), executed in 1804 or 1805. After the Klein mask and bust there is an engraving in 1814 by A. Höfel after Louis Letronne—rather idealised, but said to have been approved of by Beethoven.

Of the many later portraits the best are that by Ferdinand Schimon (1797-1852) executed in 1818 or 1819, and that by J. C. Stieler (1781-1858), in which he is represented as holding his "*Missa Solennis*."† There are many others of less importance, especially in the later years of Beethoven's life; one of the most interesting is the little sketch by J. P. Lyser (1804-1859 or '60), which is reproduced in *Grove's Dictionary*. The plaster bust belonging to the Royal Philharmonic

\* With regard to the reliance which should be placed on a life-mask, an English sculptor, who wishes to remain anonymous, sends the following note:—

In my opinion, a bust of Beethoven, executed by a sculptor of even moderate talent, is likely to give a more convincing, and in the broadest and actually truest sense of the word, more accurate impression of the man in life than a life-mask; if only for the reason that it is almost certain that the sculptor Klein used the mask as a model, or even possibly as an actual basis, in conjunction with sittings he received from Beethoven, for which no mechanical process could be, or (again, in my opinion) ever will be an adequate substitute—any more than is the photograph, so extensively and unfortunately used in our day in the production of busts.

For Beethoven was moving and talking, revealing by the moving of his features and the changing expression of his eyes all the various aspects of his personality; and this should surely have enabled Klein to present, in whatever material it was in which he was working, that synthesis of the many men who were Beethoven, which alone could make for a successful portrait.

These remarks would, I think, hold good even were a life-mask actually what the popular conception of the layman imagines it to be. But it is not even accurate: for the wet, heavy plaster, laid over the face in a reclining position, depresses very slightly the soft parts of the flesh, leaving where the bone is sub-cutaneous, prominences greater than appear in the actual face in life. The eyes appear, at best, as in sleep, on account of the oiled tissue paper with which the lids and lashes must be covered, this process being applied also to the eyebrows, if bushy, and impossible of subjugation by oil alone, as I imagine Beethoven's to have been. Also the whole head cannot be reproduced, and by stopping at the point where the hair springs above the forehead, a quite erroneous impression may be produced, owing to the implication of a different proportion of forehead to cranium.

Nevertheless, a life or death-mask can be an interesting thing, and might well find a place in a work on Beethoven; but how much better to reproduce the work of an artist. Would masks be any substitute for the magnificent records of great figures of the eighteenth century in France, left us by the sculptor Houdon? For instance, the Voltaire, of whom doubtless there is also a mask, though I don't know it—it is very certain this could only fall far short in vividness and therefore truth.

To sum up, the inclusion of the mask is of possible interest as a mechanical reproduction of Beethoven's face, and as the model which served Klein as a basis, combined with sittings, for the bust.

† This is to be found in many books, in Shedlock's translation of the letters, in the Life by Moscheles, etc., and it will appear in the 3rd edition of *Grove's Dictionary*.—[Ed.]

Society was made by J. Schaller (1777-1842) after Beethoven's death and is among the least reliable of the portraits.\* The same may be said of the death mask, which gives quite a false impression of his appearance.

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

\* Arguments which support this statement are fully displayed in Mr. Edward Speyer's article (*Burlington Magazine*, December, 1913). They may be summarised as follows:—

(a) The Philharmonic Society received their bust in 1871 on the faith of a "testimonial" of 1859 signed by five men, four of whom were alive with Beethoven. (That is, the Society's knowledge of it dates from 44 and 32 years after his death.)

(b) It was made for Carl Holz, second violin in the Schuppanzigh Quartet, to whom Beethoven took a great liking and, latterly, saw almost every day. Their far-ranging intercourse is recorded in the "Conversation Books" (Royal Library, Berlin), but no mention is made there of Schaller's bust.

(c) The reason for this is to be found in G. v. Breuning's "Aus dem Schwarzspanierhause," p. 73. "Schaller's bust was made at the instance of Carl Holz, after Beethoven's death."

(d) T. v. Frimmel, the first authority, writes (p. 147 of "Beethoven's Aeusere Erscheinung"): "I got to know Schaller's Beethoven bust through a cast and a photograph. From these I saw that his work lacks all those details which alone can make a life-like portrait."

The bust can be seen at the Philharmonic concerts and it is reproduced in the *Musical Times* for December, 1892, and in the *Burlington Magazine*.—[Ed.]

It may be convenient to have for reference a list of the portraits contained in Frimmel's book, which are arranged in chronological order:—

*Beethoven's Aeusere Erscheinung*, by Th. v. Frimmel. Portraits.

Frontispiece, Heliogravure of Schimon's painting.

p. 7. Silhouette, of 1786, lithographed in 1838 for the *Biographische Notizen* of Wegeler and Ries.

\*p. 20. Copper engraving, of 1801, by Joh. Neidl of Stainhauser's drawing.

\*p. 24. Miniature on ivory by Christian Horneman, of 1803.

p. 26. Painting (anonymous), of 1803 or 1804, for Graf Franz Brunsvik.

p. 29. Painting by W. J. Mahler, of 1804 or 1805.

p. 37. Drawing, of 1808, by L. F. Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

pp. 40, 41. Life-mask, full face and profile, of 1812, by the sculptor Franz Klein. \*Three-quarter face.

p. 44. Bust from the same.

\*p. 46. Head of bust, enlarged.

\*p. 53. A good etching by Blasius Höfel from a bad drawing by Louis Letronne of 1814. Höfel got Beethoven to sit for five minutes, and completed the work while he stormed at the piano for two hours.

p. 61. Second painting by Mahler, of 1815.

p. 64. Painting by J. F. Heckel, of 1816.

- p. 75. Chalk drawing by Aug. v. Klöber, undated; v. Klöber is known to have made a painting of him in 1819.
- \*p. 84. Drawing by F. Schimon, of 1819.
- p. 90. Painting by J. Stieler, of 1820.
- p. 105. Drawing by A. Dietrich, of 1826 (?); probably a sketch for the bust of 1821.
- p. 113. Medallion by J. A. Boehm, of 1823.
- p. 116. Painting by F. G. Waldmüller, of 1823.
- p. 121, \*p. 123. Sketches by Lyser "in the last years of Beethoven's life," showing how "he used to leap and run rather than walk" about the streets of Vienna. For p. 121 see *Grove's Dictionary*, *sub voc.*
- p. 126. Beethoven as a dandy: sketch by Tejcek, no date.
- p. 128, \*p. 129. Two drawings by J. D. Boehm, of 1822-5.
- p. 134. Drawing by S. Decker, of 1825-1827.
- p. 144. Medallion by L. Heuberger, posthumous, but "by a talented artist with a fresh memory of the living original."
- pp. 151 and 168-170. The skull.

\*The asterisks mark those which are reproduced here. To these eight, one from Mr. Speyer's article in the *Burlington Magazine* for December, 1913, is added by the Editor's kind permission. This is the pencil drawing by Adolf Menzel from the painting by F. Schimon.

## VARIATION-FORM

BEETHOVEN wrote over sixty compositions in variation-form. Some of them were occasional pieces, intended, like many of Mozart's, as gifts to friends or exercises for pupils, some again were studies in a prevailing fashion, some—and these chiefly at the end of his life—were the vehicle of his deepest and most intimate emotion. In no kind of music is he so unequal; in none is it more interesting to study the development of his genius.

The only one among his predecessors by whom his method was seriously influenced was Joseph Haydn. This is not to depreciate the beauty of Mozart's Variations—those, for instance, of the quartet in D minor and the Clarinet quintet—but to say that if they had never existed Beethoven would probably not have written differently. In this field, as perhaps in some others, Beethoven is nearer Haydn of the two—nearer the slow movement of the *Emperor* quartet and the piano variations in F minor—he even borrows a distinctive form of which Haydn had made frequent use—two sectional themes presented in succession and followed by a series of variations on the first of them. The set in F minor just mentioned is a well-known example; there are others in the quartets, and their traces are apparent in the Andante of the *Pastoral* Sonata and even in the Adagio of the *Choral* Symphony. At any rate, whether the influence was much or little, it came rather as a tributary than as a source. The great examples of Haydn belong almost all to his later works, and by the time that they appeared the stream of Beethoven's music was running in full channel. It is worth while devoting a few lines to the bare question of events and dates.

His first acknowledged composition was a set of nine variations to a march by Dressler, written in 1782 and published, by Neefe's influence, in the course of the next year. They are of little account except as showing that he had already a mastery of conventional method; the first eight are close embroideries of the tune, the last a finale in darting scale-passages—not much more than a solid and competent school-exercise. To the same period, a few years later, may be assigned the variations for violin on Mozart's *Se ruol ballare*, the clavier solo on Dittersdorf's *Es war einmal*, and perhaps one or two others—among them a set for four hands on a theme of Count Waldstein—then the Bonn period closed at a real landmark: the set of twenty-four on Righini's *Venni, amore*, with which Beethoven



elected to "introduce himself" at Vienna. It was a wise choice, for, as Jahn tells us, variation-making was in high favour among the Viennese, and the brilliance and audacity of the new work at once took the connoisseurs by storm. Its technique opened a chapter in the history of pianoforte-playing—no one before had attempted those octaves and those double-thirds—its freedom of treatment broke down once and for all the customary barriers, its range of emotion, playful, vehement, tender by turns, opened the windows of the Salon and filled it with fresh air and sunshine. One has only to look at the seventh variation, or at the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, or at the twenty-third, or at the dying close of the finale, in order to see how great a change both of form and of spirit had been wrought in this single composition.

During the next ten years Beethoven wrote nearly thirty more works in this form, some of them holiday compliments, like the set on Paisiello's *Nel cor piu*, some of them elaborate studies, like the two which stand as Op. 34 and Op. 35; many of them the slow movements of sonatas or concerted pieces, such as the third pianoforte trio, the septet, the string quartet in A major, and the sonatas in G and A $\flat$ . In 1804 came the *Eroica* and the *Appassionata*, in 1805 the *Kreutzer*, in 1806 the so-called *Chaconne* in C minor, published without opus number and treated by its composer with undue disdain; in 1809 followed the *Choral Fantasia*, next year the E $\flat$  pianoforte trio and the harp quartet, in 1811 the pianoforte trio in B $\flat$ , Op. 97; then after a silent interval the diapason closes full on seven great masterpieces—the Sonatas in E and C minor, the *Choral* symphony, the *Diabelli* variations, and the string quartets in E $\flat$ , A minor and C $\sharp$  minor, the last of which was written in 1826.

The form of the Air with Variations is roughly analogous to that of a sonnet-sequence, a flow of successive numbers uniform in general outline and treating from different aspects a theme which the first has propounded. There are three ways in which the composer may carry out this intention. One, the simplest and most primitive, is to repeat his theme intact through each number and to make each fresh presentation depend on differences of accompanying figure or counterpoint. Taverner's *Westron Wynde* Mass is as much an air with variations in this sense as is the slow movement of Haydn's *Emperor* quartet, so are some examples of the Elizabethan Clavier writers, so, with a difference of perspective, are the variations on a ground which were bought into currency about the time of Purcell. A second is to subject the theme itself to slight and easily recognisable alterations, breaking it into half-notes and quarter-notes and triplets, decorating its constituent figures, changing from major to minor and the like, but ostensibly contriving that the chief musical significance

of each variation shall lie in its direct relation to the basic melody. This is the commonest form among the lesser composers of the eighteenth century; with the great masters it tends to pass more or less completely into the third, in which the successive variations, though they admit the suzerainty of the theme, assert their own autonomy and actually develop their subject by independent commentary and illustration. There are some magnificent examples in Bach—the *Goldberg* for instance, and the *Chaconne* from the second violin partita—but Beethoven is the outstanding master who has shown how this method can be applied to the melodic idioms of the nineteenth century. Attention has already been drawn to the Righini variations; more wonderful still are those of the third pianoforte trio, each number of which is a lyric of pure delight, and from thenceforward the best of his work in this field ranks among the highest and most enduring of his achievements.

It was indeed specially suited to his genius. The same power which characterises the thematic writing in his "Sonata" form made him specially sensitive and alert in seizing the central meaning of a melody and expressing it in fresh garb, sometimes in fresh embodiment, without changing its essential spirit. When he keeps closest to the melody it is always for some special reason: either external, as in the Op. 84 variations, where the uniformity of curve is balanced by a very interesting diversity of keys and tempi, or internal, as in the slow movement of the *Kreutzer*, where the whole procession leads up together to the superb and royal finale. When he is simplest, as in the *Appassionata*, he is making a point of rest between two hurricanes; when his invention is most abundant, as in the *Diabelli* variations, he can hold it together by organic unity of purpose; when he seems most formal, as in the A minor quartet, he can mark the music "mit innigster Empfindung." We need not be concerned with the chips and fragments of the workshop—with the little folk tunes of Op. 105 and Op. 107, thrown off in a moment of relief from heavier work, or the queer experiments like the unaccompanied duets for clarinet and bassoon, or the rather unsuccessful compliments paid to *God Save the King* and *Rule, Britannia*; these have fallen out of reckoning and there is no need to recall them. The treasure remains through them and above them all, untarnished and unalloyed.

In his earlier days Beethoven's method of Variation writing was largely harmonic—expressing the melodic idea through chords, arpeggios, reiterated notes and points of colour. Such, for example, is wholly the case in the pianoforte sonatas Op. 14, No. 2, and Op. 26; it is very largely the case in the C minor *Chaconne*; the *Prometheus* variations (Op. 35) have one canonic number and a quasi-fugal finale but otherwise they are harmonic enough, and the balance is even

more inclined in the Ballet, and in the finale of the *Eroica*. This predilection lasted until the *B♭* Trio, Op. 97, the slow movement of which is almost entirely harmonic in basis; the later works, those which bear an opus number above 100, show more and more an inclination towards contrapuntal treatment. In the *Diabelli* variations, for example, which are a compendium of his third period, one number is a fughetta, another (not the finale) is a fugue, and a dozen others are obviously determined by contrapuntal movement and canonic imitation. The same is true of the quartet in A minor and (to a somewhat less extent) of that in C minor, which followed it; more noticeable still is the E major sonata, Op. 109, where the third variation is in double counterpoint, the fourth in free imitation and the fifth almost a stretto. Against these should be set the quivering ripples and eddies of soft sound through which some of his later variations are expressed—the slow movement of the *Choral* symphony, the closing variation of the sonata in E, the last three of the sonata in C minor. They have been called "brilliant" by unthinking critics, but it is altogether the wrong name for them; their exquisite purity and limpidity are untainted by any thought of display.

For all these, except the *Diabelli*, Beethoven used his own themes, and they are among the deepest and more spiritual that he ever wrote. Indeed, if we wish to know the utmost that can be said in a single melodic stanza we shall find the end of our quest in the slow movements of his last trio, his last four sonatas, his last four quartets, and his last symphony. Where all are so surely in the Divine presence it is idle to estimate the grades of their hierarchy; yet it is hard to withhold one's testimony from the sheer unsurpassable beauty of both theme and variations in the first named of these. The words of Milton are alone fit to celebrate "that undisturbed song of pure concert" whose serene majesty and solemnity rise to the heavens like Everest among his attendant mountains.

Twice in his career did Beethoven write variations for chorus: in the *Fantasia* of 1808 and in the ninth symphony some ten years later. They are connected by more than accident—indeed, he regarded one as virtually a study for the other—and it is no irreverence to say that they do not attain the heights of his instrumental variations. The *fantasia*, partly perhaps from its irregular structure, has never taken a place among his masterpieces—the theme from the *Gegenliebe* is not of the same quality as those of the later sonatas and quartets, and the variations do not convey their message unimpeded. The finale of the symphony seems to be trying to say something that is too great for human utterance, it chafes at the recurrence of the variation form and struggles to free itself into

a wider air. This it not to depress its high sublimity of conception; only to say that compared with Beethoven's best it falls short of attainment. We may remember a very characteristic sentence of his:—"When I first think of a theme it is always in connection with some instrument, never with the voice."

"With this small key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," said Wordsworth of the sonnet-form. Within this narrow bound of double bars and repeat marks Beethoven found scope not only for the romance of his manhood but for the prophetic vision of his later years. At once the greatest virtuoso of his time and the greatest master of musical construction, he had at his hand every device which could fill his outline and enrich its content; the balance of expression and design could show itself in the narrower as well as in the larger canvas. The same dramatic intensity which animates *Romeo* or *Macbeth* appears also in "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" or "Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing," or "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame"; the limits of the variation form were no more a restriction to the most dramatic of instrumental composers.

W. H. HADOW.

## SOME ASPECTS OF BEETHOVEN'S ART FORMS

Music, which often combines the symmetry of architecture with the emotional range of drama, has the misfortune to be accurately describable only in technical terms peculiar to itself. Chiaroscuro, values, perspective, are experiences in the ordinary use of human eyes, apart from the art of painting which turns them to its own artistic purposes. Architectural concepts are deeply rooted in the minds of persons innocent of technical knowledge: the human being knows his own size, and the intellect of Macaulay is not severely taxed by the discovery that nothing could be more vile than a pyramid only thirty feet high. But with music a conception so elementary and vital to the art of Beethoven as classical tonality, is utterly unidentifiable by anybody without some practice in actually reading music: so much so that in the time of Mozart the boy Samuel Wesley was thought to give a proof of prodigious genius when at the end of a concert he remarked that "the programme was badly arranged, for all the pieces were in the same key." The facts of key relationship can be quite clearly illustrated to young and inexperienced music lovers, but the illustrations must consist of the music itself. After a series of good musical illustrations has been digested, verbal analogies from perspective, colour, values and any other visual facts, may become useful. But this is because the naïve listener already possesses the right musical sensations. These are as direct as the colours of a sunset or the tastes of a dinner. Connoisseurship comes from experience, not from verbal explanations.

Since, then, the accurate description of any piece of music is inevitably technical, it follows that a great length of such description goes but a short way. I am not, of course, speaking of the unlimited opportunity the music of Beethoven gives the tone-deaf essayist for talking about the French Revolution; that merely leads to the inference that the proper way to enjoy the Fifth Symphony is to read Carlyle and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. I refer to honest attempts to find out where the second subject of the Seventh Symphony begins, and how the first movement of the Fifth is all "built up" from a single figure of four notes. These expressions are typical of the unsound analysis which prevents many lovers of music from continuing to appreciate what the naïve listener has no difficulty in enjoying. The term "second subject" is, for reasons which will soon appear, the most misleading in the whole range of our British musical provincialisms:



it is unknown in Germany, where the term used in its place is *Seitensatz*, a term conveying no false ideas, since the word *Satz* can mean anything from a single phrase to a long paragraph, while the epithet *Seiten* means no more than that this is secondary to the *Hauptsatz*. The result of the unfortunate English terminology is that you cannot, even if you try (and many teachers do not know that they ought to try), eradicate from the young mind all traces of the notion that in the sonata forms the word "subject" means "theme," as it does when we are talking of fugues. Now there is a large but by no means overwhelming number of sonata works in which there are two conspicuous themes contrasted in key and texture. It is perhaps easier to construct an effective movement with such a pair of themes than with material less easy to analyse. Two composers who lived through and survived the time of Beethoven wrote all their sonata works on such pairs of themes, eked out with "brilliant passages," and were firmly convinced that they were carrying on the tradition of Mozart. Hummel was Mozart's pupil, and Spohr actually told Joachim that he hoped some day to write six quartets in "really strict form with shakes at the end of the passages." Now there is nothing inherently wrong in having running passages between two contrasted themes; and a shake is the natural way of ending a run by turning its movement into a faster but stationary vibration, instead of merely ending with a bump or an interruption. Similarly there is no reason why a brown tree should not be a feature in a landscape. These things are often conveniences, and it saves trouble to make a convenience into a convention. But we need not put up with a convention that is no longer convenient.

It was not Beethoven's forms, but his dramatic power that gave him the reputation of a musical revolutionary. Neither in fact nor in contemporary opinion could his art forms be regarded as subversive of the principles on which Mozart and Haydn worked; for those principles were themselves thought modern, and the mature works of Mozart and Haydn were in point of time less remote from the middle works of Beethoven than the symphonic poems of Strauss are from the compositions produced in this present year. Interest in the history of musical theory is not strong enough for me to be in a position to say what the orthodox opinions as to sonata form were in Beethoven's time. We know, however, that musical theory has never had the advantages of Alexandrine criticism, though it has had more than its share of Alexandrine pedantries. But the Alexandrine critics had to deal with languages already remote and with masterpiece already selected as classics. Musical theory has had to struggle with material hardly ever more than a generation older than the theorist; and the generic inferiority of the theorist to the creative



artist shows itself in the choice of authorities for "classical" procedure. If these authorities were avowed, the mischief would not be serious: students would know that "normal" form is "normally" exemplified only by Spohr and Hummel; and an extravagant fancy for Spohr's style is easily outgrown and as harmless as a child's appetite for toffee.

But the names which orthodoxy associates with this "normal" form are those of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, three composers who differ from each other in their treatment of form as profoundly as they differ in other aspects of style and matter. They resemble each other not less profoundly. But I search even Mozart, the most symmetrical of composers since Bach, and the exemplar chosen by Spohr, for any work that can be said to be a model for Spohr's procedure. The first difficulty is to find two movements by Mozart that are sufficiently alike to produce any such uniformity of procedure as can have served Spohr's purpose. Of course, the general resemblances of Mozart's hundreds of examples of any form are as striking, on a superficial acquaintance, as the general resemblances of Chinamen. But people who know the Chinese well do not find them much more alike than Europeans. Musical forms need intimate knowledge before we can pretend to tell one specimen from another. Strange to say the first movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, one of the most violently dramatic of all his works, approximates unusually closely to Spohr's scheme, while the first movement of the *Waldstein* sonata even has shakes at the end of the passages. Yet a mid-Victorian Oxford Professor of Music, who is the authority quoted by the great Oxford English Dictionary for the word "contrapuntal" (Beethoven had "not enough contrapuntal resource" for the purposes of his *Mass in D*), laid down that the *Waldstein* sonata was not in true sonata-form because its second subject was not in the dominant.

I propose to base a survey of Beethoven's art forms on two specimens, the one chosen as the closest approximation, by Beethoven or any composer, to "normal" sonata form; the other chosen as outwardly the most abnormal of all his larger works.

The "normal" example is the first movement of the Pianoforte Sonata in B flat, Op. 22. This sonata is neglected by pianists and despised by the superior person. But Beethoven set great store by it, though he had already written such impressive and original works as the sonatas Op. 2 No. 2, Op. 7, Op. 10 No. 3, the wonderful string trios, Op. 9; and was at the time occupied with the string quartets, Op. 18. "Die Sonate hat sich gewaschen," he wrote to his publisher; an expression fairly equivalent to R. L. Stevenson's claim that "The Master of Ballantrae is a howling cheese." Beethoven felt that while dramatic force and surprising originality were all very well,

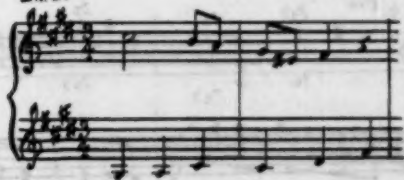
it was a fine thing to achieve smoothness also and to show that he was no longer inferior to Mozart in Mozart's own line. Hitherto his works were never less Mozartian than when they resembled Mozart externally. You have but to compare Beethoven's quintet for piano-forte and wind instruments, Op. 16, with the Mozart work which it emulates, to see that point for point Beethoven is doing something slight, diffuse and yet rigid, where Mozart's quintet is important, concentrated and supple. Beethoven could not master Mozart's technique by imitating Mozart or by restricting his own ambition; and in Op. 22 he first achieved an entire work in which mastery of Mozart's forms is attained without either the timidity of the works with wind instruments or the self-assertive boldness and abruptness which in many of Beethoven's other early works is the characteristic mask of that timidity when he has something unusual to say.

Before analysing the sonata, Op. 22, it will save trouble to dispose of the main false issues that have misled students and music lovers as to the nature of musical forms in general.

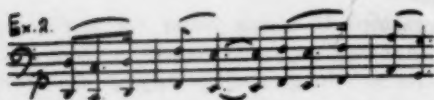
1. Not only do the terms "first" and "second" subject have no reference to a couple of themes, but there are no rules whatever as to the number or distribution of themes in any sonata movement, except in the case of rondos. In rondos it is, of course, improbable that a square-cut melody whose function is to return several times after contrasted episodes, should itself furnish all the material for those episodes. But when musical theorists wonder at the "bad proportion" of the first movement of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111, because the second subject consists of a single declamatory two-bar phrase, repeated with ornamentation and, after an echo of its last notes, plunging into a stormy new version of the first theme, their idea of musical proportion corresponds to no fact in the genuine sonata style. So long as they entertain this idea Haydn is as much a sealed book to them as the most oracular styles of Beethoven. Themes have no closer connection with larger musical proportions than the colours of animals have with their skeletons. In the sonata style three things are fundamental, and can abide question as to balance and proportion. These fundamental things are key system, and phrase rhythm, both of which can be reduced to technical analysis; and dramatic fitness, which can be discussed only descriptively and analogically, but which constitutes the all-pervading distinction between the sonata style and the earlier non-dramatic, architectural and decorative styles which culminated in Bach and Handel. (I am well aware that the denial of dramatic style to Bach and Handel will provoke a not ungenerous resentment where the word "dramatic" is understood loosely; but "drama" is too valuable as a precise term implying action for us to use it for every conceivable exercise of rhetorical or pictorial power, from sunsets to cathedrals.)

2. As the balance of sonata forms (or any forms) depends on principles other than grouping of themes, so does the much-talked-of "logical coherence" in great sonata styles also lie elsewhere. The notion that music can be logically connected by mere thematic links has done almost as much harm to composers as to theorists and teachers. Many superb compositions have a wonderful scheme of thematic connections, but these connections can of themselves give no security that the logic is any better than if it consisted of a chain of puns. If a composer is using a polyphonic style, then his very language is based on thematic connections; but for that very reason they provide no guiding principle for form as a whole. Fugue, for example, is not a form, in the sense in which we speak of sonata form: it is a texture, not a shape. Compositions may be written in fugue, as poems may be written in blank verse. A composer whose music is dramatic, as all true sonata style is, will probably tend to use a richer and more evidently intellectual style as his experience and practice grows; and so he will tend to get a larger number of different ideas out of one theme, instead of having several different themes and a smaller range of contrast. But you cannot confine a composer of Beethoven's calibre to this single obvious line of development. The power to make the most of all possible derivatives of one theme grows with the power to use a totally new theme in an unexpected position. Perhaps the most advanced of all Beethoven's works is the Quartet in A minor, Op. 132. Here, where the whole main section of the second movement consists of 120 bars ringing the changes on the following combination:

Ex 1.

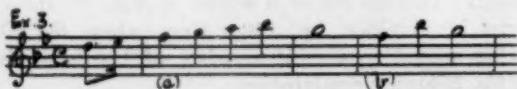


its trio contains four fantastically constructed themes, two of which happen to have been scribbled down years before as a little Allemande for pianoforte. Moreover, in the first movement there occurs in the development section (i.e., just where orthodoxy expects logic to be most evident) a theme which it is futile to try to derive from anything heard before or to connect with anything heard later.



In the works of Beethoven's middle period you will not find "logic" any more infallibly in the connections of themes than in his earliest and latest works. The Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, is a highly finished composition, marking emphatically the change from his first manner to his second, and distinguished by the advanced logical cogency of its treatment of themes. Yet palmistry is not more debilitating to the mind than the attempt to derive the last six bars of the slow movement from any theme that has been heard before.\*

It will save trouble to investigate this case here, though it anticipates my main argument. Even if analysis were to derive the theme of these six bars from anything heard before, the ear of the listener would get no benefit from the analysis. The theme sounds new, and no argument will make it sound less new. No doubt things as new have been derived from old material, but then the composer shows us every step of the process. For instance, in the B flat trio, Op. 97, Beethoven takes the third, fourth and fifth bars of his main theme



and turns them into this



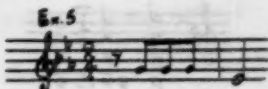
Put these two ideas side by side, and it would be an idle fancy to build an argument on any discoverable resemblance. But Beethoven does not put these two ideas side by side. He transforms the one by a long and slow process, every step of which is clear, until he

\* I give no quotations from Beethoven's Sonatas, for it is unlikely that anybody will attempt to read this article without having at least Beethoven's pianoforte works at hand.

reaches the final transformation. Without this process we might hazard, as a far-fetched guess, that the quavers of the second quotation could be derived by "diminution" from (a) of the first quotation, but no mortal ingenuity could guess that there was any connection between the trills and figure (b); and there is none, until Beethoven works out his long process of development.

No such process is present at the end of the slow movement of Op. 81, No. 2, and therefore the "logic" of that epilogue must be compatible with the fact that the theme is new. As soon as we dismiss thematic connections from our minds, we fall back upon the very first thing the naïve listener would notice—the enormous slowness of the main theme. In true music, a slow theme is not the same thing as a quick theme played slowly. Slowness is bigness; how big in the case of this movement you can very conveniently measure as follows. The main theme occupies sixteen bars, closing into a seventeenth, and forms one symmetrical sentence, during which nothing can happen. The naïve listener is duly impressed by this; but the student who can read a certain amount takes the whole sentence in at a glance and, while making no positive mistake about its slow tempo, does not exercise his imagination to the purport of realising any difference between it and a similar proposition in minuet time. Now let us measure the actual dimensions of this theme. Crotchets at 48 to the minute is a very fair metronome tempo for the whole movement, and it makes the first theme fill precisely one minute. Whole bars (dotted crotchets) at 72 is a good moderate tempo for the finale, which should not sound hurried; and now see where bar 72 brings you! Nearly to the end of the exposition. Consider the end of the adagio in the light of the dimensions thus revealed. The enormous first theme (or its latter half) has returned for the last time and has for ever closed on the tonic. Over the tonic pedal a new theme sails in, and tells its whole tale in two bars. Another voice repeats it, and its last notes (occupying a third of a bar) are reiterated throughout another bar, until the last bar of all brings the movement to an end actually on its sixth and last quaver. A human figure placed in front of the sphinx, so as to show the colossal scale.

3. If themes cannot determine the logic of music, neither can a single figure really form the "idea" of a whole movement or section. In the second movement of the A minor quartet the 120 bars of its main section are, indeed, built up from the two bars of double counterpoint quoted above; but those two bars are not the "idea" of the movement, nor is

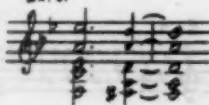




the "idea" of the Fifth Symphony. These "figures," these smallest recognisable portions, these molecules of music are like single words. A single word must have accumulated a long history before it can become so much as a political slogan: even as an established slogan it must first be led up to in a stump oration. Musical figures represent ideas only when the figures have been incorporated in musical paragraphs. The abrupt statement, interrupted by pauses, of the first four bars of the C minor Symphony misled Spohr into taking the single word for a whole idea, and he accordingly thought the opening inadequate for a serious work. As a matter of fact the first sentence does not come to a stop until the twenty-first bar, and then it is evidently only the first half of the statement. Spohr's mistake was exactly that of the Wagnerian leit-motif labeller who, whether as an enthusiast or as an anti-Wagnerite, analyses Isolde's "Liebestod" into a dozen one bar themes, giving a psychological name to each, and failing to notice the psychologically and musically vastly more important fact that the dying Isolde (or rather the orchestra) is singing the whole last 100 bars of the great duet in the second act.

4. Closely akin to the error of identifying the "idea" with any single figure that happens to persist, is the error of running away with the first apparently completed sentence before you have made sure that the issues raised by its context are not essential to your understanding of it. Some time ago I issued, in connection with my orchestral concerts, an analysis of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in which I described the form of slow movement as subtle and skilfully handled. A capable critic, in the course of a very generous review, fell foul of Beethoven for his form and me for imputing skill to his handling of it. The critic asked "where is the skill in abandoning your idea as soon as you have stated it?" But the first question is, what is the idea? I take this opportunity of clearing up a point which my analysis, by taking it for granted, really failed to put on its proper basis, though I think the truth could be read between my lines. The naïve listener does not suppose that the "idea" of "Hamlet" is contained in Hamlet's soliloquys and requires no plot for its expression. And when he listens to this music his naïveté will have to amount to tone-deafness if he can fail to notice that the great melody, with its tender echoes and its dying fall, marks that repeated fall with a sudden bright chord

Ex. 6.





upon which, in the key of that chord, a new melody enters in a new swinging rhythm. The first theme returns in an ornamental variation. The naïve listener recognises the bright chord in its place; the second theme follows in another key naturally connected with that chord. As, however, it is not the same key as before, the first theme cannot return in its old position, and an interlude is necessary before the second variation can enter. It enters with all the more effect, and the naïve listener will expect the bright chord in due course. Instead comes a solemn modulation to what musicians call the sub-dominant and naïve listeners feel to be a point of repose towards the end of a big piece of music.

Ex. V.



And so the "idea" is now at last completely stated and Beethoven does not "abandon" it, inasmuch as it has covered three quarters of the movement and has left nothing to be said except by way of the subtlest and profoundest of epilogues. No doubt there is the logical possibility of objecting *a priori* to the spreading of an "idea" over ten minutes in this manner. But you must not maintain this objection and claim at the same time to understand Wagner's music dramas. The fact is that nobody would have thought that there was anything wrong with the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony if they could not read musical notation and so be struck by the unusual appearance of the changes of time-signature.

#### THE B FLAT MAJOR SONATA

Let us now go through the first movement of the Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 22, mentioning other works as they serve for illustration. The first movement begins abruptly with three bars all on the tonic chord of B flat, containing a figure in a pregnant rhythm, of which the semiquaver group will be constantly used. (Mark this semiquaver group (a).\*) The continuation is a cantabile which in four bars closes into a passage in which (a) is worked up on the tonic and dominant, ending in a half-close on the dominant (bar 11). Thus far we have a statement which, by ending on the dominant, and by its energetic businesslike manner, strongly suggests that it will be followed by a counterstatement, that is to say, by a restatement of the same material with a different outlook. A single bar (plus pre-

\*—and to number the bars will save time.—[Ed.]

liminary beat) with an uprush of (a) from the bass, is all that does duty for this counterstatement. It leads to three bars of sustained harmony in quite a different style, drifting down to the dominant of F. On this dominant, C, six bars of a tremolando figure follow, with the sole purpose of impressing upon us that we have left the key of B flat and are intending to settle in F, not as by way of going from one part of a decorative design to another, nor as a necessary variety of key in an argumentative work such as a fugue, but as a dramatic event, the first turning point in the action. Students are far too often allowed to think that these passages of "dominant preparation" owe their existence to an unsophisticated style of harmony, and that with greater harmonic wisdom they disappear. With greater harmonic wisdom they may be very much modified; and indeed nobody has ever gone further to modify them than Beethoven in earlier works than Op. 22 (e.g., Op. 10, No. 3); but, modified or plain, they are as necessary to Brahms as they are to Mozart. Indeed, we must recognise their function in Wagner and Strauss before we can fully appreciate Mozart's and Beethoven's power in the handling of them.

At bar 22 the section misnamed "Second Subject" begins. First, there is an eight bar phrase closing into another theme. The running bass which supports these eight bars arises out of a scale at the end of the preceding "dominant preparation." This fact is a mere ornament of style, and if the sonata were to swarm with such facts the "logic" of the music would still depend on principles deeper and radically different. The next theme, beginning at bar 29, is a new melody of great distinction, built on rising sequences and closing, after eight bars, into itself, with the obvious purpose of being repeated. We have, then, reached a point where the action of the music is at leisure for melodies to behave like lyrics with a regular stanza-form. But we shall always find that in masterpieces of sonata style this behaviour is not allowed to interfere with the dramatic action. A phrase of this length will repeat itself, perhaps (as here) with ornamental variation, as far as half or three-quarters of its length, but then it will take a new turn and will expand into something unpredictable. In the rare cases where a broad theme is repeated entirely (as in the E major theme of the first movement of the Waldstein sonata) the theme will be austere simple and the passage which follows its repetition will be enormously expanded. At all events the composer deals warily with the repeating of a theme that ends on its tonic. When it ends with a half-close the matter is different; for when it begins to repeat itself the listener is unable to guess whether the repetition is going to be exact, and so leave the theme unfinished, or to substitute a full close and so complete the matter by answering instead of repeating a question. The principle the composer acts on is that at

all events dramatic continuity must be maintained and that these passages of repose must not relapse into mere strophic songs. Here, in Op. 22, the repetition of the melody diverges at the seventh bar, with an unexpected modulation and an outpouring of rapid motion on the surface (bar 44). Below the surface the harmony moves slowly, veering back to F in the course of four bars. With this a climax is reached, and the rapid semiquaver movement forms itself in a brilliant four-bar phrase on chords expressive of a full close in F. This closes into another four bars which repeat the same cadential matter in another position. Then (bar 56), on a tonic pedal, we have a quiet two-bar phrase closing into its repetition in a higher position.\* In this repetition the supertonic is flattened (G flat) which gives a special point to the device of repeating the last bar twice, first with the natural, then with the flattened note. The device of breaking off and reiterating the last bar of a cadential phrase clearly means that a stage of the action is coming to an end. You will not find this device in Bach or Handel, for they have no dramatic interest in thus marking the sections of their designs. Their contemporary, Domenico Scarlatti, uses it constantly, "hammering in his points," as Parry says, "like a mob orator." Bach's son, Johann Christian, the London Bach of the Bach and Abel concerts, uses it typically, and Mozart caught it from him, though he would have undoubtedly arrived at it in any case. Here again, we are not masters of its meaning until we can trace the principle in Brahms and in the music dramas of Wagner and Strauss. In Op. 22 this quiet cadence theme is, however, not the end of the exposition of the first movement. A new theme, going straight up the scale and down again in a strong rhythm, enters with drastic force, and closes into three bars of tonic-and-dominant cadence which allude to figure (a), the only piece of thematic "logic" since the detail of the bass in bar 22.

Before discussing the development section let us review this exposition in the light of general principles and classical precedents. No one who has analysed the movement of a drama, or of a great piece of prose, can fail to recognise that our analysis has depended on two things: First, the assertion of key and key relation, which is, so to speak, the topography of music, and, secondly, the lengths of the phrases. What themes these phrases contain, and whether one phrase alludes to another not in immediate juxtaposition, whether, in short, the whole composition is written on one theme or on a dozen, are questions entirely secondary to the proportions and contrasted movements of the phrases. In the present case, even if we ignore the semiquaver

\* With the music before him the reader will understand that I speak of one phrase as "closing into" the next when the closing chord is not within the rhythmic period but on the beginning of the next period.

digression from bar 44 to bar 55 (a digression which has no discoverable connection in theme with what has gone before) we cannot account for the second subject with less than four totally distinct themes. The quiet penultimate theme on a tonic pedal has, indeed, a quaver figure which might be regarded as an augmentation of figure (a), but Beethoven gives no evidence that he so regards it or expects it to be recognised. By a sufficiently elaborate and imaginative process you can derive any theme from the figures of any other theme, indeed, if your analysis is so fine as to recognise a figure of a single note you can derive the whole records of the art of music from that figure. But the ear of the listener to whom the music gives pleasure does not appreciate so fine an analysis. What reaches the ear in the first movement of Op. 22 is a pair of distinct themes, figure (a), and a cantabile before the key of B flat is left, and four other distinct themes in F, besides an independent passage of preparation on the dominant of F, and a spacious digression before the cadence themes. The result is obviously very different from the scheme of two subjects or themes, of which the second is to be a cantabile, while the intervening spaces are to be filled up with "Hi diddle diddle the Cat and the Fiddle" by way of "brilliant passages" which, according to Spohr, must end with a shake. It so happens that in the present instance both the cantabile and the brilliant passages are there; but their place among the other ideas gives no support to the theory that they come there by rule. To ask which of the four themes in F is the "real" second subject is as futile as to ask who are the hero and heroine of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

We come now to the development of this movement. The function of the exposition has been to assert two keys, the tonic and (in this case, as usual) the dominant. Other keys occur, if at all, only as purple patches, and here the only suggestion of the kind is the modulation at bar 44 which started the brilliant digression from the cantabile theme.

The function of the development is to travel through a wider harmonic range and to make the known themes of the exposition break up into new combinations. Actually new themes will give a development a lighter and more episodic character, unless, as in the Eroica Symphony, the design is on an enormous scale which leaves room for highly organised use of the old material as well. Any passage that stays long in one key will almost certainly be in a key not heard in the exposition (the exceptions are extremely interesting and do not produce the impression that the key is already familiar), and will probably be on the dominant of that key, thus arousing expectation and in no way reproducing the manner of an exposition, except in so far as concerns the bridge between first and second subject.

The development of Op. 22 begins with two bars of dialogue on figure (a) in F, which is just as likely to be a dominant as a tonic. The strong scale-theme breaks in, treating it as a dominant and leading in four bars to the note D, on which bass we have the whole six bars of the quiet tonic-pedal theme of bars 56-61, with its doubts as to whether the supertonic should be flat or natural. Now here we have a typical instance of the subtlety of classical tonality, for though this is an exact transposition (except in position of parts) of the passage which we accepted as on the tonic of F, half major and half minor, nobody can possibly mistake it for D major in its present context. It is unquestionably the dominant of G, and it arouses anticipation of some event in that key. But the scale-figure, now in three-part and four-part polyphony, angrily drives us from dominant to dominant, two bars of scale-figure alternating with two of figure (a) as a continuous run. Three of these four-bar steps, then, drive us from the dominant of G minor to that of C minor and thence to that of F minor. Figure (a) with an arpeggio pendant then moves alone in no less than seven two-bar steps, the bass moving still more slowly by tones and semitones so that from bar 90 (where, ignoring differences of octave, its progression really begins) it descends from C to the E flat reached in bar 104. The whole fourteen bars thus constitute a dramatic decrescendo, not less unmistakable in its effect though the actual drop of tone is confined to the single bar 105 which Beethoven requires to fall from fortissimo to piano. We are now on the dominant of A flat, of all keys the most unlikely to lead to our tonic. The scale theme stirs in the bass in four-bar phrases. The harmony changes to a dominant of F with a minor ninth which even in pianissimo presses severely on the D natural of the scale theme below. Thence it drops to the dominant of B flat (our tonic) also with its harsh minor ninth, which does not yield until the latter half of the fourth bar. The tension of expectation is great, and is kept up for fifteen bars, ending with a pause (bar 128).

And so we are at home again and the recapitulation begins. The whole phenomenon of recapitulation is one of the most subtle things in music, and is usually dismissed by critics, and by some composers, as merely the part of a design which may be mechanically copied from a previous part. And it would be idle to deny that in the physical process of writing a large composition the recapitulatory portions are a more mechanical task than the rest, and may well be deferred until matters of greater difficulty are settled. But we must not confuse between the practical technique of writing and the function of the imagination. No great composer making full use of his mature powers, ever thought of a recapitulation merely as a part which is the transposition or copy of another part. It is his



profoundest instinct to think of recapitulations as things coloured by the first statements and all that has happened between. (Of course, a recapitulation is not an immediate repetition, exact or varied, of a section with nothing intervening; such immediate repetitions, when exact and on a large scale, merely treat music as if it were spatial, like a picture or a building, and give the listener an opportunity to take another look before passing on to a new aspect or place.) One of the first conditions of musical invention is the capacity to conceive the effect of a statement not only in its first context but in the possible ways in which it may return. Students would obtain a far sounder grasp of the forms of pure instrumental music if they were made to read Wagner's later operas with a strict injunction never to label the short leit-motifs until they had mapped out all the long passages which are recapitulated as wholes. To take an instance already cited, Isolde's "Liebestod," which recapitulates the entire last movement of the love duet in the second act, is as long as the longest stretch of recapitulation to be found in any classical symphony, being almost exactly the length of the whole second subject in Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. And it is by no means alone in Wagner's designs. Of course the circumstances of Wagnerian music drama enormously emphasise the psychological and dramatic value of the principle that a recapitulation depends for its effect on the new light shown by its immediate antecedents in relation to the original statement. We should do well to see in Wagner's mature art of composition a magnified and popular illustration of the principles of pure music, instead of contenting ourselves with the old view shared by his earliest partisans with his most violent enemies, the view that he is formless and a mere illustrator of words from point to point.

In the recapitulation of a classical sonata-movement the first thing to notice is, obviously, any point which differs from the original statement. In well-conceived works you will not find that such points are mere digressions introduced for the sake of variety. If there is to be a recapitulation at all (and Haydn was far from thinking this necessary, nor did Beethoven disagree with him) the composer will not be afraid to make it exact. But there will always be some difference, possibly very slight, but of the kind that makes "all the difference." It will be as if the original matter were something you had seen with one eye, and the recapitulation were something you saw with both. One point where there must be some change is at the moment of transition to the key of the second subject. As the second subject is to be recapitulated in the tonic, the passage which changed the key cannot remain unaltered, unless the change has been effected (as in Beethoven's *First Symphony*) by the old Italian practical joke of treating a mere half close on the dominant as if that dominant



were a key instead of a chord. Beethoven's treatment of this joke is amusing in his *Namensfeier* Overture, Op. 115, written about the same time as the Seventh Symphony. For the dominant chords of the exposition he substitutes tonic chords, with the gesture of a debater taking a metaphorical argument literally and turning it to his own advantage. But even at this juncture a change in the recapitulation is not to be ascribed to mere practical necessity: and in the sonata, Op. 22, we have a beautifully typical case of a great master's procedure. The opening had been perfunctory to the verge of insolence; and, as we have seen, its counterstatement had been reduced to a single bar and a quarter. Now turn to bar 140 and see how the two new bars of vigorous dialogue on (a) make the whole retrospect stand out in relief. Then comes the uprush corresponding to bar 12. It reaches a higher note, and five bars are required instead of three, for the drift down to the dominant, which is now our own dominant of B flat, not that of F. From this point the passage of "dominant preparation" and the whole of the second subject are recapitulated in the tonic with no alteration except occasional shifts of octave, not always necessitated by the limited compass of Beethoven's pianoforte at that date. There is no coda; the movement ends in the tonic exactly as its exposition ended in the dominant.

Perhaps we are wise after the event; but the perfunctory first subject is almost a sufficient indication that the weight of the movement is so poised upon a luxurious second subject that the recapitulation of the second subject is the inevitable and sufficient end of the story. Such is the case with most of the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti that were known to Beethoven. The openings are drastically bald assertions of a tonic from which the elvish Domenico bounces off into a dominant or some remoter key, there to pour out a number of ideas, some sentimental, but most of them rattling away with a fantastic keyboard technique, and always ending with a cadence phrase broken up into smaller and smaller fragments. It is a mistake to read into Scarlatti any anticipation of Beethoven's uses of remote modulations or powers of development; these things he anticipated only as the *Arabian Nights* anticipate modern travel and wireless telephony; but the root of the sonata style is in him.

Certainly Beethoven had no feeling that he had done an easy thing in shaping this movement and the slow movement without codas—rather he felt like a sculler who has got his boat to a difficult landing-place without changing his stroke. *Die Sonate hat sich gewaschen*. Codas and other grand and clever features he had already often achieved. His triumph here is to achieve noble proportions without any startling features. The perfunctoriness of the first subject is, as we have seen, essential to the scheme. This "normal" movement

is in the paradoxical position of being quite unlike any other movement in Beethoven, Mozart or Haydn. So are all the other mature movements of these composers. An analysis that does not detect this is no nearer to the truth than a child's scrawl that represents the human face by a circle containing two dots for eyes, a line for the mouth (curved upward for joy and downward for grief) and a nose in profile. Shorter first subjects Beethoven had written before, and was to write later. But the early ones such as in the sonatas, Op. 2, No. 1, and Op. 10, No. 2, were in works on as small a scale as the opening indicates, and, by the way, the same absence of coda is to be noticed. And the later ones are associated with much more rapid and powerful dramatic action.

It would detain us too long to analyse the other movements of Op. 22 in detail. The slow movement is in fully developed sonata form, like the first movement, but with a main theme so cut off from the rest that Beethoven actually draws a double bar between it and the transition theme that is to lead to the second subject. The sections are as follows: First subject, bars 1—12; transition, bars 13—17; second subject, bars 18—30; development bars, 31—46; recapitulation of first subject, bars 47—57. At this point comes the characteristic touch which makes the recapitulation more solid (or stereoscopic) than the exposition. Instead of the formal close in bars 11 and 12, a single bar (57) leads without break to the transition theme. This theme goes at its third bar through the tonic minor and takes another four bars (instead of two) to reach the second subject, which is recapitulated in the tonic without change. No coda is required.

Beethoven was probably quite as proud of the minuet and trio as of the more elaborate parts of this sonata. Space and opportunity fail here for the discussion of such fine detail as goes to these lyric interludes in the sonata forms. The topic of Beethoven's (or Mozart's) rondo forms is second only to that of his first movement forms. The rondos of Mozart's concertos are as large and rich as rondos can possibly be; and Beethoven took a special delight in working out luxurious rondos on Mozart's lines. His usual tendency is to make his rondo theme as primitive and self-repetitive as possible (see the rondos of the sonatas, Op. 28, Op. 53, and Op. 90), so that the listener may be thoroughly impressed with the sense of rondo style from the outset. In the same way, when he expanded and quickened the minuet into the scherzo he did not abandon the dance style but emphasised it more vigorously than anybody could have conceived possible. In Op. 22, however, the fitting conclusion is a rondo of Mozartian suavity, and accordingly Beethoven writes one of his most graceful themes and admits no suspicion of caricature. Here are the

sections: Rondo theme, bars 1—18; transition theme, bar 18½ modulating to dominant at bar 21, and settling there for the first episode, about bar 22. Like many such episodes and second subjects of Beethoven's finales, the material of this dominant section avoids standing out very plastically and soon (about bar 96) shows a disposition to return to the tonic. This is in accordance with the principle that all the dramatic interest of a rondo centres round the returns to the rondo theme in the tonic. Here this is not reached until bar 49. The second episode begins at bar 67 and is in and around the tonic minor. Its material consists of the transition theme treated with argumentative polyphony, and alternating with a new theme in bustling demisemiquavers which actually makes up a kind of binary form, appearing first in F minor from bars 72 to bar 80, and then again in B flat minor from bars 95 to 103. The rondo theme returns (after some anxious inquiries) at bar 112. Then the transition theme is so handled as to bring about a recapitulation of the whole first episode in the tonic, thus making it behave just like a second subject. This brings about a drift to the subdominant in which key the rondo theme puts in a prompt appearance (bar 153), soon veering round to the tonic where it has its final entry as a whole (bar 165). The last 18 bars (from bar 183) are a coda, very subtle in phrasing and detail.

#### THE C SHARP MINOR QUARTET

Now that we have seen the uniqueness of this most normal of Beethoven's sonatas we shall be in a better position to appreciate the fundamental normality of his most unique work, the Quartet in C sharp minor. The idea that Beethoven, in such works as this, "broke the mould" of the classical forms is fatally well expressed in that metaphor. There was no mould to break. The art forms of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were not moulds into which music could be cast, but inner principles by which the music grew. The great family likeness between hundreds of Mozart's movements does not prove that they are not alive. Their differences are as vital as those which distinguish one Chinaman from another; and with study the differences soon become vital to us. But with Beethoven's later works the differences are more conspicuous than the resemblances. If form means conformity to a mould, then indeed Beethoven's last works require a separate mould for each. Does this, then, mean that there is more form in these works, or less form than in works that will all fit one mould? Evidently the mould metaphor is unprofitable: when we come down to anything more detailed than the most childish generalisation, Mozart is no more comfortable in a mould than Richard Strauss. Let us take the C sharp minor quartet from point to point

and see what it tells us when we are unencumbered by *a priori* notions.

It begins with a fugue, of which I quote the subject for convenience.



The method of a fugue is argumentative; and while its argument is proceeding dramatic action is in abeyance. This fugue is clearly bent on its own business and shows no sign of being an introduction to anything else. Space forbids a detailed analysis, and only a detailed analysis can throw any light on a fugue. Three points, however, can be made here. First, a fugue inasmuch as it is not a dramatic form, has no tendency to emphasise its changes of key, or even to single out a return to its tonic as an important event. Hence there is something unusually formal in the eight bars of clearly cadential tonic and dominant at the return to C sharp minor (marked by a double bar and four sharps in this score, bars 89—90); and the preceding ethereal passage in A for the two violins, answered by D for the viola and violoncello, is also considerably more like a distinct event than one would expect in a mere fugue. In short, this fugue has subtle signs that it is part of a work in sonata style, though the hard dramatic facts of that style are not allowed to disturb its quiet flow. Secondly, the range of key is very small, being practically confined to "directly related" keys; that is to say, keys in which the chord of our tonic (C sharp minor) can be found. (The reader must not be misled by the change to six flats at bar 45. Beethoven had a great dislike to writing double sharps and would change his notation on the slightest hint of such trouble. A few accidental double sharps would have kept the whole passage visibly around D sharp and F sharp). Thirdly, both the beginning and the end of this fugue throw strong emphasis on the flat supertonic (D natural). In the subject the minor sixth (A) with its sforzando is reflected by D natural in the answer, which has been put into the subdominant (instead of the orthodox dominant) for this very purpose. The counterpoint of this answer even emphasises G natural, the flat supertonic of this subdominant. At the end of the movement the flat supertonic is so strong that the major tonic chord is almost in danger of sounding like a dominant. This danger is averted by a D sharp five bars before the end. As the final chord dies away, the violoncello rises an octave;

the harmony vanishes into unison as the other instruments echo the rising octave. . . .

The rising octave, a semitone higher, begins a lively self-repeating eight-bar tune *pianissimo* in a quick six-eight (*allegro molto vivace*). So the key is D major, flat supertonic to C sharp minor, and, in spite of all the emphasis that prepared it, utterly unexpected. The viola repeats the tune, which the violin resumes at the fifth bar and continues with another eight bars which overlap into a new theme, evidently destined to be a transition theme. We are unquestionably moving in sonata style and have left the fugue behind us. Now what will become of the sonata form in these extraordinary circumstances?

From the fact that the movement is in this strange key, we may expect that it will not modulate very widely, for fear of losing its bearings or damaging its special key-colour by reminding us of the C sharp minor which is so firmly established by that great and solemn fugue as the key of the whole work. Again, the development of a sonata form movement is bound to be argumentative: and here again the fugue has forestalled us. Accordingly this D major movement, which has started with a rondo-like tune, sets out at bar 24 with a highly organised transition theme which expands until at bar 44, having overshot A major, the dominant, it finds itself poised on a chord of C sharp major, dangerously near the key of the fugue. After a pause the situation is saved by the bold stroke of playing the first theme again actually in E the dominant of the dominant. This is "dominant preparation" with a vengeance; and four more bars lead safely into A major where (at bar 60) a lively second subject begins. But it behaves like the second subjects of Beethoven's rondos and allied types of finale, and soon shows a hankering for the tonic and for a return to the first theme. At bar 84 the theme does return. At bar 100 it moves to the sub-dominant, and thence takes a new course leading to a passage on the chord of F sharp major, corresponding to that which ended on the chord of C sharp. From here, however, six bars lead easily back to D, where (at bar 138) the second subject is recapitulated. This, of course, leads to the sub-dominant just as happened in the rondo of Op. 22; and here, as there, the main theme enters in the subdominant before swinging round to the tonic. A spacious coda, greatly developing the transition theme, now ensues and brings this delicate movement to quite a brilliant climax which, however, dies away abruptly.

Eleven bars of declamatory interlude lead, in a few firm steps of harmony, to A major. A theme in two repeated strains (*andante ma non troppo e molto cantabile*) initiates a great slow movement in the form of a set of six absolutely strict variations, with a coda which, as is typical of Beethoven's procedure, begins as if to make another



variation but drifts away, after the first phrase, into foreign keys. Most of the variations reflect only the harmony of the theme, and in the second variation (*più mosso*, common time) an extra bar at the beginning displaces the rhythm, while in the second part of the mysterious syncopated fifth variation (*allegretto* 2-4) there is an extra bar in a more unexpected place. Otherwise the fact that each variation is in a different tempo and style cannot in any way weaken the strength with which the theme is grasped. It is not the naïve listener who finds this movement "chopped up" by these changes of tempo. After the sixth variation (in 9-4 time with a most original rhythm and more resemblance to the melody of the theme than has hitherto been shown) the florid triplet passages which the four instruments give out in dialogue are unmistakably beginning a seventh variation, but at its eighth bar a long trill leads slowly to C major, the first change of key in the whole movement, which of course has hitherto been confined to the harmonies of its theme. In C major a fragment of the original melody is given in a quicker tempo (*allegretto*) and it moves excitedly back to A major, where the first eight bars of the theme appear in their original tempo, surrounded by a glory of trills. Again at the eighth bar a trill rises slowly, this time to F major. The fragment of the theme in an increasingly excited *allegretto* leads back to A, again in the original tempo (Beethoven's intention is certain though his directions are confused); and in a coda of fourteen bars, the details of which cost Beethoven immense pains, this slow movement dies away with broken accents from the cadence of its theme.

Now follows the most childlike of all Beethoven's scherzos. Beyond being in *alla breve* instead of triple time it does not differ from the form laid down by him in the Fourth and Seventh Symphonies. The key is E major. The trio begins with a tune in E and contains four distinct ideas, the last two of which are in A. The first *da capo* of the scherzo has its repeats written out in full in order that (as in the Seventh Symphony) a large portion may be at first kept mysteriously subdued. The whole trio is made to come round again, and so there is a third appearance of the main body of the scherzo. The tunes of the trio then try to prove themselves irrepressible. But repressed they are, and the scherzo dies away in a mischievous whispering passage which suddenly swells out to a *fortissimo* end. So far this description might apply to half-a-dozen of Beethoven's other scherzos. What is peculiar to the scherzo of the C sharp minor quartet (apart from its childlike spirit) is the joints of the form; the humorous treatment of its first four notes, a humour which is heightened at each recurrence when the trio leads back to the main theme; and the strange *diminuendo* leading to *poco adagio* in the middle of

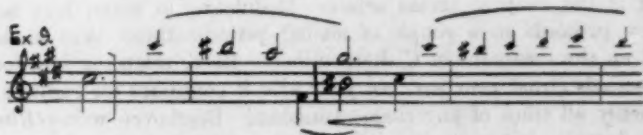


the second part of that theme. Such things are always typical and yet always unique.

Catastrophe overwhelms the end of the scherzo. Its last three notes are savagely repeated on a G sharp, and then a solemn slow tune (*adagio quasi un poco andante*) is given out by the viola in G sharp minor. Its first strain is repeated by the violin, and a second strain, finishing the tune in eight bars, is divided among the instruments and repeated. After this, three more bars move to C sharp minor, and so lead to the finale.

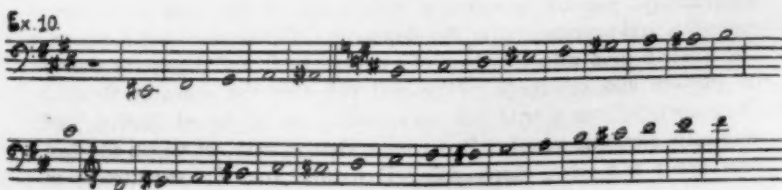
At this point we must survey the keys which have been heard in the course of the work. The fugue may be taken to have established C sharp minor with a firmness beyond the power of any mere introduction. The *allegro molto vivace* was then able to maintain itself in D major, the flat supertonic, but could not venture far afield, and so had a finale-like second subject that speedily returned to its tonic. The slow movement, in A major, was confined to the key of its theme throughout six-and-a-half variations. It then made the only modulatory purple patch in the whole quartet, by going outside the circle of directly related keys into C major and F major (the pair of keys that are so important in the introduction of the Seventh Symphony). The scherzo was confined to E major and A major.

Now, at last, in the introduction to the finale we have heard the dominant of C sharp minor. And now, at last, it will be, at all events theoretically, possible to cover a wide range of key and have some expansive and argumentative development. Let us see what happens. The finale begins with four bars of a savage tonic and dominant theme in quavers and crotchets. (We will call this the anapest theme.) Thereupon follows a wild yet square-cut tune in dotted rhythm and tragically sardonic mood. It occupies sixteen bars, of which the last four are a sad echo, emphasising D natural (our flat supertonic) in an ominous way. Then follows (over an undercurrent in the sardonic dotted rhythm) a new theme which must be quoted. Note that answer in the second violin.



We will call this the mournful theme. With its rondo-like symmetrical eight-bar shape and its immediate full repe-

tition in the bass, this theme strengthens the conviction that the finale is in no hurry to take action as yet. The anapaest theme reappears below the dotted rhythm and then pretends that it was part of the sardonic tune which is resumed from its fifth bar. Suddenly, after its twelfth bar, action is taken. In four bars we reach E major (the usual "relative major") and a theme of extraordinary pathos, in dialogue between the instruments, occupies twelve bars of tonic and dominant before it reluctantly moves up first one step, then another, and then tries hesitatingly to come to a close, which is frustrated by the drift of the harmony into F sharp minor. Thus the second subject has occupied only twenty-one bars, and has been thoroughly typical of Beethoven's ways in a finale of this kind. The first themes, anapaests and sardonic tune, burst out in F sharp minor, the subdominant. Now if this finale were going to be a rondo these themes would have entered here in the tonic; and the fact that they are in another key, however closely related, at once convinces us that this is no rondo, but a movement of highly organised development. And after the twelfth bar of the sardonic tune we find the development in full swing. The austere simplicity of its first process may be realised if we take the new counterpoint of rising semibreves which accompanies the figure of the sardonic tune, and put it all into one line, starting the first steps (five bars before the double bar and signature of two sharps) in the extreme bass.



If this line does not stretch to the crack of doom, it at all events lands us in a key which, though not remote from C sharp minor, is quite incompatible with it. In this key of B minor a new development of the anapaest theme arises. Modulating in seven bars to D it now proceeds in a couple of six-bar periods (thrice two) to land itself on the dominant of C sharp minor. Here, relapsing into four-bar periods (trust your ear, not your eye) it continues for eight bars. Suddenly all trace of any theme vanishes. Beethoven writes *Ritmo di tre battute*, and in this three-bar rhythm the music vibrates grimly on the dominant for twelve bars. Then the recapitulation begins. The vibration still continues above while the anapaest theme is tossed to and fro in the bass. Its four bars are expanded to eight. The

sardonic tune, on the other hand, is expanded in another way. It is not allowed to take its original shape, but its first four bars are treated in a tonic and dominant dialogue, with a new counterpoint of semi-breves. This occupies sixteen bars which seem much more spacious than those of the original tune. The mournful theme now enters in the subdominant, and we are surprised to find that after its repetition in the bass it drifts into a quiet passage on the last figure of the sardonic theme with a running accompaniment like that of the later stages of the development. And this passage lasts some time: thirteen bars. What does it mean?

It means that the second subject is going to be recapitulated in the flat supertonic! The wheel has come full circle. The whole quartet is a perfect unity, governed by the results of the initial event of that modified first movement which maintained itself in the flat supertonic after the opening fugue had firmly established the key of C sharp minor. Hence the restraint in the matter of modulation, even in the finale where Beethoven was free to expand in argumentative development. His power of modulation is really unsurpassed even by Wagner, but this fact is generally ignored or disbelieved, because the occasions on which Beethoven exercises the power in any obvious way are very rare. Before concluding this brief survey of the C sharp minor quartet let us glance for a moment at another quartet in which Beethoven's long distance feeling for tonality is shown in this same matter of the flat supertonic. The first movement of the F minor quartet, Op. 95, places that harmony prominently at the outset in a form subtilised from the similar but plainer procedures at the openings of the Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, and the Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2. The second subject, in D flat major is a pathetic cantabile (written as D natural to avoid the awkward notation of E double flat). In the recapitulation, in F major, this would become G flat. Schubert at the white heat of his inspiration, and, to judge by his unflinching subtlety in such matters, Brahms, are probably the only other composers who could be trusted to see that G flat will have no real power here, having used its power at the opening, and being in any case closely alike to D flat in tone colour; so that the apparently commonplace natural supertonic is the one harmony that can recapture and intensify the ferocity of the original passages. Nobody would have noticed anything wrong if Beethoven had missed this point: G flat would have been formally correct, and perhaps people might have had clever theories as to why Beethoven did not write it as F sharp.

Let us return to the C sharp minor quartet. We have now reached this wonderful recapitulation in D major. But a more wonderful

stroke is pending. The pathetic way in which that second subject wandered into a key a tone higher (originally F sharp minor) leads it here to the dominant of E, and a further similar step leads it to a chord of C sharp major. This, instead of behaving as a dominant, is taken as the tonic major; and the whole subject is recapitulated again. The pathos is enhanced by the fact that the tonic major has never before been heard in the whole work. This beautiful gleam of hope and consolation is a typical example of tragic irony; for the ensuing coda is unsurpassed anywhere in Beethoven for tragic power. A detailed analysis would take up too much space and would raise no issues that have not been dealt with to the best of my ability already. Two points must be mentioned. First, the "answer" to the mournful theme, quoted above, is taken up and turned into an emphatic and unmistakable allusion to the first four notes of the fugue. For reasons already discussed, I am generally sceptical about such long-distance resemblances, where the composer has no means of enforcing his point; for instance, I shall never believe that Beethoven intended the transition passage to B flat in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony to foreshadow the choral finale which comes three-quarters of an hour afterwards. If he had meant anything by the resemblance, he could have made his meaning clear in the introduction to his finale, where he calls up the ghosts of the previous movements. But here in the C sharp minor quartet he goes out of his way to accentuate his point; the point refers to the very beginning of the work, and not to some transitional passage heard only twice in its course; and not only is the point thus explicable but it has no other explanation. The other matter is the reappearance of the flat supertonic in a shuddering cadential passage that breaks in upon the height of the passion; having no connection of theme with its surroundings, and requiring no such connection.

This essay deals with form, and therefore does not profess to discuss emotional contents. But true form is as inseparable from emotional contents as the plot of a play. What, after all, is the strictest possible notion of form? Are there any pieces of music so constructed that a complete definition of their form will account for every note? Would not such pieces achieve the theoretical ultimate possibility in the way of strictness? Strange to say, this is no mere theoretical possibility. When Bach writes a piece in which a known chorale tune is treated by several parts in close fugue phrase by phrase, while another part gives out the phrases in their order, in long notes at regular intervals, this form actually does prescribe for most of the notes in the whole piece, and the exigencies of counterpoint seem to determine the remaining notes. Such a form is a not unreasonable exercise for students; and a student's exercise appears

to differ from Bach's in no discoverable matter of form. But, whereas the student is proud to achieve grammatical correctness, Bach's chorale fugue is a masterpiece of rhetoric. Now, if we are correct in our view that an art form grows from within instead of being moulded from without, then it ought to be possible to regard Bach's chorale fugue as having reached its strict form by inner rhetorical necessity. And again this is no abstract absurdity. Bach wrote two entirely different strict chorale fugues on "Aus tiefer Not." The original tune was undoubtedly moulded by the words to which it was set: and if rhetoric moulded the tune why should it not mould the polyphony? The practical fact that Bach must have known beforehand that his art form was going to be so strict, has nothing to do with the principles that guided him to prefer the better rhetoric of two equally strict and correct turns of harmony.

The forms of Beethoven's last works show, the more we study them, a growing approximation to that Bach-like condition in which the place of every note can be deduced from the scheme. The more the forms differ from each other the more strictly do they carry out their own principles. Thus they are stricter than the forms of Op. 22; the pianoforte itself having proved far too inexact for Beethoven's latest ideas. As to the "strictness" of poor Spohr's projected set of quartets with shakes at the end of the passages, it compares with the strictness of Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet as railway trains in a fog compare with the stars in their courses.

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.



## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BEETHOVEN'S "THIRD PERIOD"

FETIS is credited with the idea of classifying the works of Beethoven into three styles which correspond with three successive periods in the life of the composer. In the first, which terminates about the thirtieth year of his age, Beethoven is regarded as imitating, more or less consciously, the methods and works of his predecessors. In the second, which lasted until his forty-fifth year, having consolidated his powers and perfected his equipment, he produces a series of works in which, while still conforming, more or less, to the methods of Haydn and Mozart, he adds to and modifies these methods and reaches a style which is really individual and personal. In his last period, however, having exhausted old methods and idioms, he develops new ways of expression in a series of compositions, which when originally produced, not only appeared strange, bizarre and impracticable, but were regarded by some of his contemporaries as the product of a mind which had reached decadence.

There is so much truth underlying the idea that mental development passes through some such series of successive stages, that this classification of the works of Beethoven has been generally accepted by the world of music. Modern critical opinion, however, while acknowledging it as a convenient apparatus, does not regard the works of the composer produced during his "third period" as showing decadence and decay; but inclines to accept these as the ripe and final product of the development of the Master.

It is obvious that a similar tripartite classification can be applied not only to the works of composers other than Beethoven, but to all human activity and to the development of every living organism. But—and this is an important distinction—these three successive periods in development are not as Vincent d'Indy describes them, periods of (a) imitation, (b) transition, (c) reflection. A truer and much more widely applicable classification would be (a) growth, (b) maturity, (c) decay. In the first of these the initial energy of the organism is concentrated on abstracting from its environment material which it assimilates and absorbs. In the second, this material transformed in turn into vital energy, enables the organism to impress itself on its environment—to express itself. Finally, there ensues the



period when this vital energy dies out by a process of exhaustion, and there supervenes a state of decay, dissolution and death.

Looked at from the point of view of this wider system of classification, Beethoven never reached his "third period," so far as his artistic activities were concerned. Whatever may have been the state of his body—and there is little doubt that, by the time he reached the age of fifty-six, the disease from which he suffered had seriously affected his physical health—there was, immediately before his death, no impairment of his mental and moral vigour. The works written during the last years of his life, under conditions of acute and constant physical suffering, are not only as musically sensitive as any of his earlier works, but show a grip and mastery of rhythmic progression—the supreme test of musical vitality—which contradicts emphatically any suggestion of mental decadence.\* The finale of the thirteenth string quartet, the last completed composition of the Master, written only four months before his death, is not only clear in design and proportion, but expresses in the most direct and convincing way a wholesome sanity both of feeling and imagination.

What then, is the real significance of Beethoven's latest works? How are they to be regarded, both from the point of view of his own artistic development and from that of the general progress of the art? The mere fact that critical opinion has regarded them as so contrasted with his earlier compositions as to demand special classification, suggests that they embody principles and methods which, if not absolutely and indisputably novel, are sufficiently at variance with the established idioms which the composer inherited from the eighteenth century to merit special consideration. Adequate discussion of these questions demands some examination of general æsthetic questions and the methods adopted by the earlier composers in answering these.

The effects of music on the human organism are complex; difficult to analyse because they vary in kind and in degree according to the individual concerned. There are, however, two broad lines, complementary but contrasted, along which reaction takes place. There is a physical effect and a psychical effect. In the first, the sensibilities of the ear and the perceiving centres in the brain are chiefly concerned. The reactions involved are intellectual and sensuous rather than emotional. In the second, the stimulus penetrates through the organ of hearing and the perceiving centres to that more deeply seated and obscure part of the organism from which arise emotional rather than intellectual reactions. Some individuals tend

\* See "The Musical Faculty," William Wallace. (Macmillan, 1914.) p. 132 *et seq.*

naturally to react in one of these ways rather than in the other. The great composers were people who were sensitive in both directions. So also, in the history of music there have been times in which musicians generally shared the same tendency to regard the art more from one of these aspects than from the other. Further, there seems to be a periodic oscillation between these two tendencies. A period in which the purely sensuous appeal of music predominates, tends to be followed by one in which the significance of the matter expressed is at least as important as the manner of expression; and vice versa.

The contrapuntal idiom of the sixteenth century belonged essentially to the latter of these two categories. It developed and was elaborated on the basis of words sung in religious ritual and ceremonial. Whatever it eventually became, in its origin and principle it was an attempt to express in musical terms the sense and meaning of words which had the gravest significance. And, as it never could neglect absolutely the import of the verbal outline—even in its most debased condition—it remained essentially an *expressive* art, in which emotional significance rather than sensuous stimulation was attempted.

The musical history of the seventeenth century is a record of experiment and effort to solve the problem of how to compose music for instruments, into the details of which there is no need to enter. However, by the time of Haydn and Mozart a definite self-sufficient instrumental style had been evolved, which was in no degree dependent on the earlier contrapuntal idiom. This instrumental style was based on three associated principles which had no reference to the older idioms; namely, rhythmic balance; key centralisation; harmonic relationship.

In the works of J. S. Bach and Handel, as in those of a host of lesser composers, these principles are clearly active; but they co-exist with the earlier idioms of the contrapuntal style. As the eighteenth century progressed, however, the characteristics of the older style receded into the background. Composers became preoccupied chiefly with the development and the exploitation of the newer methods. They invented the principles of musical form—symmetry of structure based on the balance of the component parts, defined and co-ordinated by key, and harmonic, relationship. As this balance was realised chiefly from a quantitative point of view, deficiencies in this respect were often compensated by the mechanical use of stereotyped effects and conventional formulæ. Even in the works of Haydn and Mozart there are traces of the influence of this easy satisfaction with a purely external symmetry.

While the form, shape or symmetry of a musical idea depends mostly on the presence or absence of this property of rhythmic balance, its emotional and expressive character depends more on the pitch succes-

sions and contrasts of the constituent sounds. In the vocal music from which the contrapuntal style developed, these pitch contrasts and modifications were the vital elements in musical expression. Definite time arrangements were rendered necessary when measured music came into being, with the harmonic developments which required the strict regulation of the motions of various simultaneous voices. But all through the contrapuntal era, until the invention of instrumental composition, time regulation was a secondary consideration; and its use, to a certain extent, even neutralised the expressiveness of the vocal phrase outline. The ideal rhythm of song is the free rhythm of speech; *i.e.*, rhythm which shall illustrate and reinforce the meaning and emotional effect of the words sung. The measured vocal music of to-day, with each of its sound values in exact arithmetical relations to the others, is a conventional usage tolerable only because attention is distracted from the words sung, and interest is attracted to purely musical effects—melody, harmony, tone-colour, etc. To test the truth of this criticism all that is necessary is to *speak* the words of a song in the strict time values of the sounds to which they are set, omitting these musical effects.

If a generalisation may be hazarded—and it is one which in the light of much of the work of Haydn and Mozart and other musicians must not be looked on as all-inclusive—the composers of the eighteenth century concerned themselves chiefly with the exploitation of those artistic methods which appealed to the sensuous and intellectual sides of musical appreciation. At the end of the eighteenth century, polyphony, the expressive art, had been succeeded by homophony, an art concerned essentially with structure and design. In 1798, when Beethoven published his Op. 1, three trios for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, the art of music was in possession of a technical equipment developed from and designed chiefly to arouse sensuous and intellectual reactions.

Naturally, Beethoven's first works, based as they were on the example of his predecessors, approximate to that example both in manner and intention; but even in these first works there are indications eloquent of a new outlook and objective.\* With regard to the technical processes of composition, Beethoven's attitude was fundamentally different from that of his predecessors, and this difference is illustrated both in his methods and in the results of these methods. He seems always to have composed with difficulty—not because he was less able to manipulate structure and design than the older musicians, but because he could not regard design as an end in itself. His methods were laborious, because he was unable to con-

\* See "The Evolution of the Art of Music." C. H. H. Parry, pp. 263-266.

tent himself with the unessential and the insignificant, and the search for the right and final expression of his thought did not proceed too easily. Lacking neither fluency nor facility, wisely he distrusted both.

As time went on he became more concerned with the effort after significant expression rather than purely sensuous appeal and formal symmetry; and an interesting indication of this personal attitude towards his artistic work, is the frequent association of this work with ideas other than musical. He describes the pianoforte sonata, Op. 18, as "*Sonata Pathétique*"; in the Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, he includes as the third movement "*Marcia Funèbre, sulla morte d'un Eroe*"; the Third Symphony in E flat, Op. 55, is still more definitely described by the composer. Many other examples will no doubt occur to the reader, but apart from such precise indications, the most convincing proof of the growth of this attitude of the Master towards his art is to be found in the internal evidence of the works themselves. The explanation of most of the technical features and developments found in his later works lies in the fact that these are designed to increase expressiveness and accentuate significance.

In the year 1802 the deafness from which Beethoven had suffered since 1798 became serious; and the effect of this infirmity, terrible enough for anyone, but devastatingly so for a musician, was to eliminate almost entirely from his outlook on art, the purely sensuous appeal. The key to the understanding of much that is obscure in his later works lies in this important fact. A deaf composer is absolutely shut out from the sensuous side of music. Beautiful tone qualities, successions and combinations which please and attract by means of either euphony or novelty, lose all power over him. His composing becomes sublimated thought; thought which is not diverted from its emotional impulse or from its logically determined development by any external sensuous appeal. While in these later works there is much that is beautiful, there is nothing which relies on beauty alone. The expression of the essential personality of the composer—his moods, his feelings, the undefined and sub-conscious motions of his soul—these are what can be felt and divined through the significant assortment of sounds which compose the structure. The desire for expression, which lies at the root of all art, becomes more and more imperious in the deaf composer—thrown back on himself, unable to communicate freely with his fellow-men, and cut off to a large extent from the body of humanity of which he still feels a conscious and vital part. From this imperious need came the enlargement of resource which is the amazing characteristic of his last great works.

To the idiom which he inherited from the eighteenth century—the principles of design on which was created a self-sufficient instrumental

style—he added the expressive methods of the older polyphony. As Bach based his work on the polyphonic idiom tempered by the frequent and systematic employment of the newer principles, so Beethoven, starting from the homophonic standpoint, developed his final style by uniting to these newer principles the methods of the older school. Both effected a union between the two styles, but they started from opposite poles; and while Bach consistently throughout his career is mainly polyphonic in method, Beethoven equally consistently adheres to the principles of design which had been perfected under the homophonic system. Even in his latest works the rhythmically balanced structure, built up and buttressed by key relationship and contrast, persists; but while symmetry remains, squareness is eliminated; and the texture becomes more highly organised and more expressively polyphonic.

In practically everyone of his last great instrumental works the two methods are either united or stand side by side. Movements like the opening movement of the Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, which combines the noble symmetry and exquisite proportions of a Greek vase with the expressive significance of a Shakespeare sonnet, and which conforms in every way to the standardised outlines of sonata form, occur in the same work as movements which—like the finale of the same sonata—are built up on the principles of expressive vocal polyphony. The fugue—that apotheosis of polyphonic method—or the fugal principle, is illustrated in practically all the larger works from Op. 101 onwards. Several, such as the pianoforte sonatas, Op. 106 and Op. 110; the quartets, Op. 130 and Op. 131, contain fully developed examples in this form. The finale of the Choral Symphony illustrates the same point, and the great Mass in D openly acknowledges it as the basis of vocal composition.

Limitations of space preclude the detailed consideration of many interesting technical features in the latest works of the Master. Such things as his disregard of the practical limitations of both voices and instruments; the stability and continuity of his harmonic sense, which, apart from its polyphonic enlargement, underwent no essential change from first to last; his obvious but tentative endeavours to attain conditions of greater rhythmic freedom and fluidity—to mention only a few of those technical features—could each be illustrated and discussed at length. Perhaps that characteristic of his last style, which, next to his reversion to the methods of polyphony, is most striking and apparent, is the effort to connect up the different movements of a work either by mood or by treatment so as to produce a united and organic whole.

The instrumental compositions (symphonies, sonatas, etc.) of the eighteenth century composers consisted of a number of separate movements, united chiefly by key relationship. In Beethoven's early



works this example is followed, and this principle is accepted, without any special attempt to accentuate the unity of the whole composition. Except for the matter of key relationship, it is not unthinkable to exchange the slow movements of any of the three sonatas, Op. 2, without seriously affecting the unity of these works. So, even with the six quartets, Op. 18, although the informed ear revolts at the suggestion, there seems no essential reason why certain movements which now appear in one of these works could not have been used by the composer in another. For example, the *andante* of the quartet in F, No. 1, could quite well have displaced the slow movement of the quartet in D, No. 3. I am quite aware that such suggestions will evoke protests from enthusiasts, but I cannot see that there is any intrinsic or internal reason, if the composer had originally so decreed, which would now stir the critic or the musician to point to such as a mistake of judgment.

On the other hand, in the later compositions of Beethoven the relationship between the different movements of a work, from the point of view of character and significance, becomes more close and more essential. I do not think that it was *only* because of its length that the *andante* in F, originally designed as the slow movement of the Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, was rejected and replaced by the highly characteristic *adagio molto* which now appears as the middle movement of this work. In the last years of his life composition with Beethoven was less a musical operation than a revelation of his mental and emotional development. Each work seems to expose to us some drama, not of incident and accident, but of thought and feeling and the explanation or justification of much that seems abrupt and rhapsodical is to be found in the sequence of emotional states which underly the musical expression. The best known example of this, and one which is specially instructive because it is fairly easy to trace and follow the thought processes in the composer's mind which underly its progression, is the opening of the finale of the Choral Symphony. More obscure are the examples in the last sonatas and quartets; but in these it is equally clear that the interruptions of continuity have their justification in the development of the composer's thought. In the case of the Sonata in A flat, Op. 110—to take what is perhaps the most striking example—it is impossible for the receptive and sympathetic mind not to be moved to reactions which are determined in emotional significance by the musical expression, and which convince by a logic far transcending mere intellectual operations. That we cannot—and need not—connect these emotional reactions with definite ideas or images, matters very little. The parallelism of feeling between us and the Master goes deeper than mere perception of ideas, and involves the profounder and more obscure roots of personality.

JOHN B. McEWEN.



## AN SCHWAGER KRONOS

*Goetz:*

Onward, onward, Kronos,  
Onward, charioteer!  
Sheer falls the path;  
Heart and brain in me surging  
Chafe at your fears and doubts.  
What were a stumble or two?  
Away, over stock and stone;  
On, through the gates of life.

Steep climbs the way;  
Panting and straining  
Toils the painful foot.  
No time is it for ease;  
Hope beckons us on.

Fair, grand, boundless  
Stands before us the world;  
And, when peak calls to peak,  
Ever the eternal soul  
Summons us forth thro' the ages to be.

Now by the roadside a shelter  
Bids you stay,  
And a welcome is waiting for you  
Where a maiden looks out from the door.  
Quaff your fill, clear and cool;  
Give me, too, maiden of thy foaming bowl,  
Let me worship thy glowing youth.

On then, on, and away  
Ere the sun be set;  
Ere he set, ere on the moorland  
The evening mists encircle me,  
Ere my chattering teeth and tottering limbs  
Presage the end.

Blind in the sunset,  
Drunk with its glory,  
Dazed with billowy fire,  
Lost in utter bewilderment,  
Hurl me forth into Hades' dark night.

Now let clamour of horn,  
Din of the clattering hoof,  
Waken Orkus, and tell him we hasten ;  
That so at the gate  
The host may friendly receive us.

*Trans. A. H. F. S.*

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I always felt it was laid upon me to tackle great tasks. . . . These events made me desperate, and I very nearly took my own life. Only my art held me back. It seemed to me impossible to leave the world before I had done all that it was laid upon me to do. . . . Joyfully I go to meet death! Come when thou wilt, I shall meet thee with a stout heart!

*Beethoven,  
Heiligenstadt will.*

October 6, 1802.

## BEETHOVEN AND GOETHE

Among the contemporaries of Beethoven one is pre-eminent. Goethe (who was twenty-one when Beethoven was born, and lived five years after his death) stands supreme in the history of art in eighteenth century Germany and after. During Beethoven's lifetime the writer enjoyed an honourable reputation and a far-reaching fame such as the musician never attained to. Now the case is altered, and of a thousand to whom the name Beethoven is at least not empty of meaning there are probably but ten in whom Goethe awakens response. But during their lives there was no question as to which of the two played the greater part in the popular imagination. Goethe with his wide interests sustained by phenomenal powers of comprehension and expression was looked upon as though he were the possessor of divine attributes, and his opinion was sought with an almost Delphic reverence. His acquisitive mind had taken on, by the time he reached the middle years, a marvellous flexibility. There seemed to be nothing in which he was not willing to interest himself, and most things he comprehended with a fullness that showed his extraordinary depth of insight. He alone is worthy to be compared with men of the Italian Renaissance like Leon Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci, men whose minds were laid open to all the currents of knowledge, men irresistibly curious as to the nature of things and the ways of mankind. More surely than any of his contemporaries Goethe was able to keep under survey the whole field of human knowledge, immensely extended since the days of Leonardo. It is only when we endeavour to determine the degree of his appreciation of music in general and of Beethoven's music in particular that our admiration for the high power of his intellect suffers a check and is changed to a feeling of astonishment that in this direction the admirable law which guided that great mind should have ceased to function. For there is no doubt that Goethe had little knowledge of Beethoven's work, and that what he did know failed to move him. Neither did he succeed in gauging the importance of Beethoven in the development of art, though he was not alone there, and few people of that time would have been anything but surprised to hear the verdict of history that places the two men on the same plane.

It may be well to digress for a moment in order to attempt some diagnosis of Goethe's musical constitution. In his early years he was taught the pianoforte but does not appear to have made sufficient headway to make it possible for him to play even passably or to become interested, through the pianoforte, in instrumental music.

When a young man he took lessons at Strassburg on the violoncello with no more lasting result. For him music implied the voice. This tendency was strengthened by his gradual severance from the ideas implicit in the phrase "Sturm und Drang" (in which abstract instrumental music with its increased freedom of expression found a place), and by the journey to Italy (1786), where he seems to have heard a large amount of vocal music. (In the "Italienische Reise" it is more often a question of that kind of music, and only seldom of instrumental compositions or performances.) The song and the aria were his chief delight, and his powers of appreciation stopped short at opera. In these genres he showed his usual lively critical sense. Speaking, for instance, to Eckermann of Beethoven's setting of "Kennst du das Land" he said: "I cannot comprehend how it is that Beethoven and Spohr so misunderstand the nature of a song while they are at work on it. . . . Surely they could have realised that in this case they had to do with a simple song. . . . Being what she is, Mignon may justifiably be made to sing a song—but not an aria!" Goethe's inclinations tended more and more, as the years went on, towards purely vocal and away from abstract instrumental music. He could appreciate Mozart, whom he had heard in 1763 perform at a concert at Frankfurt, when they were both small children. "Mozart died in his thirty-sixth year, Raphael the same, Byron but a little older. All these had fulfilled their mission perfectly and it was high time that they departed, so that other men should still find something left for them to do in this long-lived world." And again: "How can people talk of Mozart *composing* 'Don Juan'! Composition! As though it were a piece of biscuit made up of egg, flour and sugar! It is a creation of the spirit, the part as well as the whole coming from one source, at one burst, filled with the breath of life; so that it cannot be said that the creative artist tried first this thing or cut that one into a certain shape or disposed of anything as he himself willed it; the divine spirit of his genius so overpowered him that he was forced to carry out its commands."

The musicians that Goethe counted among his friends were, with one exception, unimportant figures whose name and work are now forgotten. The exception is Mendelssohn, who came to Goethe when the latter was already an old man and was the first to interest him in Beethoven's instrumental music.\* Zelter is the most interesting,

\* Mendelssohn's description of the effect on Goethe of hearing the first movement of the C minor Symphony played on the pianoforte is of great interest as showing the narrow extent of his acquaintance with Beethoven's work. "He said solemnly: 'Ah, but that doesn't move so much as astound one; it's immense.' Then he muttered on to himself and after some time said: 'That magnificent stuff, quite crazy! One might well be afraid of the roof's falling in! And to think of what it must be like when they all play it together!' And later at table, in the midst of other conversation, he returned to it again."

both for his published correspondence with Goethe (with its rather complacent talk about Beethoven) and because he was Mendelssohn's master and introduced the young Felix to Weimar. Of Ph. Chr. Kayser, who went to Italy to stay with Goethe and whom Goethe helped, sending him to study in Vienna under Gluck, and commissioning him to write music for "Egmont," Goethe's own words are sufficient comment: "Foolish, passionate bestowal of favour upon questionable talent was a fault of my early years, one from which I never have quite been able to escape." Kayser was the first cultured musician to enter the Goethe circle. Further there was Joh. Ferd. Reichardt, executant and critic, an estimable musician, whose correspondence with Goethe may still be studied. And there was von Seckendorff, composer of the music to Goethe's "Lila." None of these men were of first rank and none were able by their example to stir Goethe from his conception of music as being a thing that a cultured person should know something of, in order that he might be able to talk about it. Goethe with his passion for knowledge of everything took music *en passant*. Music retaliated by withdrawing herself from such treatment.

The case is a curious one. It is as though Goethe's mind was unable to project upon music that searching light of the intellect that seemed always able, in other cases, to pierce the outward appearance of things and lay bare their hidden spirituality. Goethe may be said to have lived in a visible world whose reflection he revealed in poetry and the most poetic prose. Beethoven on the other hand, moved—it is the common experience of all writers of music—in an invisible world whose messages he translated into sounds. Herr Gundolf, writing of the two men and their mutual reactions, puts it in this manner: "For him (Goethe) music was little more than a means of providing adornment, ease, dignity, charm to life, and in no way did he feel for it as being that expression of universal principles that Beethoven both saw in his imagination and realised in his works." This insensibility on Goethe's part to any but the more superficial appeal of music—differing signally from his approach and reaction to the other arts—was the direct result of the changed outlook on life that he underwent when, after "Götz von Berlichingen" (1779) and "Werther" (1774), works which reflect the ideas of "Sturm und Drang," he came under the influence of the hellenist Winckelmann, and eventually (1786) journeyed to Italy. From then onwards the character of his work changed, tending towards a classicism that was to strike what Walter Pater called a "note of revolt against the eighteenth century." But it was to be a species of revolt very different from that which fired Beethoven's imagination. With him the break with eighteenth century conventions was to lead, via the



French Revolution, to the brotherhood of man. To Goethe, Napoleon, the man who had disappointed Beethoven, was always a type of hero. As late as 1819, just after Moscow, he could write to the German patriots Körner and Arndt: "Rattle away at your chains! This man is too big for you, you'll never be able to shatter him!" The revolt against the eighteenth century that Goethe indulged in was in another direction than that which Beethoven took. It led him to a purely aristocratic view of life wherein everything was to be invested with the balanced grace of a Grecian mode of life. This change of front came as a surprise to those of his contemporaries who had fallen under the spell of the unrestrained romanticism of "Werther," and was not understood, not even realised by the majority. It is certain that Beethoven failed to take it into account. To him Goethe was still the author of the "Sturm und Drang" works. His imagination was fired by "Egmont," a work pertaining to that earlier period, which Goethe finished, with some feeling of a duty performed, in Rome as late as 1787, the last sign he gave of interest in the romantic feelings of his youth. That Beethoven was strongly under the influence of the early romantic works of Goethe is probable, and there is much to be said for Kögel's\* observation that it is in "Werther" that one must look for the counterpart of that particular turn of thought and manner of expression which colours the piano-forte sonatas, Op. 13, 27 (2) and 57, and the C minor and D minor symphonies. There is no doubt that the young Beethoven, like the young Mendelssohn of later years, was attracted to Goethe by "Werther." The passionate unreason of the book seems to have impressed itself as strongly upon his imagination as it did upon that of all the other young people of that day.† So far Beethoven could go

\* Rudolf Kögel. "Goethe und Beethoven." Leipsig. 1894.

† Kögel also remarks on the similarity that exists between that passage in the "Heiligenstadt testament" which begins: "Ja die geliebte Hoffnung —" and Werther's letter dated 4th Sept. beginning: "Ja es ist so."

The Heiligenstadt will was dated 6th Oct., 1802. To this Beethoven added a postscript on the 10th:—

Thus I say farewell—a sad farewell; the hope I treasured—that I brought here with me—of being cured, at any rate to a certain extent, now deserts me utterly; as the leaves fall and wither in autumn, even so is my hope dry and withered. I leave this place almost as I came. The high hopes that filled me in the bright summer days have vanished. O Providence, let there dawn for me but one day of pure joy—it is so long since the still voice of true joy has been known to me! When, when, O Godhead, will it be mine to know joy again in the temple of Nature and of man? Never? Oh, that would be too cruel!

He speaks of his hopeless deafness; Werther of his hopeless love, as follows:

Sept. 3. There are days when I cannot understand how another can be fond of her—is permitted to be fond of her—seeing that I love her only, utterly, wholly, and have nothing else but her to know and understand and possess.

Sept. 4. Yes! That is it. Nature has felt the first touch of autumn, and it is autumn in me and about me. My leaves turn yellow, and from the trees all about the leaves now strew the ground. Didn't I tell you in one of my letters . . . ?

with Goethe, finding in the early writings an echo of his own youthful turbulence, seeking for a solution of his insistent difficulties.

In 1810 he finished the "Egmont" music, but not until 1812 did this finally reach Goethe's hands. In the meantime Beethoven had met the man whose work he had known since long and for whom he had come to have feelings of veneration. "When you mention me in your letters to Goethe," he writes to Bettina von Arnim, "search out all those words that are expressive of my deepest reverence and admiration." And again: "How can one ever adequately thank that most precious jewel of a nation, a great Poet!"

Here we may for a moment digress in order to review the actual circumstances of the meeting between Beethoven and Goethe. The most popular authority for a description of the meeting is Bettina Brentano (von Arnim, as she later became). Her reputation for veracity has of late had a severe strain put upon it, and it is no longer possible to accept her tale absolutely. The piquancy of her best story—that of the meeting of Beethoven and Goethe with a group of royalty in the streets of Teplitz—has been taken away by recent research; though what still remains true of the intimate dealings between this delightful young literary lady and the two great men has even now all the charm of the finest ingenious, yet ingenuous, tuft-hunting. It is evident that the discrepancies which are to be found between the facts as they are now known and as they were depicted by Bettina von Arnim arise, not so much from a deliberate attempt at falsification on her part, but simply from an unrestrained delight in writing a good, but not necessarily literal, tale.\* And it must be owned that Bettina von Arnim had enough discernment to recognise a big lion when she saw him. The situation was easy for her to deal with. Goethe had heard of Beethoven from Zelter, but his music still remained practically unknown to him. Beethoven was, in this case, better informed. We have seen that he knew Goethe through the early works. But it must be remembered that he had remained under their influence and was unaware of the change in the

\* Dr. Deiters (Thayer (Krehbiel) II, 227) has sufficiently demonstrated the improbability of the third of the so-called Beethoven-Bettina letters (that in which Beethoven is represented as himself describing the notorious meeting with the royal family in the streets of Teplitz, when Goethe is supposed to have stood politely aside while Beethoven, settling his hat more firmly on his head, strode on through the amazed, awe-struck little group of royal personages). Thayer goes so far as to say that he will believe in the authenticity of the letter so soon as he is confronted with the original. Kögel (p. 215), taking the date of the letter to be Aug. 15 (which would bring the "yesterday" of the letter to Aug. 14) points out that Beethoven left Teplitz at the latest on Aug. 9, and Goethe on Aug. 11. Also it is improbable that Beethoven would be so lacking in either gratitude or good sense as to have treated his friend and patron, the Archduke Rudolf (who is made to appear as one of the collection of royalty through which Beethoven made his way that day) in such a manner.

writer's outlook. Both men, in varying degrees, were pleased to deal with the resourceful and amusing Bettina. It is only necessary to read her description of her unexpectedly appearing at a large dinner-party accompanied by the great Beethoven to realise that the character of *dea ex machina* was not displeasing to her. Beethoven and Goethe were both willing to help towards a meeting, Beethoven eager to express the reverence and admiration he felt for the author of "Werther," Goethe by that time in the full tide of popular esteem, "Werther" and all such youthful ebullitions well behind him, his reputation as statesman and man of letters by no means unshakable, having no real knowledge of Beethoven as an artist to cause him to look to the meeting with more than a mild interest, a favour he could grant to Bettina. They met and talked once or twice at Teplitz, in July, 1812, where they were both taking a cure. Beethoven's deafness was already firmly enough ingrained to be a hindrance to intercourse, especially in this case, where Beethoven's sense of reverence may well have had the effect of making his sentences unwieldy, a misfortune when dealing with Goethe, who was a master of the well-turned phrase and the well-modulated expression. Goethe, too, was not in the habit of shouting his fine conversation. But Beethoven played to him and thus expressed himself more completely than he could through speech. The encounter, none the less, resulted in no lasting friendship, and the two men were not to meet again.

Their first recorded utterances about each other after the Teplitz meeting show the impressions that remained. Beethoven, writing to Breitkopf and Härtel on Aug. 9th, 1812, says: "Goethe is more fond of the atmosphere of courts than is becoming in a poet. No call, therefore, to talk of the absurd behaviour of *virtuosi* when poets, who should be looked up to as being the foremost teachers of the nation, forget all else for the sake of such outward show." And Goethe, writing to Zelter from Karlsbad, on Sept. 2nd of the same year, says: "I made Beethoven's acquaintance in Teplitz. His talent amazed me; unfortunately he is an utterly untamed personality, not altogether in the wrong in holding the world detestable; but he does not make it any more enjoyable either for himself or others by his attitude. He is, however, to be excused, and much to be pitied, as his hearing is leaving him, which, perhaps, mars the musical part of him less than the social. He is of a laconic nature and will become doubly so because of this lack." On Feb. 8, 1823, eleven years after the Teplitz meeting, Beethoven wrote to Goethe to ask for a subscription for the edition of the "Missa Solennis" from the Weimar court. The letter was badly put together, turgid and redundant, the very thing to puzzle and annoy Goethe, himself careful of his words and delicate in his letter-writing. He is said

to have been ill at the time the letter came. At any rate the plea remained without attention. It is of interest to see how Beethoven, cognisant, at last, of the change in Goethe's mental outlook, tries to enlist his sympathy by touching on a subject that to the musician meant nothing, but to the writer much: ". . . for years I have been a father to the son of a deceased brother—a promising youth—wholly devoted to science and already at home in the *rich lore of Hellenism*."

He is reported by Rochlitz to have said (in 1822): "I became acquainted with him (Goethe) in Karlsbad (Teplitz). . . . I was not so deaf then as I am now, but hard of hearing. How patient the great man was with me! . . . How happy he made me then! I would have gone to my death for him; yes, ten times!" Goethe might be expected to have been the one man among Beethoven's contemporaries to understand and value the greatness of his genius. But as Ambros says: "Goethe . . . seems to have been moved but little by the spiritual grandeur of this apparition (Beethoven). We must take it that, without in any way realising Beethoven's greatness, he saw in him little more than a person unfitted for society through his deafness and rendered difficult of approach because of his rough exterior and caustic temperament."\*

The failure lay with Goethe. Beethoven at least knew Goethe through his works, a step that Goethe had never felt able to take with regard to Beethoven's compositions. Beethoven's note-books are filled with quotations from Goethe, and it was he who said this to Rochlitz: "He has killed Klopstock for me. . . . You smile that I should ever have read Klopstock! I gave myself up to him many years, when I took my walks and at other times. . . . But Goethe, he lives and wants us all to live with him. That's the reason he can be set to music. Nobody else can be set to music so easily as he." (Thayer (Krehbiel) III, 75). And in conversation with Bühler (1823) he said: "Because of money, which is necessary to me, I cannot write only what I like the most. By that I do not mean that I write simply for money. As soon as this stage is passed, I hope at last to write that which for Art and for me is the highest thing—'Faust.'"

SCOTT GODDARD.

\* Ambros: "Beethoven, Goethe and Michelangelo," quoted by Frimmel, "Beethoven und Goethe," Vienna, 1883.

## BEETHOVEN'S ORCHESTRA

### A CONDUCTOR'S REFLECTIONS

BEETHOVEN differs from other great composers in one fundamental quality. His ideas are often too powerful and unconventional to be completely expressed by means of the technical mastery at his command. In his orchestral works especially, we are vaguely conscious that the power and weight of his musical thought is not always matched by an equal strength and resource in craftsmanship. In the works of other classical composers the mood and shape of the music and its instrumental colouring all seem part of one inspiration. So much so, indeed, that it is impossible to imagine their masterpieces in any more effective orchestral dress than that given to them originally. The music, for instance, of Haydn, Mozart and Weber—all contemporaries of Beethoven—would be fatally injured by any serious interference with its characteristic orchestration. The case is different as regards Beethoven, and no conductor nowadays performs his orchestral works without at least some revision of instrumental details.

To write for the orchestra with skill and originality needs only talent, though the talent of a master craftman; but to write great music requires genius. Beethoven's music is so great in itself, so full of burning inspiration, that the ineffectiveness of some of its orchestration might be considered as of little moment in comparison. When it is remembered, however, that a wise and skilful treatment of what might be called "craftsman's details" may have the effect of making clear what is often obscure, thereby increasing the general appeal of the music, the question becomes one of deep interest and importance.

When we compare Beethoven's scores with those of others, even the less distinguished, of his epoch, and if we resolutely keep to purely technical considerations, we are often forced to the conclusion that he could not have possessed a great natural aptitude, or gift, for the happy use of orchestral instruments. Indeed, as regards the talent of neat and skilful orchestration, it is not easy for us to contend that the great composer had more than the efficient and adequate command of technique required from any good musician of his day.

Mozart, with his strange mixture of child-like innocence and sweetness, and man-of-the-world accomplishment, endows each



instrument for which he writes with a fascinating personality; much the same thing is true of Weber; but Beethoven, for the most part, seems incurious and non-experimental as to fresh possibilities in the direction of instrumental colour. Bricks and mortar there had to be in the erection of his giant edifices, but he seems to be more obsessed by great architectural considerations than by interest in smaller details of construction. There are some exceptions, it is true, to this general attitude upon his part. Later on these will be more particularly mentioned. Purely technical facility has little to do with the question of musical inspiration; if it had, Mozart with his marvellous combination of both qualities would be considered the greatest of all composers. The case as regards Mozart and Beethoven has been neatly put by one who remarked that "Mozart is the best composer of his epoch, but Beethoven is the greatest."

Beethoven's general habit and manner in orchestration is fully exemplified in his symphonies, and it is not necessary to go further afield, even if, in other works, he occasionally makes use of some instrument which does not appear in these scores. If we take the nine symphonies and regard them from a merely technical point of view, they reveal, to an impartial eye, that the strings are always used with the greatest fullness and resource, the bassoons and drums with a special originality, and the flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, trumpets and trombones in a way we might expect (and that we get) from any well equipped typical musician of those days. There are obscurities and miscalculations in certain places, some of which appear to be due to the impatience and brusqueness which were part of the composer's character, others which are undoubtedly the result of simple errors in questions of balance. Instances of both will occur to the minds of those familiar with the scores. Before approaching the question of how far it is permissible to go in endeavouring to rectify these small imperfections, there are some general considerations into which we should enter.

Again, putting aside the fact that nowadays we use a very much larger body of strings than was the general custom in Beethoven's lifetime there is no doubt that many of the wind instruments have undergone since then a considerable change, and have gained in ease of manipulation at the expense of beauty of tone. The flute, for instance, must have formerly possessed a much sweeter and more characteristic tone before it was furnished with the ingenious mechanism in use to-day, and there is no doubt that the horn has also suffered in this respect by the addition of valves, and the trumpet, probably for the same reason. The oboes and bassoons, on the other hand, were rougher and coarser in quality, and the timpani less accurate in tuning and shallower in tone. It is likely that the trom-

bone is the only wind instrument which has not altered in timbre, for there has been no change in its mechanism. Keeping these considerations in mind it is interesting to imagine how Beethoven's symphonies may have sounded to his audiences, and, at the same time it may give some justification for the readjustments it is felt necessary to make in modern performances. The symphonies seem to fall into two main categories. In one we might place the more idyllic works—the first, second, fourth, sixth and eighth; in the other those immense dramatic conceptions—the third, fifth, seventh and ninth, in which Beethoven breaks completely with former tradition and enters into his own absolute kingdom. It is in these that the technical problems of readjustment become most acute. The other symphonies (with the exception, perhaps, of part of the sixth—the "Pastorale") require, certainly, a carefully balanced performance in order to make their full effect, but in the main the orchestration can be left untouched and unstrengthened. It is widely different in the case of the other four.

Without some radical change, either by the reduction of the strings or by an increase of wind instruments, it is impossible to give performances which are really satisfactory. It is hardly needful to say that no real musician would ever contemplate touching the orchestral details of these mighty works, if he were not convinced that, without some such revision, our performances cannot fulfil the real desires of the composer. Musicians from Wagner down have given serious and prolonged consideration to this question; it is one with which every conductor has to deal. A standard treatise on the subject is Felix Weingartner's "On the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies," and though one may occasionally disagree with certain of the distinguished conductor's views on such questions as tempi and phrasing, it is impossible not to be impressed by the reason and logic of the actual alterations in instrumentation which are advocated in this work. At least it convinces one that a real necessity exists for some such revision as is proposed; but does it go far enough? Is it quite consistent to increase the numbers of wind instruments in certain passages and not in others of the same continuous movement? If it is right to give dominance to certain parts of the musical fabric in crescendo and forte why not also in diminuendo and piano? And then there is the difficult question of certain awkwardnesses which exist in Beethoven's treatment of the horns and trumpets. It is not always easy to say when these are intentional and when they are the result of impatience or carelessness. If they are mere trifling defects of workmanship, then to correct them is a matter of small importance; but sometimes one has an uneasy impression that they may have been inspired by a spirit

of wilful caprice or by the rough rude humour in which Beethoven delighted.

These are questions which must be answered by every conductor according to his own personal convictions. His duty, after all, is to decide for himself, after full consideration, what are the primal characteristics of the music he is called upon to perform, and to emphasise these characteristics by all the lawful means he can command. In respect to Beethoven in his grandest manner, are not power and urgency the dominant characteristics? These heroic utterances seem to call for force and passion rather than for grace and sensuous beauty of tone. Refinement and delicacy are not the essential features of Beethoven that they are in composers like Mozart, and even in his softer moments it is unwise to over-emphasise them.

To take an example of Beethoven at his greatest, does it really matter that the first movement of the C Minor Symphony should be played with any particular attention to grace or finish, and is it not rather a tragic resistless passion, scornful of detail, which surges in the music? The finest and most convincing performance of this movement ever heard by the present writer was one in which roughness and curtness, even harshness, had the chief part and delicacy was excluded. Each movement of the symphonies raises its own problem of interpretation, but on the whole finesse is not a quality urgently required nor a too narrowly musical fastidiousness. Roughly speaking, the opening and concluding movements of the four great symphonies under particular consideration seem to call for a reinforcement of strength in wood-wind and horns. The rest of the brass, and the timpani, have sufficient reserves of strength to make further additions to these instruments an unnecessary proceeding. Every musician can decide for himself whether certain phrases in the wind must be regarded as definitely solo passages, or whether they can be incorporated in the general reinforced fabric. There are places where there is no doubt, as in the little oboe cadenza in the Fifth Symphony, but there are many other instances where there is room for disagreement. With our ordinary large concert orchestras which include sixty or seventy string instruments it would appear quite logical to play such movements as the first of the "Eroica" or the last of the Seventh Symphony with doubled wind throughout, or, at all events, with the exception of only such infrequent passages as would unmistakably be disfigured by such a proceeding.

For the most part the slow movements and the scherzi seem to demand a more individual expression from the instruments, though even here there are important exceptions. The Funeral March of the "Eroica" has sections where reinforcement of the wind seems advisable, even necessary, and the scherzi of the fifth and ninth

symphonies repay, in many places, the same treatment. It is not within the scope of the present article to go more deeply into detail, but what might appear as vandalism when applied to other composers has, it must be admitted, a way of justifying itself in the case of Beethoven. No conductor ever thinks of increasing the wind, or otherwise strengthening the orchestration of Mozart's works. On the contrary, the tendency is rather to keep the strings few in number and select in quality, so that the charm, tenderness, and wit of the music may be more clearly defined. A similar method applied to Beethoven would only result in a diminution of the sheer weight and power of his magnificent conceptions, and the problem really resolves itself into how to add to the intensity without altering the colour.

It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules where everything must be left to individual taste and conviction, but occasionally one sees "improvements" suggested which show an entire misconception of the question at issue. It is no improvement but a horrible atrocity to introduce trombones into scores of Beethoven where they do not already exist, or to add extra passages for the timpani merely because modern tuning makes this possible. Such actions are not those of musicians, but of vulgar showmen, of barbarians. It should never be a question of introducing a new colour, but merely of the deepening or restoration of one now faded, and the process is not that of adding fresh tints to a picture but of allowing some which are obscured to be more clearly seen.

There is one problem in these symphonies which seems insoluble. It is not orchestral, but choral. Behind the score of the finale of the Ninth Symphony one seems to sense a huge and wonderful conception, but, in actual performance the effect is disappointing and the impression left upon the hearer is one of discomfort and strain. It seems impossible to find a body of singers strong enough in numbers and yet with voices capable of sustaining the vocal parts without sagging hopelessly under the cruel demands made upon them by this music. True appreciation of a great composer does not lie in a blind worship of every note written by him, and, apart from the actual difficulties of performance, there are portions of this finale which do not seem to be at the same level of inspiration as the rest of the noble symphony. The March episode would probably be regarded as a somewhat trivial piece of music if it had been written by anyone but Beethoven, and the principal melody itself seems to lose something of its grandeur and simplicity in being subjected to so many changes of tempo and rhythm. But putting these questions aside, it is certain that no one has been able to suggest a really satisfactory method of performing this movement which does not entail the actual rewriting of the vocal parts, and rather than this it would be better,

surely, to perform only the first three movements, and to regard the finale as a task beyond the powers of mere humanity, or as a comparative failure on the part of the composer.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are some considerations of a more general character with which it might be fitting to conclude these somewhat random reflections. When we consider the freedom we allow ourselves in the production of the works of other great composers like, for example, Bach, it is difficult to refrain from wondering whether we may not have become ultra-fastidious as regards the details of Beethoven's orchestral works. The anxious care with which we ponder over every dot, every nuance, appears rather fussy and unnecessary when we realise that the standard editions of the symphonies upon which we base our views do not agree, in many small details, with Beethoven's own autograph scores.

It is worth while to consider whether over-caution is in the best interests of these bold and unconventional masterpieces, or whether, in reality, it does not cripple freedom and candour of interpretation. What Beethoven would have said to our modern methods of performing his works it is impossible to tell. Wagner was not above taking the advice of a Richter, nor Brahms of a Joachim, and, on the whole, it seems probable that Beethoven, great autocrat as he was, would not have rejected without consideration any suggestions made to him by a qualified craftsman who revered his music, and who disclaimed any wish or intention to interfere with essentials.

In the end, this is all that anyone entitled to the name of good musician has ever proposed, or ever will propose in connection with the music of Beethoven—"to amend the letter so that the spirit may shine forth more brightly."

HAMILTON HARTY.



## THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETS AS A PLAYER SEES THEM

It is almost impossible for those who have never played in a string quartet to realise to what an extent those who do have the advantage over them. The difference is as great as between a thing read about and a thing experienced—greater perhaps, for while reading often creates the wish for experience those who are able only to listen to the playing of others do not often guess how much they themselves are missing. There is something about playing in a quartet that makes one in some subtle way part of the atmosphere of the music and gives one an insight not otherwise to be gained. It is this that makes the amateur infinitely prefer to take part in villainous home quartets than to hear them more or less perfectly performed at a concert, and it is this that impels many a musician to give up everything for chamber music, though he knows that it will never bring him either riches or personal fame.

The Beethoven quartets more than any others are pre-eminently for the player rather than for the listener. Brought into the world as they were by slow and laborious growth it is only by slow and laborious concentration that they will reveal themselves fully. The listener who hears them casually cannot begin to understand them as does the player who has lived with them for years and knows all their intricacies by heart. Most other chamber music—that by Mozart, for instance—speaks more for itself; it is luminous, lighting its own way. In Beethoven, on the other hand, the player must himself illumine the hidden obscurities, and unless he well understands them he cannot hope to make others do so. Everything must be forgotten in this one aim, that is, provided technique can be more or less taken for granted, for we are here dealing with something that needs far more than mere personal self-expression or attempted originality of interpretation. One feels that Beethoven himself never bothered much about whether he was original or not, he was too busy being so; and as to self-expression, it must have come so naturally to him and have been so unconscious that he very likely never thought about it at all. It even seems to me not quite right to stress unduly the importance of technique and ensemble; they are after all but the means to an end, a fact which is often lost sight of nowadays. How many times has one not had to listen to a robot-like Beethoven, well

oiled, drilled to the last degree, complete with every synthetic emotion—and utterly lacking the vital spark that understanding alone can give.

The early quartets perhaps suffer less from treatment of this kind than the later ones, for they do not present any very abstruse problems of interpretation while yet having a peculiar technical difficulty of their own. In many ways they are even harder to play than those by Mozart, on whose pattern they are to some extent modelled; they lack his easy suavity, their lines often being angular rather than curved, and though in them Beethoven sometimes touches the fringe of his more mature style they have not the gigantic power which in his later quartets sweeps one along on the tide of its own inspiration. In playing them one must listen very closely, and should be almost more conscious of what the other players are doing than of one's own part; the failure to do this is an unmistakable sign of the inexperienced player, whose horizon is too often bounded by the notes that he himself has to play.

Each of the first six quartets (Op. 18) has its own special difficulty. Great accuracy is necessary, for instance, in the first movement of No. 1 in F, in which the abrupt and pithy subject is continually tossed from one player to another, so that the joints must dovetail very neatly; and they must be played with the same tone-colour, in order to prevent the whole from sounding disjointed. There are also some decidedly uncomfortable episodes for the first violin in the trio of the scherzo, of a kind that make the amateur, and sometimes the professional, sit suddenly forward in his chair and uncross his legs. But he can enjoy himself to his heart's content in the slow movement, a very moving piece of music which Beethoven wrote with the last parting of Romeo and Juliet in his mind.

The second quartet, in G, demands still greater precision than the first, for it is conceived throughout in a vein of naïve and brittle gaiety, even to the middle section of the adagio. Here every note stands out with disconcerting clearness, and the slightest deviation from exact intonation or rhythm is at once apparent.

Of quite different temper is the third quartet, in D (actually in point of writing the first of the six) which for the most part flows serenely and graciously along until it reaches the exhilarating scramble of the finale—such fun to play, with its exaggerated contrasts and comic ending.

Still another mood appears in the glowing first movement of No. 4, in C minor, with which the deliciously percussive andante scherzoso contrasts to perfection. The last two movements show interesting examples of Beethoven's treatment of the second violin, to which he so often gives a decided personality of its own, subdued, well-meaning

and rather wistful, an entirely different instrument from the brilliant, confident, and sometimes rather arrogant first violin.

The fifth quartet, in A, a good-tempered if perhaps rather formal work, contains in the last movement a little passage which never fails to ravish me completely, and which I cannot forbear quoting :

Ex. 1. Allegro.

1<sup>st</sup> Violin  
2<sup>nd</sup> Violin  
Viola & Cello

*pp*  
*pizz*  
*arco*  
*sempre staccato*

The last of the early quartets, that in B flat, has a cheerful "busy" first movement very much in the style of Haydn, as is also a good deal of the slow movement. But Haydn could never have written the almost jazz-like syncopations of the scherzo, still less the delicately morbid "Malinconia." In the opening of this last Beethoven obtains a marked contrast of colour, the first four bars being played on the three upper instruments and answered an octave below by the three lower ones; the second violin and viola of course play in both, but the effect is as of two distinct choirs, this being heightened by the crescendo with which the upper instruments usher in the pianissimo of the lower. Very characteristic, too, are the constantly recurring turns, which always sound best played on the beat instead of before it.

Interesting and lovable as are these first six quartets they pale before the new world opened to one by the three Rasoumoffsky quartets (Op. 59). In the five years interval which separates them Beethoven has grown enormously in stature; his hand is firmer, his character more formed, and he now feels himself able to a large extent to dispense with the support hitherto given him by tradition. There are

passages, it is true, in the early quartets that in some measure presage the power of the later ones; but the contrast between the two styles is the more striking because there is no work for this combination to mark the transition, the Beethoven of the Rasoumoffskys appearing to have sprung full-grown and almost unheralded into existence.

The quartet in F touches heights immeasurably above anything that had ever before been attempted in this form. Both in content and in treatment of the instruments it must have seemed astonishing beyond words at the time that it was written; it was in fact completely misunderstood, even laughed at. But the varied yet intensely logical moods of the first movement, the Olympian humour of the scherzo and the poignant sensibility of the adagio, which leads so wonderfully into the genial, strongly-rhythmed *thème russe*, makes it now one of the most entrancing works to the player in the whole repertoire of chamber music.

Scarcely less interesting and even more difficult technically is the second Rasoumoffsky, in E minor. The first movement, with its curiously Mendelssohnian ending, is in fact one of the hardest things ever written from the point of view of ensemble, and a great deal of rehearsal is made necessary by the frequent silent bars, the awkwardness with which certain passages lie under the fingers, the syncopations, and the way the different instruments have to step without apparent effort into the long sliding phrases. As an illustration of how Beethoven's intentions can be misunderstood even to the present day I must quote a passage from this movement in which, in a copy belonging to a professional chamber music player, I once discovered the G natural in the second bar of the viola part firmly corrected to a G flat!



The slow movement is of great beauty: the story goes that Beethoven conceived it while gazing at the stars and thinking of the music of the spheres, and it breathes with a deep rhythm the wonder and repose that he always found in nature. Extremely personal in style, it is nowhere more so than in the strange passage marked "*marcato*"—"failing" (which as a child I imagined must have some hidden connection with the proverb "what man has done man-can-do"! ). Only in playing this oneself can the shuddering impact of the 'cello's G natural against the viola's F, sharp in the fourth bar be fully

realised; the vibration thus set in motion is so powerful that it thrills one almost like an electric shock.



The engagingly crisp third movement has for its middle section the well-known *thème russe*, in which one cannot help feeling—as in the *thème russe* of the previous quartet—that Beethoven is too strongly himself to be able to give much Russian character to the music, and can succeed only in making the tune sound like Beethoven. (This is particularly well shown by comparing it with Moussorgsky's treatment of the same subject in *Boris Godounow*.) No special comment is needed for the last movement except for the intriguing passages, already foreshadowed in the finale of the quartet in D, Op. 18, in which the little upward three-note figure is tossed with freakish irregularity from one part to another; here one must have one's wits well about one, for a single slip on anybody's part might be enough to upset the whole affair.

The introduction to the third Rasoumoffsky, in C, is one of those things in which the tension is so great both technically and musically that one hardly dares breathe, and can almost see the internal counting of one's companions floating like an astral shape above them. It is such a trying thing to play—wonderful as it is—that the entry into the *allegro vivace* feels exactly like a sigh of relief at gaining solid ground again. In this *allegro* Beethoven shows, as he so often does, how he can breathe life into what in other hands would be mere instrumental passage work. It is full of runs and arpeggios, meaningless out of the context, but here full of sap and purpose. Some of them are not at all easy, notably the famous 'cello run' beginning in the 34th bar of the *allegro*, which is secretly dreaded even by the best players. A fine 'cellist can, however, make a most impressive effect in the second movement with the low drum-like pizzicato notes of which practically two-thirds of his part is composed. Above this



darkly-moving bass the upper instruments wind their plaintive tune till the viola breaks in with a cry of anguish which could have been given to no other instrument. It often seems to me that the personality of the viola has a certain affinity with Beethoven's in its half-awkward sincerity and sombre passion, and perhaps, having played it, he felt this himself, and for that reason gave it so many of his most expressive and personal phrases. At the close of this movement the three upper instruments, as if exhausted by emotion, hold blindly on to their final chord, rising to a crescendo with the pizzicato of the 'cello and then dying away in the distance—a marvellous ending. In the gracious menuetto the repetition of the opening few bars an octave lower sounds lovely if really played *piano* as marked, a thing that one does not always hear, most first violins seeming unable to resist the enjoyment of their own big tone as soon as they find themselves on the G string. The parts should flow smoothly along to the trio, and in the coda glide mysteriously up to the final chord which heralds the opening of the great fugue. In this the viola has the responsibility of setting the tempo, for it starts entirely alone, covertly watched by the other members of the quartet, and feeling that mixture of exhilaration and fright known to all inner instruments who find themselves on the brink of an important solo. This fugue, one of the greatest movements in the whole of quartet literature, is a most intoxicating thing to play from beginning to end. In the passages where each instrument in turn runs up the whole length of a string there is a glorious feeling of licence at being allowed to make a crescendo in which the other players may not join, and in the unanimous crescendo towards the end of the movement the volume of tone becomes so incredibly full that one feels oneself part of an orchestra, and almost bursts with excitement at the blazing splendour of the finish.

The so-called "Harp" quartet, Op. 74, in E flat, is one of which I have always been particularly fond, though I sometimes rather wish it had some other name; the passages in question sound so lacking in resonance if compared to the notes of a harp, yet are so characteristic and effective when looked upon as the plain everyday pizzicato that they are. But this first movement is superb and has a particularly fine beginning and ending; the inimitable first bar goes straight into its very heart, making one marvel at the pregnancy contained in these few simple chords; and it is thrilling at the end when the pizzicato notes of the three lower instruments, mounting through the fiery arpeggios of the first violin, lead to the triumphant culminating solo for second violin. The sentiment of the second movement can become unbearable if it is overstressed, but is very lovely when left alone and allowed to speak for itself. The presto—the really strong movement of the work—brings a problem for which quartet players

have often been criticised; the complaint made is that in the following phrase :



which is repeated several times, forte, in unison, the 3-4 rhythm is changed to 6-8. As a matter of fact this passage is written in such a way as to make it very difficult to avoid giving this impression. It is partly a question of bowing: the first note of the bar must be taken each time on a longish down bow, in order to give it the necessary strength and "bite," and yet the three short notes demand the resiliency only to be found at the nut; this means that after the long note a very quick recovery has to be made to reach the nut again, which is apt to give too strong an accent in the middle of the bar, thus implying 6-8 rather than 3-4 rhythm. Added to this, the fact that the change of note occurs in the middle of the bar is also curiously liable to make this effect as soon as the ear has got far enough away from the sound of the beginning of the movement, in which, though the first violin plays the same kind of figure, the inner parts are able to hold it firmly to the right rhythm. A passage where the accent is intentionally deflected is in the theme of the variations in the last movement, where the syncopation of the lower parts makes the weaker beat of the bar appear to be the stronger, in the manner afterwards so much beloved of Schumann.

Very characteristic Beethoven is the opening subject of the quartet in F minor, Op. 95—concise, vehement, and straight to the point—a perfect foil to the gently flowing triplets that presently follow it. Here again the coda is particularly interesting in the dramatic way that the subject is gradually curbed and disappears muttering round the corner. The calm and serious allegretto ma non troppo, a really much more lastingly beautiful thing than the adagio, of the E flat quartet, leads into the allegro assai, a movement as fiery and spirited as the first. This contains a most lovely middle section where the first violin echoes with its little arpeggio figure the penetrating sweetness and modesty of the melody played by the second violin. A great surprise is the coda of the last movement, which can be made to sound absolutely magical if played *ppp* "with one hair," the crescendo gathering enormous power by contrast and making a brilliant ending to the work.

In coming to the late quartets we now pass over a stretch of fourteen years and reach the great last period of Beethoven's work. The deafness which faintly threatened him about the time that he

began the composition of the first quartets has now become absolute, and his last quartets were never heard by his ears. Cut off as he was from the outer world of hearing, his thoughts necessarily turned inward and his music became more than ever a thing of the mind. During these last years he found the intimacy of the string quartet the medium in which he could best express himself, and his quartets more and more became to him refuge, consolation, one might almost say testament. They are so great that one hesitates to write about them; for the beauty of music lies in the very fact that it postulates itself only and cannot be expressed in any other way. What can one say about the force and tenderness in the first movement of the quartet in E flat, Op. 127, the elevation of the adagio, with its wonderful variations, or the elemental freakishness of the scherzo, that is not far better conveyed by studying the work itself? Here more than ever the player has the advantage: he can interpret thoughts that he would not, perhaps could not, put into words. But he must dig deep to discover them, and must labour to conquer their great technical difficulty, for Beethoven is here more than ever relentless in his demands.

The insight which can be gained in playing a work is well shown in a story told by Böhm, the quartet leader to whom the second performance of the E flat quartet was entrusted, the first having been an utter failure. The rehearsals were superintended by Beethoven himself, for though he was unable to hear a sound, he could detect to the smallest detail from the bowing of the musicians whether they were playing as he wished. Böhm says:

"At the close of the last movement of the quartet there occurred a *meno vivace*, which seemed to me to weaken the general effect. At the rehearsal, therefore, I advised that the original tempo be maintained, which was done, to the betterment of the effect. Beethoven, crouched in a corner, heard nothing, but watched with strained attention. After the last stroke of the bows he said, laconically 'Let it remain so,' went to the desks and crossed out the *meno vivace* in the four parts."

Although the following quartets were not written in the order in which they are printed I shall take them so and come next to that in B flat, Op. 130, which is in many ways my favourite. Of its six movements the third, *andante con moto*, is the one I love almost best of all. If ever Beethoven wrote music near to the sounds of nature it seems to me he has done it here; the innumerable gentle little phrases, so inconspicuous but so essential a part of the whole, the ever-changing moods, and the deep half-unconscious feeling pervading it all, make this movement unique in chamber music. There is absolutely no end to what can be found in it, every smallest mark having

such significance, and every note containing so much meaning. The adorable little presto that precedes it and the alla danza tedesca which follows it are also delicious to play. The marks at the opening of the danza tedesca are interesting; the first and fifth bars have a crescendo-decrescendo while the echoing third and seventh bars are marked crescendo only, which gives them a charming contrasting lilt.

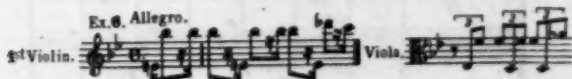
The cavatina, perhaps the most famous movement in all the quartets, is almost painfully full of feeling; Beethoven confessed that it had cost him tears and that nothing he had ever written had so moved him; and in playing it one feels this so strongly that it hardly seems right to be allowed to witness so intimate an emotion. I know of no other passage in the whole of music as speaking as the following eight bars:

Ex. 5. Adagio molto espressivo.

in which, after the breathless tension of the wonderful modulation from E flat to C flat, the first violin sobs its heart out against the inexorably pulsing triplets of the lower strings. A very characteristic point is the way the notes are tied together in the seventh bar, giving a slight double throb which is far more expressive than if they had been written as semi-quavers.

One can easily understand how after this outpouring Beethoven felt he must try to cover his emotion and regain his balance by writing a last movement of heroic proportions and contrapuntal grimness; and

this he certainly succeeded in doing in his remarkable *Grosse Fuge* which was the original finale to this quartet. But so complicated is this movement, so long, and so "ungrateful" that his friends besought him to have it published separately, and to write a new finale. Passages such as the following (in which crossing the strings is quite unavoidable) are awkward even beyond Beethoven's usual awkwardness, and can never sound really well technically :

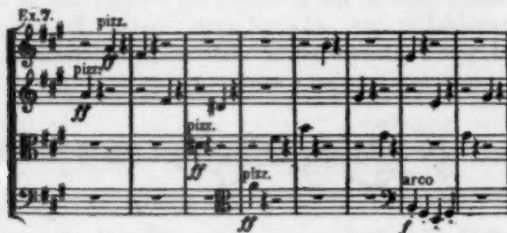


He finally gave way, made a still more awkward arrangement of it for piano (it has also recently been splendidly arranged for two pianos by Harold Bauer) and in the last months of his life wrote a new last movement so full of buoyancy and humour that it is difficult to believe it could have been written by a man already stricken with a fatal illness.

The quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131, is held by most people to be the greatest of all Beethoven's quartets, and he himself is said to have considered it so. It is a work of gigantic power, which, compared to the very personal quartet in B flat, seems to transcend personality, and voice rather the feelings of all mankind. The seven movements are played without a break, and although each differs so much in character from the others they seem welded together by one central idea. They are stupendous, almost overpowering, to play; who that has ever done so will forget how in the opening adagio each instrument presses with its crescendo into the sforzando of the second bar, or the way the palpitating last chord, linked in Beethoven's characteristic way, leads into the mild sweetness of the allegro molto vivace? The fourth movement, like the adagio of the E flat quartet, is conceived as a series of free variations; how curious, but how expressive, are the conversations held between the instruments in the third variation, how mysterious the way the chords melt into each other in the fifth, and how divinely calm and beautiful is the simplicity of the sixth. These variations lead into a presto which is perhaps the most amazing of all Beethoven's many amazing scherzo movements. No modern writer has ever obtained more astonishing effects from a quartet of strings than are here to be found; but Beethoven, unlike modern composers, never wrote effects for themselves alone, and here they are always an integral part of his idea. From the ridiculous opening notes on the 'cello to the sneeze-inviting ponticello in the last bars this movement is brilliant, funny, and "unbuttoned" beyond words; and the joke is that it is built up on



tunes so absurdly simple they might be those of a child! As an example of the effectiveness of the writing I must quote the following passage, though only actual playing or hearing can convey the pistol-shot effect of the repeated pizzicato notes :

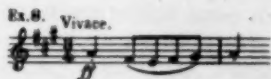


This movement in its turn leads straight into the next part (Beethoven was evidently determined to have no applause till the end of the work!), an adagio which in its few bars more than many a longer movement; this is a prelude to the last movement, the force and fire of which almost make one forget the frequent awkwardness which its key brings, especially to the lower instruments, who have continually to play in half-position. With characteristic humour Beethoven, in delivering this great piece of music to Schott & Sons, who had paid for it in advance, wrote upon the title page: "Zusammengestohlen aus verschiedenem Diesem und Jenem" ("Put together from pilferings from one thing and another"), a joke which greatly alarmed the publishers who took it in all seriousness and wrote to Beethoven objecting that they had contracted for an original work!

The quartet in A minor, Op. 132, was intended in the first place to have four movements only; but the illness which interrupted Beethoven's work on it decided him to rearrange it to include the "Heiliger Dankgesang eines Genesenen an die Gottheit in der lydischen Tonart." Whether he really meant the whole quartet to convey a picture of his illness or whether it is only through association (everyone knows how easy it is to read anything one wishes into music) I do not know, but I find it almost impossible to think of it in any other way when playing it. In the case of the adagio Beethoven obviously meant to give the impression of a "programme." The hymn-like opening leads to an andante marked "Neue Kraft fühlend" which with its rustling, whispering and twittering, gives a wonderful picture of re-awakening life. These two sections alternate, the adagio each time becoming more complicated, until at the end it is syncopated in a way that makes it exceedingly difficult in ensemble. (I once heard a very well-known quartet of players get

completely out in this place at a concert, and remain "swimming" for quite a considerable period.) The movement before this one, *allegro ma non tanto*, has a most charming passage at the beginning of the middle section, in which the two violins lead off alone with a kind of ethereal little musette; here again is an example of the way in which Beethoven uses an effect less for its own sake than for the needs of the music. This might also be said of the almost operatic recitative with which the first violin heralds the last movement, which, differing greatly from most recitatives, has a strongly emotional quality of its own. The subject of the last movement is thought to have been originally intended by Beethoven for the Ninth Symphony, which perhaps explains why one feels that it is not always successful as a quartet, particularly in certain passages in the concluding presto in which the 'cello plays in its highest register, while the viola vainly does its poor best to create a bass strong enough to support it.

The last of the quartets, that in F, Op. 135, is shorter and slighter than any other of this period. It is strange, and perhaps characteristic, that as Beethoven's life drew near to its end his music became happier and more light-hearted, as we have already seen in the case of the finale of the B flat quartet, written at about the same time. The first movement of the quartet in F has a light teasing intimacy which makes it very responsive to the players. Equally appealing to the vivace, where Beethoven, with typical love of horseplay, introduces a middle section in which he makes the three lower instruments play the following bar forty-seven times over,



while the first violin seemingly improvises a kind of dance above it, accompanying itself, so to speak, on its own A string. In the opening of the lento—one of the most grave and beautiful of all the slow movements—all four instruments play in their lowest register, which gives a richness and sonority almost like that of an organ. The effect of this passage is undoubtedly also partly due to the beauty of the key—D flat—the quality of which can naturally be recognised far more strongly on stringed instruments than on the piano. The last movement has as its subject the two phrases cryptically labelled "Muss es sein?" and "Es muss sein." These were a sort of stock joke of Beethoven's at this time, of which differing explanations have been given; but his treatment of them here is a good deal more than half serious, alternating as it does between the passionate

questioning of the slow section and the brave and touching cheerfulness of the allegro.

In reviewing the later Beethoven quartets as a whole I feel the chief thing that makes them so absorbing to the player is their very difficulty, both of technique and of understanding. One so quickly comes to the end of music which makes a too easy and immediate appeal; it is all very well for the listener, who has to form his impressions from one or two hearings only, but a musician demands something that gives him a resistance against which he must exert himself. Beethoven, with his ever new ideas, in which he never plagiarises even himself, his amazingly individual polyphony and rhythm, and his all-embracing depth of feeling, will always be the ideal of those who really want to work at quartets. Into this form, the purest and most perfect that we know, he poured thoughts which could be expressed in no other way and which make his quartets unsurpassed to this day; and in working at them the player comes as near as is humanly possible to understanding the feelings with which they were written, and finds a delight which is lasting and can know no disenchantment.

REBECCA CLARKE.

## THE VIOLIN SONATAS

LAST night I lived through one of the most wonderful musical experiences that can happen to a violinist—to me at least—playing in ideal surroundings, with a perfect partner, my favourite of all sonatas, Beethoven's Op. 96, the big one in G—the greatest, simplest and most sublime of all. Inspiration, the indescribable, miraculous and rarest of all things, came to us players, and to some extent, to our listeners too, and so for once again I was able to play the music, practically unconscious (in no mystic sense!) of my instrument, except as a means of expression. I can only approach this divine work with greatest respect, awe and beyond all, love—love for itself, and love for all the highest and most sacred things that have come to me in my life and seem to come back again in these magic minutes while the sonata lasts. Beethoven was inspired to finish this sonata, previously begun, by the reappearance in Vienna of Rode, the most admired violinist of his time. The rehearsals, however, with him were a disappointment. He was no chamber music player, obviously a mere virtuoso by now on the wane, and some of the last movement had to be adjusted to his playing; Beethoven originally wanted more quick passages.

The sonata was first performed by Archduke Rudolf, to whom it is dedicated, and Rode. I wonder how they played the first note on that occasion, that most famous of first notes in the violin literature, with or without a turn? I have played it with several pianists who have often played it with my great uncle, Joachim—half of them say he ended the trill, the others say he did not, so he obviously played it both ways. I like to think, however, that he most often played it without the turn; it is infinitely more beautiful (if more difficult!) like that, especially towards the end of the movement when that phrase occurs nine times in succession. In fact, it seems had Beethoven wanted a turn to the trill he would have put C sharp above the D twenty-seven bars before the end; that ought to settle this eternal question of "with" or "without," yet on the whole, perhaps, it is best for everyone to play it as they like it most.

I don't know whether to feel sad or glad that I am so seldom asked to play this favourite of mine. Every performance of it ought to be taken as an event by the players at least, and I dare say playing it in public once a week would not be possible to live up to, especially or practically for the only reason that one cannot expect conditions to be ideal for its performance as often as that; otherwise I feel that

being absorbed in this divine music, and trying to express one's best self by playing it more often, might not only not spoil the sonata but better one's self. I wish some great author would write a masterpiece called "No. 10 Sonata" as a pendant yet a contrast to Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" to prove the good influence of this great, marvellous work. Not that I believe in the Kreutzer's evil influence, such an idea in connection with anything Beethoven wrote is too false to need comment. But I do miss in it the great, nearly religious calm and beauty which moves me beyond words in No. 10 and the slow movements of Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7. I have seen it said, that the fiery and passionate mood of the first movement is the passion of Homeric fighting, not an Aeschylean tragedy. A fighting it certainly is, a conflict for an ideal, but I would rather compare it to the conflict of the chariot horses of the Platonic myth. But perhaps I am unfitted to criticise the Kreutzer for the time being. For the last eighteen months I have been going through a painful experience, which I feel sure is familiar to many of my colleagues. I have had too much Kreutzer! Why is it the one of all sonatas that it is possible to get tired of?

About a year ago I made a vow on a concert platform not to touch it for a year. I was forced to break this promise to myself after eleven months. All I could do was not to practise one note of the sonata (not even the two last in the famous variation!) and literally only ran through it with my partner the morning of the concert, and the result was much better; at times I was even inspired as I was about the first thirty times I played the Kreutzer. But not enough this time to forget about violin or music, and I began to think why most of us violinists and pianists went through this stage, when it actually hurt either to play or listen to the Kreutzer (yet how I have loved it, and how I still hope to love it!) when suddenly, as I looked at the music it seemed I saw nothing but *sf's*—hundreds of them; and I couldn't help thinking then, they may be responsible for our momentary insanity and dislike for the Kreutzer. I have since then counted these *sf's* that seemed to stare at me so wickedly that night, there are 262 in all (in the violin part alone), not counting of course *fp* or *ff*. Beautiful as the theme of the andante is, it can be terribly disfigured (especially by the pianist) if all the *sf's* are exaggerated. Most of them ought to be treated very gently, more like  $\text{>}$ , considering there are thirty-nine of them in the theme alone. Now that I have given the Kreutzer a rest, my next course of treatment, from which I hope much, will be to practise it, as if I had never seen it before, just as the beauty of the Bible having long been spoilt by familiarity is suddenly revealed to those who can read it as if it were for the first time.



Sometimes I wish when Beethoven was in such a hurry to finish the Kreutzer\* for its first performance, he had taken the adagio as well as the last movement out of No. 6 sonata (No. 1 of the three Op. 90 sonatas). Some think on the contrary that the andante and variations is such a perfect contrast to the passionate first movement. So it is in mood light enough, but it does not give the players, or listening colleagues, calm and repose. Most of them ought to confess to some agitation at least when their partners are doing their best (or worst?). But the adagio of No. 6 just now is a great favourite of mine. The blend of the two instruments is so perfect a thing; that by itself is a joy; and besides the ethereal beauty of the theme every note of the accompaniment is full of expression and movement and

Ex. 1.



quite as lovely to play as the theme itself. The whole movement has such a feeling of tenderness and sorrow it reminds me, if I am allowed the comparison, of Michael Angelo's *Pieta*, and his unfinished marvel, the *Descent of the Cross*. I do not want to suggest that this adagio could be called religious music, I am only thinking in both cases of the expression of infinite tenderness and sorrow, whether put into sound or carved in stone. The first and last movements of this sonata are the two I like least of all in the ten sonatas. Except for a few lovely moments I find the allegro very uninteresting to play, or to listen to, and a conventional set of variations like that of the last movement, unless an absolute masterpiece, I do not like to play. It is no fun to wait three bars till you have something to say, which turns out to be one bar of very humble little triplets, or some such thing. Yet I am literally ashamed to dare say "no" to anything Beethoven wrote. I mean this very sincerely, I take no pride in it. Decrying Beethoven seems the fashion, and sometimes alas! a real conviction, nowadays. When I see faults in certain works of Beethoven's I half believe the fault lies in me, and I hope one day I may wake up suddenly enlightened and love even such lost little triplets that mean nothing to me at present. How extraordinary that the sonata I think weakest of all (but I am forgetting how much finer it was with its original last movement) is immediately followed by the magnificent one in C minor, my second

\* It was never actually played by Kreutzer, for he thought it too outrageously unintelligible.

favourite. This and No. 10 were also Joachim's favourites, I believe—but so they must be of most musicians. Besides the great beauty of this work, that speaks for itself and certainly needs no comment of mine, I find it violinistically most interesting, and much of it for the right arm most difficult of all. To master the passages of semiquavers that occur twice in the first movement is itself to develop the right arm, especially the forearm and wrist. The effect of the very opening of the first movement depends on the bowing. Joachim's playing, according to those who heard him, must have been too wonderful, and the effect, spontaneous and unsought of his bow "lancé" and as it were just caught in time, must have been such as we do not hear often nowadays. The playing of the second theme and that of the scherzo too depend on the bowing. Naturally, I am talking of technique only. Rhythm, the "soul of music" is too obviously the first necessity here as everywhere. But even rhythm, although it cannot be achieved unless it is born in one, can be neglected or stimulated. To my mind this of all sonatas is one, the mastery of which can mean a real improvement to any violinist of however established a reputation, if only he has travelled far enough to realise that art has no limits. This very tremendous work is followed by the little one in G, sometimes called the Champagne Sonata. I don't know the origin of this title, I believe it dates from old times, and probably besides the sparkling spirit of the work its very beginning might be reminiscent of the opening of a champagne bottle. It certainly is the happiest in mood of all the sonatas, and for this very reason it is not to be played every day! It is not the kind that gives you comfort through pain. You must be happy before you start it. But when you are in the right mood, what fun to play it!

The second movement, although full of loveliness, is decidedly too long. The theme, however beautiful, recurs too often; to hear it nine times is a little too much. But the last movement as a perfect gem. The modulations thrill me with joy every time I play it. (I am not talking of a listener's point of view, as I have never heard it played.) And the humour of it is really alive, so much so that, when towards the end the theme comes back in E flat, and the piano has three and a half bars of this:

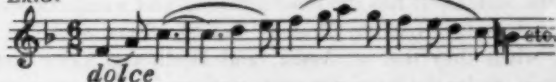
Ex.2.



to prepare for the violin's entry, I could not say how tempted I have been at times to play a mean trick on the pianist, the trick which a good old-fashioned comedian quite legitimately plays on the orchestra when he is about to do his funniest. My temptation was to refuse to come in and to force the poor pianist to play these chords for many more bars.

Beethoven in 1812 wrote to a friend about a charity concert, got up in haste to help the victims of a great fire in Baden: "It was a 'poor' concert for the 'poor.' I could only find one of my early sonatas here, and as Polledore (a violinist) insisted, I had to do it. I am glad though that the poor people of Baden profited by it." How I should like to know which sonata he is referring to, especially if it turned out to be No. 6. But it is more likely to be one of the three Op. 12 sonatas published in 1799, and dedicated to Salieri, his master. No. 1, in D major, is certainly not one Beethoven would have chosen to play fourteen years after he had written it. It has no special originality or beauty, yet there is much in it which is typical of the later great Beethoven. And I take this sonata as the promise of a glorious deed that has since been so divinely fulfilled, and I love it for that reason and for its charm. What violinist will not enjoy playing (or singing) the lovely F major tune in the otherwise rather clumsy Rondo?

Ex.3.



The rondo in No. 3 sonata was long spoilt for me by my having first heard it atrociously played. Since then I have grown to love it very much, and find it most amusing to play, so genuinely gay and romping, even though it is a little heavy and awkward compared to any of Mozart's rondos. In this movement, as in the first two, there are some excellent exercises for the bow.

The adagio is on a very grand scale and very beautiful, but not so happy for the two instruments. For the violin there is a little too much of

Ex.4.



and the give-and-take is not quite graciously done; in fact the piano keeps too much, from the point of view of one selfish violinist at least. I am very fond of this adagio, even if, as I think, it would have been more perfect for strings only—possibly a string trio—or for the piano only. The sonata is not so great a masterpiece as Nos. 7 and 10, yet there are some perfectly lovely things in it, and great opportunities for beautiful phrasing, the second theme in the first movement, for instance, and the lovely bit in C flat major.

Is it credible that such a delightful and graceful masterpiece as No. 2 in A was described by some one, when it was first performed as "a collection of pedantries without method or melody. . . ." ? Such criticism makes one stop and think before judging a new work. I think this sonata deserved as well to be called the "Spring" as No. 5; or perhaps, while in No. 5 spring is at its height, No. 2 is more like the very first messages of spring. The opening theme

Ex. 5



is like the first intoxicating breeze with the scent of spring. (All this if sonatas must be given names!)

As for the andante it has the most touching and wonderful dialogue. I can only imagine that St. Francis and St. Clara spoke of things like that, when they met at Assisi, and Beethoven alone could put it into music, as he did so many conversations, each lovelier than the other. One of the loveliest of all is that between the two violins in the adagio of Op. 127 quartette, but this is not for me to talk about.

The famous F major sonata, as every one knows, is considered as the most hackneyed of all. It must have gone through its worst phase before my time. I have not suffered from it except for one ghastly memory of a nightmare concert, when I played it with a pianola at a village charity concert between two comic (tragic) turns. It was during the war, when personal and musical *amour propre* vanished before any good cause. I hope that may be my saddest musical memory. None the less I love the sonata, with the theme so fully exposed and generously given to the violin at the very start. The adagio is in some ways difficult to play, especially the minor part. For violinists there is all the difference between D flat and C sharp, and between C flat and B, and that B flat minor bit is quite awkward to play. The scherzo I can understand getting, as it does, on some people's nerves, and if it were not so well known, one might have the uneasy feeling, when playing it, that the public thinks "now this

time they really have lost one another." The last movement also can either be liked or disliked. I for one was lucky enough to begin by disliking and to end by liking that very jolly Italian tune.

I have promised to write about all the sonatas, and there remains only No. 4. There are dialogues in that too, sometimes becoming rather agitated in the first movement, but none the less exquisite. This is the only one of the ten sonatas in which the second part of the first movement repeats. It is so perfect a sonata and so unlike the rest in shape and character that it should certainly be more often played.

Someone once asked Joachim how it was that he alone could make Beethoven seem simple to understand. His answer was that the secret was to trust Beethoven. He knew how to let Beethoven speak for himself.

Perhaps something of the same kind was in the mind of Beethoven himself when he wrote to Ries in 1823, "the excess of virtuosity will end by banishing all truth from music."

JELLY D'ARANYI.



## THE VIOLIN CONCERTO

In the last hundred years the outlook of the player has been modified not less than the outlook of the composer. The concertos of Paganini and Ernst represented an epoch of virtuosity when feats of dexterity were applauded for their own sake; the concertos of Vieuxtemps and De Beriot showed virtuosity allied to a kind of gross sentimentality which in Mendelssohn acquired lightness and grace, yet remained, at heart, exaggerated sentiment; the concerto of Brahms led back to pure classicism since it excels in that lofty dignity which is the touchstone of a classical work. Yet these changes of fashion have not affected in the least the popularity of Beethoven's concerto, which remains to this day the supreme test of interpretation. No violinist has been able to build a solid reputation without submitting to that test. Only those players have avoided it who, like falling stars, caught our eye for a moment, to disappear rapidly and finally into the darkness. It was the favourite battle horse of the greatest violinist of the past generation, Joachim; it reveals better than any other work the genius of Kreisler, the greatest violinist of our own time. It lived through an epoch which forgot Bach and Mozart; it lives still in an age which goes back to them, in part at least, in order to forget itself.

Here then is a work which, as far as we can see, will endure for all time. If it has survived the most critical century in the history of music, there is no reason why it should not live another hundred years and retain its supremacy unchallenged. And in the circumstances it seems but natural to enquire where its peculiar strength lies and what is the elixir which gave it such power to defy time? The answer to such an enquiry will prove disappointing, for if there is one fact that cannot be questioned about Beethoven it is that he was completely unaware that he would be a hero to generations yet unborn. He felt, of course, that his music was good since he knew whence and how his inspiration came. But he had no thought of outstripping his contemporaries in the race for fame, and he was entirely free from that disease of our time, the trick of singularity. In writing a concerto he had no desire to rob the virtuoso of a coveted opportunity to show his command of every trick of bow and finger. There are many pages in the first movement obviously devoted to this very purpose, and that the embroidery is fine and exquisite, shows not a change of aim but the deft hand of the worker. There was no conscious departure

from the accepted criterion of what a concerto should be. The departure was wholly unconscious, a revolution without a revolutionary, the outcome not of premeditation but of that combination of temperament and circumstances we call genius; not sought out but revealed in a flash. Yet it revolutionised violin playing although the final fruit of the revolution were only gathered in our own time. It is certain that the concerto and the quartets of Beethoven are heard more adequately performed to-day than they ever were before. Our predecessors sought a rich and luscious tone; Wilhelmj's reputation, for instance, was based on big tone. To-day we want something different—pregnant rather than powerful tone, just as we expect a performance to be charming rather than amazing.

Paradoxical as it seems the greatest difficulties of the concerto are in the easiest music. A correct performance of its brilliant virtuoso passages is within reach of any well taught violinist of professional standard. Those exceedingly simple themes, on the other hand, can only be played adequately by a few violinists whose numbers can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Let us examine for instance the eight bars which begin the second part of the *Larghetto* where the soloist meets the first long stretch of melody. The notes are so simple that any student can play them accurately; the passage can be played without going higher than the third position; no special dexterity of any kind is demanded either in the left hand or the bowing. And yet it provides, to my thinking, a test such as can be found nowhere else. It needs tone of a special kind; tone pure enough for the original sweetness of this thought, yet eloquent enough to reveal the deep sources from which it springs. It is a phrase which, in the artist's experience, stood at the parting of the ways—when the joy of young life was first touched by reflection. It is such a message as this, simple and profound, that tests through and through the genius of the interpreter—the ability to see for himself all that the composer has revealed of his own mind, of his own mood, possibly the outcome of cumulated experience, the ability to convey to the listener the most delicate impression he has received in contact with this music.

Another point which should be noted in connection with the concerto is the instrumentation of the orchestral accompaniment which reveals a sense of proportion rare at all times, rarer than ever to-day. Generally speaking Beethoven's orchestration is not flawless but it would be folly to belittle or ignore the exceptional felicity of some of his strokes. In the concerto a just balance is his first consideration. He never allows himself to forget that the violin has limited powers of penetration, and he holds the balance so fairly between soloist and orchestra that not a single note is unimportant or superfluous. The

soloist weaves his thread sometimes into the very heart of the orchestra, sometimes he rises to heights where the orchestra dares not follow—the proportion remains always matchless; for instance, in the finale, the second entry of the solo soaring above the orchestra at the start buries itself in their midst after a couple of pages and yet is just as clear; the contrasts are contrasts of loveliness, not of brute force.

It may seem singular that Beethoven should have never again turned to the violin solo after this concerto. The probable explanation is that the quartets offered a field even more inviting to one whose genius led him not only to the creation of melodies of heavenly beauty but to conceptions where the proportion, texture and construction are alike flawless.

F. BONAVIA.

*(" Every tree seems to say, Holy, Holy")*

THAT midnight pause, when the deep forest hushes  
All noise, save when water gushes  
From unguessed pool hard by the startled step  
That dares not stay, nor go :  
The midnight pause when music 'self is but  
The echo of an agony unheard—  
A dying doe's cry, or a dying bird :

That silence was the well of which he drank.  
Anon the hidden water sank,  
Fierce joys and ardours, pride of pomp and tears,  
Loud fifes, long flute, quick drums  
Wrangled with graver notes for mastery.  
Anon the wrangling failed ; amid the hushing  
Boughs of the night was heard again that gushing.

A silence deep as darkness, pure as day,  
With all save one note dying away.  
Even the wild cries die, even loneliness  
And pain their ancient notes  
Diminish and on a tremor die away ;  
And one note, like a bird's singing in the rain,  
Shakes the wet boughs of the dark—again—again.

JOHN FREEMAN.

## HIS "INFINITE VARIETY"

ARTISTS, like Gaul, are, as a whole, divided into three parts, those who are primarily interested in life and find expression for their philosophy through the medium of art; those who are primarily interested in art and use life with its joys and sorrows as material for the exercise of their art, and those who are primarily interested in themselves and use their art as a means of advancement or self-advertisement. To the first group belong Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Thomas Hardy, and Beethoven\*; to the second group belong Bach, Milton, and Meredith; to the third group belong the many artists whose work we do not admire, or whom personally we dislike.

Now it will be found that those artists in the first group are far less mannered and less easy of imitation than the others, because their art, being a series of glimpses of life, is as varied and as inimitable as life itself. The many melodic inventions of Beethoven, though thoroughly Beethovenish, seem to exist independently of their creator—Spiritual Beings endowed with free will, working out their own destinies, just as King Lear, Hamlet and Falstaff seem to exist as three actual men, not as by-products of a certain Will Shakespeare.

The most obvious aspect of the infinite variety of Beethoven is his vast and widely-diversified output. Many other composers have worked in as many forms, but of no one can it be said that there is no branch of music to which he did not contribute at least one work which remains among the finest, if not the very finest of all similar works. Some people may think "Fidelio" a failure, others may consider that the Mass in D is a great mistake, but, as Mr. Chesterton says of the man who considered the hippopotamus a mistake, it is a mistake which an unfortunate inferiority prevents us from making.

For those who are influenced and impressed by statistics it may be interesting to remember a few hard facts about the extent and variety of Beethoven's invention, such as, that each of his many piano sonatas, violin sonatas, 'cello sonatas, trios, quartets, concertos, and symphonies have, on an average, four movements, and that each of the four movements has at least two subjects, that is, that he wrote

\* It is interesting to note that Von Ense after several weeks' intimate acquaintance with Beethoven "found the man in him much stronger than the artist."



at least seven hundred tunes each so full of character, and so independent of each other, that many musicians could easily locate each separate tune. And not only had Beethoven the power of creating individual melodies, but he had the additional power of creating subjects in pairs, or of providing each first subject with a suitable yet well-contrasted second subject. In this power of creating themes (subjects distinguished by heroic and manly qualities) and melodies (subjects distinguished by beauty, grace and tenderness) other composers have not been so wholly successful as Beethoven. Schubert's second subjects sometimes have too marked an affinity with the first. Mendelssohn's first subjects sometimes are much too melodic and have as little claim to be called heroes as have Edmund Tressilian or Daniel Deronda. Some composers provide second subjects which are certainly contrasts but no less certainly unsuitable companions, as if Shakespeare had mated Romeo or Hamlet with a Sarah Gamp or a Betsy Prig; thus the second subject of Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony (first movement) is undoubtedly a contrast to the first only because it happens to be an entirely different kind of music. In the creation of heroes and heroines Beethoven was peculiarly, though not always, successful. These heroes and heroines, moreover, are full of human emotions, and we feel as we listen to the development of their experiences that such music is something more than an entertainment, however beautiful it may be, and that it offers us a gospel of love, of lofty aspirations, of noble resignation and of innocent happiness.

In variety of form Beethoven was equally at his ease, being able to plan his movements in a style and setting suitable to the materials with which he was working. It is not difficult to understand the form and proportion of his minuets, scherzos and variations, and if we do happen to find some obscurity in the unfolding of his larger works we should remember that it is not everyone who can appreciate the stupendous architecture of the Forth Bridge while passing through it in a train. But, as we know that this forest of steel girders will appear as a magnificently proportioned bridge, when seen in the right perspective, so we know (as indeed Tchaikowsky learned to know, in spite of early hatred of Beethoven's last compositions) that there is nothing superfluous or unbalanced in these great works, such as the D minor Symphony or the C sharp minor Quartet.

Of course it is always more difficult to get a perspective-in-time than a perspective-in-distance, because the ear has no land-marks by which to measure the passing of sound. With study, however, and with repeated hearings, we do begin to realise that Beethoven, even if he was an inspired mystic, was a man of cool deliberation, a masterly architect with an uncommonly fine knowledge of musical

engineering. In connection with his command of form, we may consider his command of rhythm. At the present day it is the fashion to call a man a master of rhythm on the ground that in his quick movements he repeats some stupid little rhythmic design until our ears are deafened and our nerves unstrung, a judgment which would, by analogy, place Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" above Milton's "Samson Agonistes." But a master of rhythm in that narrow sense, Beethoven was certainly not. He could undoubtedly work within a rhythmic formula, but he took care that the mechanical never dominated the human interest, witness, for example, the Seventh Symphony or the Kreutzer Sonata. But it is not because of his use of rhythm as a means of stimulating excitement, that he deserves the title of Master, but because of his uncanny sense of rhythmic balance, balancing phrases not by their actual length, but by their significance. All composers can write well-balanced melodies of evenly divided phrases, but it is not every composer who can balance satisfactorily a four-bar phrase with a six-bar phrase (Adagio: Fifth concerto), or more remarkable still, a two-bar phrase with a six-bar phrase (Cavatina: B flat quartet). If anyone wishes to see some good examples of Beethoven's subtle sense of rhythm, let him examine the great variations on a theme of Diabelli, noticing particularly Nos. v, xiii, xv.

A study of the variety of Beethoven's harmony is distinctly profitable, though perhaps the mention of the word "variety" in connection with nineteenth century harmony may strike progressive minds as being slightly ridiculous. But variety of harmony does not mean the use or abuse of chromatic discords. Beethoven's discords may not be so harsh as those of some modern composers, but they are more effective because they are set against a background of simple, straight-forward harmony. Every chord of Beethoven makes its proper and intended effect. Consider that retiring second subject of the "Eroica" symphony (first movement). There are two consecutive bars of the common chord of B flat major; then one note is changed,\* but that semitone is worth the world "Quel semitono vale un mondo," as Geminiani said of a certain semitone in an overture by Handel. No; the variety of Beethoven's harmony does not mean the heaping of cacophonous Pelions on discordant Oesses, but upon the very real contrast between his two harmonic extremes.

It is this infinite variety, then, of invention and expression, which has brought Beethoven such a widespread popularity, a popularity which he did not seek but which has been thrust upon him. From his early manhood in the year 1796 men began to discover that his

\* For the process by which this change was made see the Notebook of 1803 (Nottebohm, pp. 11, 13, 16).—[En.]

music was not written for the few but that it had that Shakespearian quality which transmutes the simplest emotions of common man into something splendid and serene. A Pegasus or an Alexander may show his superiority to other men by riding upon a flying or a fiery horse, it took a greater than either to display his inherent nobility riding meekly upon an ass, the most despised and ridiculous of beasts of burden. It was this divine simplicity of Beethoven's melodies which induced a certain Mr. Gardiner to arrange his adagios for use in church, and to ask him to "bring your sublime imagination to work upon an overture, if it please you, in the key of D minor" (for Gardiner's pasticcio "The Oratorio of Judah"). Since then Beethoven's divine adagios have thrilled millions of church-goers who have little suspected as they sang their favourite chants that they were caught by the spell of the C minor Sonata or the A major Symphony. Still less do the million know that as they listen, delighted, to the music of "Scaramouche" that they are admiring the work of a man whom they hazily think of as a great classical composer of music for the high-brows. These are but a few instances of the many arresting passages from the works of Beethoven which have profoundly stirred the feelings of listeners who have little suspected the author of their happiness.

The great popularity of Beethoven and the reverence felt by the multitude for his personality and music are due, in a great measure, to his capacity for expressing with the utmost intensity and vividness the common emotional experiences of mankind. And because he addresses himself to the common experience of men there seems to be no reason why the infinite variety of his appeal should not secure for him a greater popularity during the next hundred, two hundred, or even two thousand years, even as the simple words of Sophocles on Love\* and the strange and terrible words in Job† on Fear have endured, and will still endure for many a thousand years; unless of course an unexpected change should overtake the world, and men should lose the power to love their kith and kin; to thrill with pleasure at the sight of sunlight on a rippling stream; to reverence that unseen Power which sustains and controls the world, that is, unless men cease to live and think as men: which is absurd!

A. E. BRENT SMITH.

\* Antigone, line 781.

† Job. Chapter 4, verse 13

## BEETHOVEN AND THE PIANOFORTE

HISTORIANS have remarked how frequently a great man and his chosen instrument appear to have been created together. The two seem to be so aptly and effectively combined that it is difficult to believe that their combination was an accident of the time. A new weapon distinguishes a new man, who develops, not without criticism from the orthodox, a surprising and victorious campaign. A scientist first appreciates, or by his own effort evolves, an apparatus which renders possible a search for truth which thus, and thus only, could succeed. An engineer stakes his reputation on a particular form of power or material, which gives results for which the world had long waited, and which is for ever afterwards linked with his name. These plays of circumstance happen repeatedly, and it is often difficult to decide by how much they are due to chance, by how much to design. We cannot think of Herschel without his telescope, nor can we properly appreciate Beethoven without his piano.

It is not that the stature of Beethoven depends on any one form of composition. Were the whole of his pianoforte works to be lost there would still remain most of his accepted titles to fame. Of nearly every form of musical expression he was an acknowledged master, and had the piano been unknown in his day he might well have achieved a reputation hardly less unchallenged. But the fact remains that he was the first great composer who really accepted the piano without reserve. He had distinguished predecessors who would have none of it; and although the instrument was no doubt rapidly improving in quality, there must also have been some quite definite appeal to his temperament. Of his deliberate choice of it as the hourly partner of his thoughts there can be no question. That first entry into the musical society of Vienna, when his playing stamped him at once a master; those many and long extemporisations which even at this distance of time glow with a peculiar intimacy in the records of his friends; that white heat of inspiration which came to him so often at the keyboard; that hammering and forging of themes; these things were not accidents. The piano was a central feature of his life. Between him and it there was a very special relation, and that relation is the constant theme of those who have told us what they knew of him in daily acquaintance. How difficult he could be, how unaccountable, how uncouth, how unjust, we are told, yet once discover the mood that would bring him to the piano, and you

might be transported into a region of such power, such sensitiveness and beauty, that time itself would seem to stand still. Again and again we read the same story, the same vivid tale of an unforgettable hour, in which Beethoven and his piano became as it were one voice.

It would be strange if an intimacy of this nature had left no traces in Beethoven's work as a whole. It would be stranger still if his compositions for the piano itself did not show in special degree those characteristic points of style which are essentially his. These works do in fact portray the most striking features of his temperament with remarkable fidelity. There is little that he said elsewhere which cannot be found in essence in the volume of his piano sonatas. In all his works he used devices of expression which belong especially to the piano. Chief of these is that dynamic power of contrast, of sudden and unforeseen changes of volume and quality, which is as characteristic of the piano as it is of him. Men had played fast or slow on all kinds of instruments. The technique of the voice had been imitated in many ways. But the possibility of extreme changes of tone and texture, both perfectly under control, offered by a single performer at the piano, was a new realm of expression of which Beethoven first fully realised the purport. From fast pianissimo to slow fortissimo, or vice versa, instantly and infallibly; from a thread of half-heard melody to an almost painful clanging of great chords; from a light arpeggio to a ringing peal of octaves; for such effects every other instrument is by comparison clumsy. And if Beethoven was to express by his own hands his energy, his fertility, his intimate fleeting thoughts, his instant changes of mood, what fitter means could be found than this, so properly named, *piano-forte*?

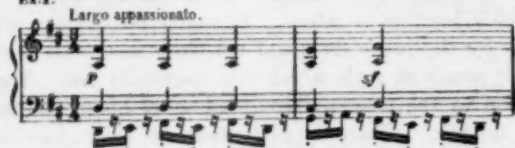
From the first he understood the characteristic genius of the instrument. It was in many respects his own genius made manifest. And if we remember that the harpsichord was still to be found in musical circles, and that it had the greatest traditions of style behind it, Beethoven's relation to the piano is seen in its true perspective. Look at those *sf* marks in the first sonata. The sign *sf* is of course the most common of all Beethoven's indications of expression. Sometimes it occurs so often as to be almost destructive of its own meaning. A wit might have called him "The Great Sforzando." The pounding of rhythms, the play of strong cross-accent, the sudden fortes and pianos, the crescendos ending in a violent diminution of tone; all these are characteristic of him everywhere; but there is no instrument to which they come so naturally as to the piano. It was the actual percussion of the piano which he was the first to exploit without reserve. And he is immediately master of endless varieties and combinations of effect.

In the second sonata, for example, he asks for two kinds of touch,



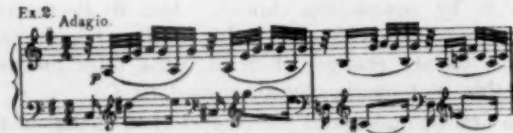
an essentially pianistic device, which has since become common property. Is he perhaps thinking of sustaining violins and pizzicato 'cello? The piano can suggest such things inimitably.

Ex. 1.



By Sonata No. 3 the great contrasts have arrived. Later "Waldstein" or "Appassionata" may be immeasurably more mature in conception and range, but No. 3 in C major already has the tell-tale emphasis of differences. Brilliant arpeggio and quiet cantabile, laughing piano and rollicking forte, stresses and cross-accents by the score, and there is even a sudden and unexpected cadenza, beginning characteristically with an *ffp*. This last interpolation is just such a page of extemporisation as he must so often have produced on the spur of the moment at the keyboard. And from the slow movement we can foresee the poetry and colour of Chopin.

Ex. 2.



Who would not recognise this next passage from the fourth sonata? All the whimsical devices of anticipation and variety of rhythm, which are to enliven innumerable future movements, can grow out of this seed.

Ex. 3.

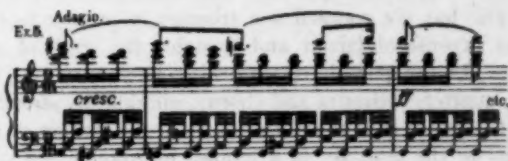


And the wonderful silences; the greatest possible contrasts of quality and quantity.

Ex. 2 *Largo con gran espressione.*

There is no end to these arresting turns of speech. They leap to the ear in every one of a hundred movements. A mind of boundless fertility had found an instrument of extraordinary suggestiveness. The forms in which Beethoven expressed himself are built fundamentally on ideas of contrast; contrasts of material, of key, of atmosphere. Sonata, quartet and symphony are alike in this respect. And there is no instrument which can suggest such a wide and dynamic range of effects as can the piano, in his hands.

Naturally he made enormous demands. His was not a temperament that would spare itself. And there are some things the piano cannot do. He wrote for it movements which for breadth of design and variety of expression had never before been attempted on a single instrument, under one pair of hands. Even the organ works of Bach are not architecturally so varied, and the organ must always move its masses with a certain circumspection. Beethoven asked from the piano a range and an intensity with which only his own long symphonic flights can be compared. Is it surprising that he sometimes taxed it beyond its powers? For the thinness of its upper tones his imagination appears to have supplied an imaginary volume.



To the thickness of its bass the rough urgency of passion appears to have made him insensitive.



And he sometimes played with the lately extended compass in ways which are effective only on paper. As he grew more deaf he may have unconsciously lost touch with reality, though it is clear that he could to the end produce effects both true and new. The following is a vivid foretaste of Brahms.



But it must be admitted that when he asks for a whole orchestra of tone, for the song of a voice which has no limits of compass, for the incisive consonants of a bowed string, he sometimes writes passages which require a mental ear to supplement the real by the intended. The limits of the piano and of a man's hands are forgotten. He has identified the instrument with the unlimited stuff of his own thought. If it is unequal to the strain, so much the worse for it. He is not to be chained. Men must learn to dream while they listen, to find the ideal beyond the real.

This is one reason why the playing of Beethoven's mature works demands so much trained intelligence, as well as a generous intuition. Many of the apparent values have to be put through the clarifying processes of an understanding mind. This challenge to the performer is in itself an attraction. The outstanding pianist will always demand problems of interpretation on which to feed the zeal of his evangel. For him Beethoven is food indeed. And there has been no player of high rank who has not counted it a triumph to present to the world, at whatever expense of labour and thought, the truth of a message so exacting. In the pursuit of expression Beethoven was merciless. Pianoforte, quartet, orchestra and chorus, all alike he stretched to the utmost. He forgets that there are limits to the powers of an instrument, limits to the capacity of a human interpreter. Above all, he forgets himself. He would crouch under the desk to suggest a pianissimo. He would gesticulate wildly and ludicrously to emphasize a fortissimo. He would caress the piano into quiet ecstasies which his friends never forgot. He would thrash it into a turmoil that made them almost afraid. Moods so intense are not for every man, though there can be no supreme artist without them. When the heat of his passion demands the impossible, it is because his vision is of things beyond man's power to describe. In pursuit of that transcendence Beethoven spent himself. And if his fire sometimes scorches us, it consumed his own ardent soul no less.

GEORGE DYSON.

## THE PIANOFORTE SONATAS : SOME TEXTUAL PROBLEMS

THE textual problems of the pianoforte sonatas are often of great interest: Shedlock's excellent little volume (1918 edition) discusses most of them in some detail. If I venture to set down one or two considerations of my own, it is not with any sort of claim to be more than a Beethoven-lover who has known the sonatas for some while: it is only that some things have always "intrigued" me, and the present is perhaps an opportunity for submitting some special points for general *pro* and *con* arguments.

One of these points is not mentioned by Shedlock, nor, so far as I can recollect, by anyone else. In the ninth bar of the last variation of Op. 109

Ex. 4



surely the F sharp of the bass should be D sharp? There seems no adequate reason why Beethoven should modify his pattern, and incidentally weaken the harmonic texture: the argument that a new bass note is wanted for the accent of the tenth bar does not seem, in view of what follows, of much account. Presumably, F sharp is the only note for which there is authority: but the authority of a possible slip of the pen is an authority that should not be blindly respected.\* There is an exactly parallel case in the trio of the scherzo of Op. 26.

\* If I may go off at a passing tangent, it has long been one of my wishes to introduce "tests for misprints" into musical examinations. Such things exist: and nothing more annoys a composer (I speak feelingly) than to hear them played or sung, conscientiously and *molto espressivo*. And it does not matter whether they are misprints or accidental slips of the pen or (in early music) errors of transcription of separate parts: rationally-minded performers have no business to reproduce them. For example, surely every conductor should unhesitatingly alter the intensely cacophonous between-two-minds confusions in the seventh and ninth Beethoven symphonies: nor should it be possible (as I have heard myself from famous players—besides what I have heard of at second-hand) to hear the wrong rhythm in the adagio of Schubert's string quintet (printed in all scores and first-violin parts), nor the F natural on the first page of the adagio of Brahms' A major piano quartet (also always printed)—I have even heard from a distinguished pianist, quite definitely, and twice over, the extra "wrong note" in the scherzo, occurring only in the earlier editions of this quartet. Of course there are plenty of doubtful cases, but even in modern music we can be reasonably sure that some things (e.g., the first chord of Scriabin's fourth sonata, sometimes played as it stands by the faithful) are really wrong. No doubt we have to be careful, remarkably careful: Vincent Novello and his like must be always vividly before our eyes. Still . . . after all, a musician's business is to be musical, i.e., to think.



The evidence in favour of the first F is, says Shedlock, "overwhelmingly strong," and he therefore pronounces against the substituted A flat of Moscheles and Bülow—which is (on the grounds just mentioned) surely right, whatever the "evidence." Shedlock's remark, "the alteration of Moscheles, considering he was a pupil and friend of the composer, is rather surprising," is itself surprising: the corollary would rather seem to be that Moscheles knew that his master and friend did not mean to write what, relatively, is poor music.

Again, there is the famous passage in the first movement of Op. 106



No categorical evidence exists against the authenticity of all these A sharps (and the curious notation of the fourth bar), but Mandyczewski and others, though in a minority, have very good grounds for their A naturals. A sketch-fragment (printed by Nottebohm) is in itself, so far as it goes, very strongly in favour of the naturals—to me, indeed, it is conclusive—





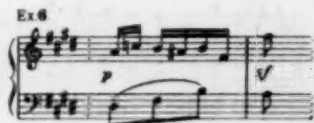
The whole passage, with its change of signature, is a particularly likely place for inadvertent omissions of accidentals, and the A sharps, though not impossible, are surely very *outrés*. Bülow writes of them as "a stroke of genius," while the A naturals are to him "a chromatic triviality." But, like most men of genius who "looked before and after," Beethoven had little use for "strokes of genius" in and for themselves; it was his business to make great things out of "trivialities."

At the other end of Beethoven's career—the finale of Op. 10, No. 1—there is an interesting point on which, I would venture to submit, the majority of editions, which have



are in error: the bottom note of the semibreve chord should surely (as in one old edition) be E flat. At the recapitulation the passage is slightly modified, and the leading-note in the bass is indispensable: here, it surely weakens the harmony terribly.

One variant the generally careful Shedlock omits to mention. In the rondo of Op. 90 some editions have



I do not know what old evidence (if any) there may be for the F sharp semiquaver, but it is easy to see how it might originate from some superficial idea that the whole passage ought (like the preceding and following bars) to be purely dominant-seventh harmony. The earliest, I think, of my personal experiences of textual problems in Beethoven was to discover, when playing from the composer's original MS.,\* that the F sharps to which I had been accustomed were replaced by extremely plain G sharps—to the great advantage of the harmony.

A little later than Op. 90—in Op. 109—there are, apart from the point I have already mentioned, several others of much interest. There are four different versions of a passage in the first movement,

\* Then in the possession of my friend the late Professor Thomas Case, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

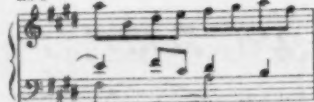
but they are all much of a muchness, and no one need be in the least degree artistically worried at hearing any of them. Of three other passages, however, at any rate the first and third do, I confess, worry me if played as in several editions. In the sixth bar of the fourth variation the bass would seem properly to be

Ex. 7.



not, as in many editions, B in place of the second D sharp. B is indeed in the original edition, but in a copy revised by the composer it is altered to D sharp—which indeed seems to be imperatively required by the melodic trend of the contrapuntal curves of the whole passage (which also argue against Buonamici, who ties the D's). Bülow prefers the B as against what he calls the "ugly" D sharp—an argument which, even if applicable here (as I should, personally, altogether deny) is, *a priori*, a very dangerous one. Again, in the fifth variation there is (bar 11) a much disputed passage, generally printed:

Ex. 8



Bülow's substitution of a C sharp for the quaver B as "impossible to justify either melodically or harmonically" seems, on the face of it, very arguable, and formerly I felt more or less convinced. I have, however, now returned to faith in the B, partly because (as Shedlock notices) Beethoven, in the revised copy just referred to, corrected the misprinted succession of notes—A, B, C sharp, E—by altering the C sharp to D sharp, but leaving the B untouched—and partly on internal grounds: though the harmonic balancings of this and the three preceding bars (including the invertible counterpoint) are not rigid, they seem to "come off" better with B, and the chord is only an inverted eleventh after all. Finally, there is the bar preceding the final restatement of the theme, a bar that, to my mind, is (though in itself obviously nothing) one of the most important, in virtue of its

context, in the sonata, and I confess to feeling really irritated when I hear, as I often do,



Liszt and Bülow, and others of less fame, have this, but the older editions are unanimous in omitting the F sharp and the D sharp, and (at any rate to me) the passage loses the bulk of its astounding beauty unless the downward flight of the dominant-seventh notes poises at the end, and waits for the A to drop to its resting-place on the opening note of the theme. It may indeed be objected that, as part-writing, the coinciding fall of the A and the trilling B to the G sharp is less satisfactory than the progression of the additional F sharp and D sharp down to the B that is the first middle-voice note of the theme; but this is perhaps rather a refinement of theoretical consideration, which might be arguably countered on its own ground by taking the trilling B as really the middle-voice dropping an octave. To my own ear, the whole of the end of this last variation is "colour" rather than part-writing.

Analogous to all these problems is another of some special interest, that of the proper notation and performance of the second subject of the first movement of Op. 10, No. 3:



Beethoven wrote this, certainly, and it should never be *printed* as four quavers, even if the editor thinks it should be performed so, rather than with the D as a short, not a long grace-note. The evidence is here very confusing and uncertain (the absence or presence of a cross-stroke through the D means, at this period, nothing). Personally, I have always preferred the rhythm of the short D. This seems supported by the very interesting evidence of Stanford,\* whose first pianoforte teacher told him, on the authority of her own teacher, Beethoven's pupil Moscheles, that Beethoven was accustomed (deliberately contrary to older methods) to play his acciaccaturas and mordents before, not on, the beat: but there is a sketch-fragment that

\* Pages from an unwritten diary, p. 57.

rather (though not at all definitely) points the other way, and Czerny, another of Beethoven's pupils, advocates the four quavers. Not indeed that he strengthens his case by the additional remark that the four notes are identical with the opening notes of the first subject of the movement: the likeness (such as it is) is closer if the C sharp is accented, even if the notes are of uneven length—but, even if conscious (a highly dubious supposition) such 'mechanical and, musically speaking, inaudible "identities" are of no account.\*

The sanctity, for us, of the purely mechanical limitations of Beethoven's instrumental resources is a perpetual problem. It is a highly practical question for all pianists in the passages where Beethoven is obviously hampered by the narrower range of his keyboard—a much more immediately practical question indeed (as no pianist would ever think of playing, say, bars 9–11 from the end of the first movement of Op. 14, No. 1, as the composer wrote them)

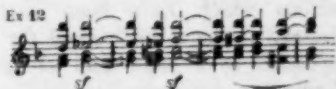
Ex. 11



than those that confront the modern conductor reflecting about horns and trumpets and drums. Editions vary very much in their suggestions, or lack of suggestions, about these: the real difficulties are virtually altogether concerned with the upper limit of the keyboard, and the whole matter is more complicated than as stated by Shedlock and others who have discussed it. No note above F occurs in any sonata before the "Waldstein" (1804), but ten years earlier, in the finale of the G major trio, there is a vitally important top G, and the C minor concerto (1800) has many indispensable top C's, two years before the D minor sonata, where, quite obviously (recapitulation of second subject of finale) a G is unprocurable—all of which is most annoyingly baffling. In actual practice, the one thing an editor

\* A composer is indeed in hard case if he cannot write a few conjunct notes, in any rhythm and starting anywhere in the scale, without being accused of plagiarising from himself (or somebody else). Some critics have "identified" the start of "Leonora No. 2" with Florestan's air: but, anyhow, the alteration in "Leonora No. 3" shows that Beethoven was less scholarly himself. On the other hand, the resemblances between the opening notes of the first three movements of Op. 106 are very possibly intentional: the addition of the preliminary bar to the adagio after the sonata had gone to press is a very weighty consideration. But, especially nowadays, far too much has been made of such and suchlike "unifications": the structure of any great art has its foundations a good deal deeper than that kind of thing. Brahms' third symphony is not organically superior to his fourth, nor his clarinet to his piano quintet, simply because their first and last movements end well nigh identically; to eulogy on such grounds, Brahms' own famous "Das sieht jeder Narr" is the fitting answer.

should not do (if he has an artistic conscience) is to print anything that is not Beethoven's in an indistinguishable form, but there is a vast field for differences of opinion. No one would, of course, dream of not adding the top F sharp in the 23rd bar of the first movement of Op. 10, No. 3, and, at the other end, I cannot myself imagine anyone sacrificing the (nowadays unnecessarily) limiting but extremely beautiful upper-pedal harmony of the recapitulation of the second subject of the first movement of Op. 81, No. 2.



Some editors are meticulous in altering so that exposition and recapitulation may exactly agree, which is perhaps a pity. Is it not perhaps best (and certainly least troublesome) to leave Beethoven's text as it stands, with all its limitations on its head, except where something palpably unmusical can be remedied on the extended keyboard? Beethoven in later life, indeed, contemplated a revised edition of his earlier works, adapted to the newer resources, but no details seem, unfortunately, to be known.

ERNEST WALKER.



## RANDOM NOTES ON THE PIANOFORTE SONATAS AND THEIR INTERPRETERS

It is not for me to attempt an appreciation of the great series of thirty-two compositions which have been well called the New Testament of musicians, as the "48" stand for the Old. Circumstances make it impossible to do more than jot down some memories of remarkable performances, ranging over a period of sixty years; for it must be at least that time since I first heard Hallé in the "Waldstein." In the 'sixties people had not got into the way of thinking Hallé dull and cold; and certainly there was nothing either dull or cold about the recital to which I was taken as a boy. What impressed me even then was less the odd figure of a tall middle-aged gentleman in a very long frock coat which seemed to reach the ground all round his stool, than the majesty of the first movement and the rapture of the joyful rondo. Beethoven was allowed to speak directly to the hearers, not obscured by any idiosyncrasy of the player. It was an interpretation in the truest sense, and was the first of many similar experiences; for the real artists come between the composer and the listener as little as possible, so that one has few details by which the interpretations of such people as Borwick, Fanny Davies, Cortot, and even Bülow, impressed themselves upon one.

In my early days of concert-going there were more opportunities for getting to know the sonatas from beginning to end than there are now, when the players generally confine their attention to three or four of the "favourite" sonatas, or copy, with varying degrees of acrobatic skill, Bülow's feat of playing the last five sonatas at a single recital.

The three sonatas that make up Op. 2 show the stage of the early pianos at a time when the harpsichord was by no means an antiquarian curiosity, and while almost the whole of the three can be transferred to the harpsichord without loss of effect, the second, in A, actually gains something of brilliance from the sparkling quality of the plucked strings.

It has always puzzled me why the flowing sonata in E flat, Op. 7, like Op. 22 in B flat, is so very seldom to be heard in public. Both are examples of the form in its old perfection, and represent so well the ground plan of the design afterwards altered by Beethoven and others, that even on this account their neglect is mysterious.

I have heard the D major sonata from Op. 10 in public, and very effective it was; its predecessor, No. 2 of the same set, has a final movement of such celestial gaiety that I am truly thankful it is not as hackneyed as it might be. A suggestion was once made to me that it might be arranged for string quartet, and indeed it might easily be so contrived, with some tiny modifications for the sake of the violoncello.

I suppose most people have struggled with the "Pathétique," Op. 13, after gaining some degree of mastery over the pleasant little Op. 14, No. 2. The former sonata after a period of perhaps excessive admiration paid to its title, and thereby justifying the publisher who named it, is no longer one of those most often played. And no wonder, for there are some difficulties in technique that lurk round corners and take the rash performers unawares. These snags are not of the kind that astonish the unskilled listener.

The A flat sonata, with the funeral march in it, is another not very frequently heard in the present day: one of the most recent performances of it at which I was present took place in St. George's Hall before Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke established themselves on the site of the German Reed entertainment. Mme. Puzzi, a singing teacher who had, I suppose, a considerable clientèle, gave an annual concert to bring forward one set of pupils at the expense of another set. It was a less gargantuan affair than Sir Julian Benedict's celebrated "benefit," but run on very much the same lines. At one of Mme. Puzzi's concerts, by way of relief to the inadequate singing of fashionable ditties, there appeared a small boy who got through the Sonata in A flat, with a certain amount of applause for which his tender years rather than his talent were responsible. His name is now Mark, but was then Max, Hambourg.

Of the two sonatas, Op. 27, while one is the most hackneyed of the series, the other is one of the rarest as far as public performance is concerned. This of course amply justifies the publishers who applied the name "Moonlight" to the second of the two, although it is not quite evident on musical grounds why one should be so much more often played than the other. I seek in vain for any performance of the E flat sonata that is worth remembering, and I can hardly think of any great player whom I have not heard in the C sharp minor. The feeling of surprise when Bülow adopted so strangely deliberate a pace for the middle movement, is one of the few emotions I can associate with any particular performance. Certainly the most amusing was that in His Majesty's Theatre, when Sir Herbert Tree sat at a dummy piano and was inspired by a limelight moon to the improvisation of this sonata. I think there was a lady on the stage to whom the music was addressed.

The so-called "pastoral" sonata, Op. 28, in D, is another which calls up memories of Hallé, this time as a marvellously clear executant rather than as an inspired or inspiring interpreter. He gave a very beautiful reading of the E flat sonata, Op. 31, No. 3. The first of that set, in G major (which always will remind me in an irritating way of two people, perhaps master and pupil, declaiming the Greek article, one after the other), was played by Emil Sauer at his first appearance in London, and his exquisitely faithful adherence to the marks of expression—so that one felt as if one were reading from the music oneself—made me inclined to admire everything he did afterwards.

Among many delightful performances of the second sonata of the set, in D minor, that of Paderewski stands out most vividly. All the complete artistry that has made his playing since the war a thing to be long remembered and held in honour, came out in the wonderfully dramatic first movement, while the expressiveness given to the theme of the slow movement by the simplest means, was no less effective in its way than the fairy lightness of the finale. Here was a perfect example of the artist so subordinating himself to the composer, or rather so identifying himself with the music, that Paderewski was forgotten and one was brought face to face with Beethoven.

I suppose most of us have schoolroom memories of the G major sonata from Op. 49, but I should think the companion work in G minor, has very rarely been heard either in schoolroom or concert room. I have already spoken of the Sonata in C, Op. 53, the "Waldstein"; and of how Hallé's playing of it came as a revelation of beauty in the 'sixties. I remember how wonderfully Rubinstein managed the fourth bar of the second subject, when the emphasised note B in the middle of the chord is used to lead to the repetition of the strain. He also startled and delighted us at the movement immediately preceding the rondo, when on the G, marked with a pause, he managed to get a kind of reiteration of the note, prolonging it by some means akin to the "Bebung" effect on the clavichord.

There must be some good reason for the almost complete ignoring by pianists of the little Sonata in F, Op. 54, which separates the "Waldstein" from the "Appassionata." Never in my experience has it appeared on a concert programme except when the whole of the sonatas have been played through in order. The "Appassionata" itself is so glorious a revelation of Beethoven's greatness in all its aspects, so satisfying as music, and so excellent a test of the qualities of the performer, that one cannot wonder at the frequency of its presence in concerts and recitals. Nor can the most jaded critic regret its presence, for age cannot wither it. Its variety, if not infinite, is yet enough to allow of an enormous number of details of interpretation,

so many, indeed, that while memorable performances have been very often heard, few or none stand out as the ideal reading. In it, Bülow was at his very best, for there was no trace of the little eccentricities which spoilt much of his playing: we were brought into the very presence of the Master.

The little F sharp sonata, Op. 78, is another Hallé memory for me, and its brevity and sweet urbanity seem to me to be two strong recommendations for its occasional revival even in a miscellaneous programme.

Of course it is overshadowed by its beautiful neighbour, Op. 81, in E flat, called "Caractéristique," either by Beethoven or a publisher. There is no doubt of the story that is inseparable from its three movements, for the syllables of the word "Lebewohl" are very nearly heard as speech, and their reiteration by the parting lovers as their farewells are made to overlap one another is both dramatically true and musically interesting. Never can I forget Clara Schumann's eloquent interpretation of the sonata on one of her last appearances in London. The poignancy of the first movement, the loneliness of the section labelled "Absence," and the rapture of the meeting in the last movement, were so movingly given that one could not help imagining a personal application, although I cannot now believe that the great artist was conscious of it at the time. It was inevitable at that stage of English musical culture, that there should be a round of applause after what seemed to be the three final chords near the end, and the player's quiet resumption of the theme must have conveyed a severe reproof to some of her too enthusiastic admirers.

I have always wondered what authority there is for the story printed in the "Pop" programme whenever Op. 90, in E minor, was played in St. James's Hall, to the effect that the first movement was labelled "Straf zwischen Kopf und Herz" ("Debate between head and heart") and the second "Unterhaltung mit der Geliebten" ("Talk with the beloved") and that the whole was a strong recommendation to the noble recipient of the dedication that he should obey his inclinations rather than his worldly interest, and unite himself with some lady of less exalted position than his own.

The practice of playing the five "last" sonatas at a sitting originated with Bülow, I think, and in those days we were so impressed with the player's endurance that the impression made by the works themselves was not as distinct as it should have been. In the hands of Busoni and Lamond, too, the hearers were generally more struck with the power and skill of the performers than with the meaning of these wonderful poems, in which the trammels of the sonata forms are longer felt as a hindrance to the composer's freedom of expression, although they seem almost regular when they are compared with the

so-called posthumous quartets. Op. 101, in A, is apt to be overshadowed by the splendour of the others, but if it could occasionally be heard separately from them, it would be found intensely interesting and characteristic.

The mighty work in B flat, Op. 106, is of course the greatest test of the executant's powers, but it is far more than this, for in it we are brought into contact with one of the greatest of poets, and it is perhaps the most faithful and lifelike of all the portraits of the Master's soul. The virility of the first movement, the puckish waywardness of the second, the profound loveliness of the slow movement and the originality of the fugue (not forgetting the many points at which the pedants might be shocked), all are the purest and most intimate Beethoven, and all seem to come from the soul rather than from the brain. It is undoubtedly a task to listen to the whole sonata if we bring any intelligence to bear upon it, and exhausted human nature must be held accountable if we fail to enter fully into the "heavenly length," as Schumann called the great Schubert symphony, of the slow movement. I believe that if this wonderful creation were played by itself, it would be more widely recognised as one of the Master's most individual utterances, and the deep poetry that is revealed in its almost formless course would make it the best-loved movement in the whole of the sonatas. But in its place in the sonata it is very difficult to get into the proper mood for its complete enjoyment. Its strange sequence of tonalities, and its very interesting directions as to the use of the soft pedal give it an extraordinary interest to students of the higher pianoforte technique; but they are means to the end of revealing the innermost soul of Beethoven.

The E major sonata, Op. 109, opens with one of the most arresting of Beethoven's innovations in sonata form, and the alternation of the gracious "vivace" with the passionate "adagio" is a very happy idea, and was no doubt responsible for the shape of the middle movement in the second of the violin sonatas of Brahms, Op. 100. The set of six variations with which the sonata ends is not only rich in melodic invention (to compare the air with the first variation is to receive a lesson in growing emotion) but the contrapuntal passages have a good deal more of mastery and ease of manipulation than the great fugue of Op. 106. The second variation is yet another experiment in form, for each section of the air is varied with two different figurations. The fourth has a peculiarly Bach-like grace about it, and it has been compared to one of the great "Goldberg" set of the older master; but it ends with a figure that is thoroughly Beethovenish. In the last, the gradual growth of a repeated note into a shake of increasing rapidity leads to a literal repetition of the unadorned air itself.

Sir George Grove had a very special love for the Sonata in A flat,



Op. 110, and was never tired of pointing out not merely the exquisite suavity of its first movement and the humour of its second, but the marvellous emotional depth of the adagio in which the resources of the soft pedal are so happily used. In the fifth bar there is a succession of repeated notes, mostly tied together in pairs; the notation of the passage shows no very special reason why the notes are thus grouped, but I think that there must have been in Beethoven's mind some remembrance of the clavichords he probably knew in his youth and of their characteristic effect, known as the "Bebung," by which a note could be reinforced without being actually struck again. The alternation of the "arioso dolente" (Grove used to discourse on the direction "Ermattet, klagend") with the fugue suggest that the experiment tried in the E major sonata was here tried again.

There is an Aeschylean grandeur in the first movement of Op. 111 which affords the completest imaginable contrast to the second, and the two together seem to sum up Beethoven's most individual qualities.

The "arietta" which with its variations makes up the end of the work, is marvellously simple in design, showing some affinity with the Diabelli air on which Beethoven wrote his immortal set of 33 variations. These are happily a great deal easier of comprehension than those. The rhythmical or rather mathematical arrangement seems perfectly simple in performance though it is not easy to explain; but the nine semiquavers which make their appearance in the first variation are before long represented by triplets of demisemiquavers, each of which has its own function to fulfil before the entry of the shake which eventually dominates the whole composition and is at last dissolved, as it were, into gossamer threads that float downwards and bring us to earth again for the final chords. But words are poor things to describe the ineffable beauty of this ending, and no single interpretation of the sonata out of the hundreds that I must have heard in past years stands out with sufficient distinctness and distinction to call for special mention.

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

## THE PIANOFORTE CONCERTOS

IN speaking of Beethoven's piano concertos, whose mind does not run at once to the G major and the E flat, those greatest of all pianoforte concertos? One does not try or wish to give the palm to either the one or the other—the G major of such wondrous lyrical beauty—the E flat in its glorious majesty. Both are supreme, both give us glimpses of another world, both are of the greatest Beethoven.

Perhaps nothing more touchingly beautiful has ever been written than that tragic lyric—the second movement of the G major. And how wonderfully Beethoven has enshrined it between the other two movements. After that middle movement of the G, with its deepest depths of sadness, nothing could follow but a finale of intense and pure joy. And to what a world of joy he takes us in order to balance, artistically, those depths of sadness. Schumann is said to have likened that middle movement to Orpheus in the Underworld—with which one may or may not agree, but at any rate that thought suggests the ruggedness of the orchestral parts at the outset.

It is most interesting to observe the contrast between the conception of the last movement of the E flat and that of the G. While the last movement of the G had to be precisely what it is—the finale of the E flat in its daring heroic flights, is hooked on (and by what a hook!) to a purely and entirely lyrical movement with none of the tragedy of the second movement of the G.

The pianistic style of these two concertos is as diverse as their emotional contents. In the G, we have none of the huge chords, octaves and wide sweeping arpeggios of the E flat. Instead, in the G major we have those sensitive, plastic and wonderfully rhythmic passages, pearls I might say, demanding a richness of touch and control of the finest nuances.

Such differently pianistically conceived works naturally demand very different styles of technique and of tone production. While in the E flat one can come up to *fff* or even *ffff* (if one can produce these inside the sphere of beauty), I think that nothing more than *ff* comes into the G major; anything above *ff* would be out of style. Do not let us confound this lyrical style with a sugary femininity. Here I should like to quote a very famous but also at the same time a really great Beethoven player, who is very plain on that point when he states that "no lady ought to be allowed to touch the G major."

Madame Clara Schumann told me that Mendelssohn played that most difficult of all beginnings—the opening bars of the G major—as no one else. That his tone in the opening chord, so round and yet so *piano* and full of melody, with a never-dry staccato but just detached notes, the rounding off of the two D chords joined by the little pearly melodic run, and the exquisite shape of the whole scheme, was something that she could never forget.

And here let me say that I can never forget Anton Rubinstein's playing of the G. Also Madame Schumann told me that she never heard the E flat concerto played as Liszt played it; that in the first bars of the finale (and throughout when it occurs) he carried the forte crescendo right up to the top G, so that the whole line resembled a flight of mighty wings, and his control was so great that he dropped to the sudden piano without upsetting the idea of being "carried upwards." And that where it is marked "*mit Nachdruck*" (i.e., underlined) Liszt brought to light all that those bars contain—the pedal B flat, the chromatic idea, the suspensions (suspense—ions), the breathless excitement without hurry, and then the climax. It is almost needless to speak of the important rôle the note B flat plays in the whole idea of that solo, both in the orchestra and in the pianoforte—beginning already with the hushed announcement of the finale at the end of the second movement—and the B flat standing alone, pointing upwards so to speak, to the rapturous joys to come.

To compare the two earlier concertos with these two giants—we know that the B flat No. 2 was written before the C major No. 1—but both breathe the true Beethoven. The C major contains already the Beethovenesque robust and joyous rhythms, in spite of being naïve. Already in the C major, there come some moments in which one would like all performers to play without breathing and the conductor to hold the work together without moving his bâton. That is Beethoven, those long wonderful lines of unbroken pianissimo. "You must play that with deep expression but no nuance" is indeed a difficult nut to crack, but it is one of Beethoven's greatest characteristics, one which makes Beethoven—Beethoven. In the first movement, the working-out (after the tutti has modulated into E♭) starts off straight away with one of these moments, the broad long lines of slowly unfolding arpeggios on one single arpeggio'd chord in the bass—and the "Uebergang," another long pianissimo, where the wind plays such a part, shows another characteristic, inasmuch as Beethoven here uses the smallest means to gain a great end. Yes, the C major is a great little concerto in spite of its A flat movement not being one of Beethoven's greatest inspirations. And just as I would say that hardly more than a *forte* comes into its last movement, does not the great Beethoven disclose himself in its pronounced, merry rhythmical

scheme? In fact can we not see some sort of resemblance between the joyous rhythms of the C major finale and that of the coming great G major, without the two being really in the least alike?

The C minor, a great concerto, is a glorious link between the early Beethoven and the later. The very first theme of the tutti is cast in Beethoven's heroic mould. The writing is still mostly that of the earlier concertos, the solo standing against the orchestra rather than working in with it, but there are moments when it breaks away from this.

The last C minor bars of the first movement, leading us straight into E major (second movement), produces at once the later Beethoven, that is, the lifting us at once into another sphere, or, so to say, on to another star. In the same way the pianoforte passages in this movement mingle with the orchestra: the interpretation therefore has to be that of chamber music—toning in. This applies also to the orchestra.

As to the last movement which in some ways goes back to the earlier style, the opening solo is a great example of keeping perfect time without allowing the interpretation to become in the least degree stiff. Never let us identify early classic style with pedantic perriwigism. On the contrary, as Clara Schumann impressed upon me, "Jede Note muss mit Liebe gespielt werden" (each note must be played with love). That finale also contains a moment characteristic of the greatest Beethoven—I mean the change from A flat to E major, brought about by merely one octave. Here again the Master uses the smallest means to attain the greatest ends; that, and the following pianissimo bars being only a small example of some of the greatest moments in musical literature. Practically all passages in Beethoven should be treated as melody—one must see them in melodic shape—and the tempo, whether quick or slow must be that which can adequately express the musical intention. The tempo of a Beethoven concerto could never be that of a purely virtuos concerto in which the interest centres more on its glittering runs, as such, than on its musical and poetical contents.

FANNY DAVIES.

Unto the Hills, the great ones, where they tower  
Mystic, tremendous, where all beauty reigns,  
Our eyes be lifted ever from these plains  
Whereon we palter, piping our little hour,  
Decking our zithern with a paper flower,  
Pretending ancient losses modern gains,  
—Poor little musickers!—and take all pains  
To cloke with argument our lack of power,  
Our lack of everything Beethoven meant  
And wrestled out, and made. It should not be  
That this our "scrannel pipe" should squeak so loud,  
Nor we delight therein with deaf content,  
While yonder, as the blue peak from the cloud,  
Stand forth Beethoven's might and mastery.

W. MURRAY MARSDEN.



## THE SONGS

THE world has probably made up its mind that Beethoven is not one of the great composers of song. To subscribe to this verdict casts no slur upon his name. He is no more slighted by it than Milton would be slighted if a place were refused him among the great lyric poets. But there is this difference between them, that Milton hardly touched lyrical poetry, whereas Beethoven composed over sixty songs, and brought to them, at least to the best of them, the same earnestness which distinguishes his other compositions.

When Beethoven turned to song, song did not represent, apart from the formal aria in mass, oratorio and opera, a branch of music which a great composer was expected to take very seriously. Among the songs of Haydn and Mozart very few are fit to stand beside the best of those that belong to their larger works. It is true that Haydn's "My mother bids me bind my hair" and Mozart's "Das Veilchen" are in their different ways masterpieces; but the intimate union between poetry and music, on which the modern Lied is based could not be effected by composers who did not trouble to set poetry at all but were content with any verses that fell into their hands.

It seems so natural to us that a composer of songs should look to poetry as the source of his inspiration rather than as an excuse for composing, that we forget, when we find Beethoven setting serious poetry to music, that he was inaugurating the movement which raised the art of song to its true status and dignity. Henceforth song, linking itself ever more closely to the romantic spirit in poetry, was destined under the flag of one great leader after another to become equally with poetry the faithful interpreter of that spirit.

Beethoven's songs include, it is true, a number of conventional and formal arias, among them some to Italian words, which were the fruit of his studies in dramatic and vocal composition with Haydn, Schenk and Albrechtsberger during the years 1793 to 1795, and for some years afterwards with Salieri; in these the influence of Mozart is plain. There are also many simple songs which have no special importance. Beethoven had not the lightness of touch nor the light-heartedness which often impart a lasting charm to quite unpretentious things. He was happiest and most himself when he turned to poetry of a serious or religious nature, or to the lyrics of Goethe. When he chose

poems which had little literary distinction, it was usually because they gave expression to aspects of human feeling with which he had special sympathy, such as resignation, hope, yearning, love in absence, friendship.

He was not enough in love with song to seek any wide extension of the range of human feeling. He makes us conscious of being in the same atmosphere rather more often than our spirits need. Later composers have taught us to look quite as much for the poet through the composer as for the composer through the poet. But if, then, as was inevitable at the start, the union between poetry and music was incomplete and one-sided, the important fact remains that it was effected. It meant much when a composer like Beethoven, dissatisfied with his setting of a song, set it again. There are two entirely different settings of Tiedge's "Die Hoffnung" (1804 and 1815), four of Goethe's "Sehnsucht," two of Stoll's "An die Geliebte." In the latter case the second version is merely a revision of the first, the accompaniment being simplified and the notes of the melody changed here and there to improve the declamation of the words; small points perhaps, but significant. A marked feature of Beethoven's songs, especially those which belong to the years before 1808, when the first Goethe songs appeared, is the strong dramatic element in their treatment. This is not surprising in a composer whose first important work for a solo voice was the celebrated operatic scena "Ah! Perfido" (1796). The words of "In questa tomba," too, called obviously for dramatic rather than lyrical treatment. But longer songs, such as "Adelaide" (1797) and "Der Wachtelschlag" (1804) fall rather into vividly pictorial scenes, marked by effective changes of style and tempo, and by far more detailed illustration through harmony and modulation than song had known before. It is noteworthy that many of Schubert's songs, "Ganymed," for instance, were conceived on similar lines. Again to those who come to Beethoven's song from those of earlier composers nothing is more striking than the importance assumed by the accompaniment, which begins to take its proper place as joint interpreter along with the voice; in "Bitten," No. 1 of the six religious songs, to words by Gellert (Op. 48, 1808), the voice is left at the climax to declaim the words on a single note, while the piano interprets, and in the second song of the cycle, "An die ferne Geliebte" the second stanza is sung throughout on a monotone, the expressive opening melody, now transferred to the key of the subdominant, being given to the accompaniment. Was Schubert thinking of Beethoven when he composed "Der Tod und das Mädchen"?

It was left to Hugo Wolf nearly a century later to seal the consum-

mation of the process here begun by publishing his songs no longer in the accepted way as *Lieder mit Clavierbegleitung* but as *Lieder für eine Singstimme und Clavier*.

Of the songs which belong to the earlier period the best are undoubtedly among those set to Gellert's poems, of which "Bitten" has already been mentioned. "Die Ehre Gottes" (Creation's Hymn)—composed for soprano or tenor, not for contralto—is deservedly the most famous. Strong in its bold simplicity of outline and in the well ordered march of changing harmonies, it takes us swiftly through scenes inspiring praise, awe and wonder to a climax of noble exaltation. It fits the subject that its key is C major, and that homage is paid to the majesty of the common chord. "Busslied" opens with two stanzas in which melody and declamation are impressively blended, leading into a truly lovely melody in quick time, which is curiously marred by its abrupt and almost lame conclusion. The solemnity of "Vom Tode," No. 3, especially the poignant harmonies to the closing words "Säume nicht denn Eins ist Noth" stamp it as unique in pre-Schubertian song. "Der Wachtelschlag," which appeared in 1804 (already referred to) has some striking points, but when we compare it with Schubert's simple but far more telling setting of the same words, we see how far Beethoven's dramatic instincts could lead him astray.

It is when we come in 1808 to the Goethe songs ("Mailed" was probably a youthful production) that, as Sir Henry Hadow with his usual insight has pointed out (Oxford History of Music, vol. 5, p. 334), "We may catch the very points of transition where to the diffused force of dramatic presentation there succeeds the concentrated emotion of the lyrical mood." We see it in "Wonne der Wehmuth" and in "Kennst du das Land," though neither he nor Schubert succeeded, as Schumann succeeded, in portraying the dreamy wistfulness of Goethe's Mignon, but more clearly in the four settings of "Sehnsucht" of which the first is the most arresting in its intensity. It is strange that Beethoven did not observe that the poem consists of twelve lines and is not divided into stanzas; between the first two lines ("Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt weiss was ich leide") and their repetition at the close of the poem are interpolated two paroxysms of four lines each, the climax coming at the words "Es brennt mein Eingeweide." In the fourth setting Beethoven saw his error and treated the lyric accordingly, but with less intensity of feeling; the intrusion of an unwarrantable "Ja," because an extra syllable was wanted before the repetition of "Weiss was ich leide," is a terrible blot. Another Goethe lyric, "Was zieht mir das Herz so?" inspired Beethoven to write one of his most attractive melodies which with its buoyant rhythm, its charming accompaniment and effective change

in the last verse to the major key anticipates the methods and almost the manner of Schubert.

Is it fanciful to suggest that Brahms had some echo of "Der Liebende" (Welch ein wunderbares Leben) in his head when he composed his exquisite little song "Strahlt zuweilen auch ein mildes Licht" (No. VI of Op. 57)?

For the noble cycle "An die ferne Geliebte" (1816) Beethoven selected six songs by Jeitteles and joined them together to form a connected whole. In the musical setting pianoforte interludes lead from each song to the next. Here the composer has enshrined his conception of the human heart under the influence of ideal love. It may justly be regarded not merely as the expansion in the years of maturity of the design in his mind and the feelings in his heart which in his youth produced "Adelaide," but as the crown of his work in song, its final message, for he composed no songs of importance later.

Whatever may be thought of Beethoven's songs, it is certain that they stand as a real achievement, a landmark in the history of song. They represent, too, not the close of an old era, but the opening of a new. Why then—for the question must be asked and faced—why are they respected and admired but seldom loved? Why are we so seldom carried away, so seldom wholly convinced? He has given us the answer himself in the words he wrote to Rochlitz in 1822 (see Beethoven, by F. Kerst, p. 60.).

"Goethe lives and wants us all to live with him. It is for that reason that he can be composed. Nobody is so easy to compose as he. *But I do not like composing songs.*" What a composer is not happy in composing, singers cannot be happy in singing. Beethoven lacked those indefinable things, the singing instincts. These, if a composer does not sing, he must, if he is to succeed in song, divine through sympathy, as Schumann divined them. "Oh! What bliss to be composing songs and I have neglected it all these years. . . . I compose so fast it is almost unnatural, but I could sing myself to death like the nightingale." The gift of song comes unsought. As Wagner makes Hans Sachs say of Walther:

Lenzes Gebot,  
Die süsse Noth,  
Die legt es ihm in die Brust,  
Nun sang er, wie er musst',  
Und wie er musst', so konnt'er's.

Schubert's songs poured out of him, a stream that he could not stay. Lyric song must not come hardly to its birth. It is a wayward

and elfish thing. At the centre of its nature is some incalculable element that loves to baffle the loftiest thought, the profoundest feeling. Dame Melba, advising young singers, has written: "Do not try to sing, but sing." The message has an application to composers too, when they compose songs. Beethoven was at home with instruments, not with voices. When he turned to song he could not leave his instruments behind; he continued to think instrumentally. The melodies of "Mailed," of "Adelaide," and of others besides that of "Busslied" which has been mentioned already, are instrumental melodies; they would sound as well, some of them better, on a violin. The accompaniments too often are instrumental accompaniments. The allegro in "Adelaide" might be a piano part of a violin sonata, the same might be said of the concluding *Allegro con brio* of the Liederkreis. What makes things worse is that in the process words have to take their chance, and suffer the vain repetitions and awkward accentuations familiar to us in the formal arias of the eighteenth century. It is no good worrying about it there. If we want Handel and Bach, we must accept the conventions of their time with a good grace. But Beethoven has begun to treat words with reverence, so that the abrupt disregard of them at the conclusion of a song for the sake of an effective finish on formal lines is not easy to forgive. R. L. Stevenson discussing the blow which strikes us when reading the tragic ending of Meredith's "Richard Feverel" remarked "the fault is that the book *began to end well*."

It was possibly Beethoven's example that led Brahms sometimes astray (see Nos. 3 and 5 of the Magelone Lieder). The same blemish in Haydn's "Fidelity" and Mozart's "Abendempfindung" shocks us less simply because they belong to an earlier date; we expect less of them. But all these instances serve to mark the danger of applying to songs methods derived from instrumental compositions. Schubert's glory is that in his songs he drew melody, form, development, everything, from the poetry itself. He had no preconceptions, no theories. It seems then that though a sonata may remind us of a song, it is very dangerous in a song to remind us of a sonata. Brahms's famous "Regenlied" and "Nachklang" (Op. 59), which are derived from his own first violin sonata, are good music but not the best kind of song.

Behind all these incidental criticisms and comments the thought persists whether it is possible to write with justice about any song till one has heard it sung. After all is said, the final judgment upon any music is just the answer to the question. Does it "come off" in performance? "La Partenza" for instance, or "Der Kuss" (1822) might easily be passed over or condemned on one ground or another, but those who have heard Sir George Herschel sing the former and



Frau Joachim the latter have been taught to beware of hasty judgments. And there is another thought no less persistent, the thought of the irony of life—of Beethoven giving to song its share of his great powers and his noble ideals, and lifting it up, almost from degradation, to honour, and then of Schubert, living in the same town during the last eleven years of Beethoven's life, setting to music every piece of poetry or verse that came near him, but always the best, if he could find it, creating a hundred different forms and a hundred different styles with the ease and certainty of a magician. Some of these Beethoven came to know as he lay dying. Did he read in them any criticism of his own? They were contemporaries separated by 27 years in their birth, by only one in their death. All that Beethoven strove to do was accomplished by the younger man in ways impossible to him, for to Schubert the genius of song had whispered every one of its secrets. It is curious to reflect that the year 1816, in which Beethoven finished his *Liederkreis*, was the year in which Schubert came to Vienna, having already composed "*Der Erlkönig*" and "*Gretchen am Spinnrade*."

WALTER FORD.

## BEETHOVEN AND GEORGE THOMSON

AMONG the less known works of Beethoven are a series of Scottish, Welsh and Irish tunes to which he set accompaniments and "symphonies," as the word was used a century and a quarter ago, to the order of George Thomson, a zealous and enterprising musical amateur of Edinburgh. There are no fewer than 127 of these songs, plus three English and two Italian songs, that found their way into the collection, now published in the complete edition of Beethoven's works. They form a rather bulky part of Beethoven's output. To them he devoted a good deal of valuable time, extending over five years of his creative period. Thomson was not a publisher or a business man; he was a clerk of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Literature and Manufactures in Scotland. He was forced into the publishing business by the development of his plans to rescue the Scottish folk song. In one of his letters to Beethoven he burst out emphatically in answer to a letter of the composer in which he had spoken of Thomson as a "music seller": "Don't call me a music-seller: I sell nothing but my national airs, and those wholesale." He formed ambitious schemes for the collection, arrangement and publication of Scottish, Welsh and Irish tunes—apparently in those days there was little thought of English folk tunes, and what there was, was to the effect that they were not worth publication. Thomson himself did some collecting, in Wales; but he displayed considerably more zeal than knowledge, from a modern point of view, in his treatment of the material.

His scheme was at first concerned with Scottish airs; he wished to "furnish a collection of all the fine airs, both of the plaintive and lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones: to obtain the most suitable and finished accompaniments, with the addition of characteristic symphonies to introduce and conclude each air, and to substitute congenial and interesting songs [i.e., words] every way worthy of the music, in the room of insipid or exceptionable verses." He had the right intention "to procure the airs in their best form," but realised a difficulty here, and thought that the "original" forms could not now be obtained. But he devoted a much larger amount of his energy and funds to getting his accompaniments and "symphonies" than would now be thought necessary or, indeed, at all desirable. Thomson, as also, no doubt, all the

music-lovers of his day, considered that the value of his tunes would be immensely enhanced by their "treatment" by some noted contemporary composer, no matter whether or not he had any special knowledge of the kind of folk song he was commissioned to deal with, or any special sympathy with it. He first engaged Ignaz Pleyel, one of the best known and popular composers of the day, whose music stood as high then as it stands low now in the estimation of music lovers, and then Leopold Anton Kozeluch, whose reputation has proved to be even more unstable.

With these collaborators Thomson began his activities about 1790. One of his first ideas for popularising the Scottish tunes and extending a knowledge of them was to order from his distinguished composers sonatas in part based on such tunes as thematic material. He advertised in his first volumes of songs "Grand sonatas for pianoforte, the middle and last movements of which are founded upon Scottish subjects"—six each by Pleyel and Kozeluch. In these "the first movement of each sonata (the subject of the composer's fancy) forms a delightful variety contrasted with the familiar subjects of the middle and last movements. And the publisher flatters himself they will be found the most interesting works for the pianoforte which these composers have ever produced." Unfortunately, it will be difficult for the critic of the present day to come upon copies of these interesting works to enable him to judge and compare. In fact, the name of Kozeluch is not much more than a name to any at present; and that of Pleyel has come down to us as of one who turned to the manufacture of pianos after spending half his active life in the rather futile manufacture of music.

Pleyel soon gave out as a contributor to Thomson's undertaking; after a while the enterprising editor got Haydn, who had been doing the same thing for another publisher to take his place. With no little justified pride he announces that he was so fortunate as to engage "Dr. Haydn" to proceed with the work, "who, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the Editor, has all along wrought *con amore*." He quotes an optimistic expression conveyed to him by Haydn, in Italian: "I boast of this work and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death." Haydn's name lives still in Scotland; but there may be reasonable doubt as to how much his accompaniments to the Scottish songs have contributed thereto.

To help towards an understanding of the taste of the day, another quotation from Thomson's preface might be made. Haydn had been engaged to do only part of the songs. Should any ask, "why Haydn was not employed to do the whole work, the Editor would say that,

though he himself idolises Haydn, yet the public have long admired the other two composers also, whose style unquestionably possesses great sweetness, elegance, and taste; and that a greater variety is obtained from all than could have been expected from one of the composers."

It might also be added that in Thomson's estimation "the symphonies form an introduction and conclusion to each air, so characteristic, so elegant and so delightful, and comprise such a rich collection of new and original pieces, that they must be regarded by every musical amateur as an invaluable appendage to the airs." Nor should it be overlooked, as a final statement of Thomson's theory of folk song treatment, that "the accompaniments are admirably calculated to support the voice and to beautify the airs, without any tendency to overpower the singer. Instead of a thoroughbass denoted by figures, which very few can play with any propriety, the harmony is plainly expressed in musical notes, which every young lady may execute correctly. Here, therefore, the pianoforte will alone be found a most satisfactory accompaniment in chamber singing. At the same time, when the violin and violoncello are joined to the pianoforte, they certainly enrich the effect highly." In these first volumes the airs are printed with accompaniments and "symphonies" for the pianoforte alone. Those who desired the highly enriching effect of violin and violoncello could buy parts for those instruments separately and simply join the pianist.

Into this happy family Beethoven was finally invited to enter. It took Thomson a good while to get him; but when he finally did enter, it was something after the fashion of a bull in a china shop. By the beginning of the nineteenth century Beethoven's fame had reached Edinburgh; so that in the year 1803 Thomson wrote to order of him six of the same kind of sonatas that Pleyel and Kozeluch had so happily provided. But Beethoven's prices were higher than Thomson thought he could pay: "three hundred ducats [about £150] for six sonatas will not be too much," answered Beethoven, "seeing that in Germany they give me as much for the same number of sonatas even without accompaniment," i.e., without violin and violoncello. He loved Scottish airs particularly, he said, and would take a special pleasure in the composition of such sonatas. The negotiations went no further then; and neither then nor later did Beethoven write any Scottish sonatas. It would be interesting to speculate what such sonatas from Beethoven's hands would have been like, had not Thomson's business prudence forestalled their composition. The two Rasoumofsky quartets with movements derived from the Russian themes (Op. 59, Nos. 1 and 2) give the only clue for such speculation. There was apparently no question

at that time of accompaniments and "symphonies" to songs to be written by Beethoven. The correspondence was dropped.

Haydn had been labouring valiantly with the songs, but he was getting old; and was also beginning to suspect that Thomson was screwing him down a good deal in the matter of terms. He was ready to give up the commission. In 1806 Thomson again approached Beethoven, proposing the composition of six "easy and pleasant" string trios and six string quintets. Beethoven accepted for three of each; and in place of the other three proposed three quartets and two sonatas for "pianoforte with accompaniment"—that is, with violin—and a quintet with two violins and flute. For flute alone, or with pianoforte, he roundly declined to write, as Thomson seems to have asked him to do, because the flute was "too limited and imperfect." For all this Beethoven demanded £100. Thomson also asked him, at the same time, to do some Scottish songs; but Beethoven relegates this matter to a short postscript, in which he says he awaits "a more exact proposal"; meaning, evidently, a higher offer, for he adds that he knows well that Haydn was getting £1 per song.

But again nothing came of it; and not till three years later was there further parleying. Thomson this time sent Beethoven forty-three Welsh and Irish melodies with a request for a very speedy setting of them for pianoforte or pedal harp, violin and violoncello, accompanying the voice. Beethoven was ready himself this time with his "exact proposal": asking £10 more than Thomson had offered—£60 instead of his £50. Thomson again wanted also quintets and sonatas, but again did not offer enough to tempt the composer. Beethoven was willing to do the songs, though the task was "no great pleasure for an artist," but realising that there was in them "something useful for business." They finally came to an agreement about the terms for the songs and Thomson published the first Beethoven volume of his collection in 1814. He naturally expatiated with pride in his preface upon securing Beethoven's co-operation. He speaks of Haydn's death, and goes on:

"Of all composers that are now living, it is acknowledged by every intelligent and unprejudiced musician, that the only one who occupies the same distinguished rank with the late Haydn, is *Beethoven*. Possessing the most original genius and inventive fancy, united to profound science, refined taste and an enthusiastic love of his art—his compositions, like those of his illustrious predecessor, will bear endless repetition and afford ever new delight. To this composer, therefore, the Editor eagerly applied for symphonies and accompaniments to the Irish melodies; and to his inexpressible satisfaction, Beethoven undertook the composition. After years of anxious suspense, and teasing disap-



pointment, by the miscarriage of letters and manuscripts, owing to the unprecedented difficulty of communication between England and Vienna, the long-expected symphonies and accompaniments at last reached the Editor, three other copies having previously been lost upon the road."

The correspondence went on for a number of years, during which Beethoven worked on a large number of songs. Delivery was always slow and uncertain, because of the wars and rumours of wars that distracted Europe in those years. There was incessant chaffering about terms, Thomson always pleading poverty and the impossibility of getting his money back from his publications, Beethoven always demanding more, generally double what Thomson thought right, or what he could afford. Talk about the instrumental pieces kept up; but, as we know, Beethoven never wrote, or apparently never seriously considered writing, anything of the kind for Thomson.

One of Thomson's theories as to how the folk songs could be popularised involved getting many distinguished poets to write new words for them—a plan which makes the modern "scientific" collector writhe with anguish. Among his poets were Burns, Scott, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Opie, Samuel Rogers, and several others whose names loomed larger a century ago than they do now. He had what seem now strange ideas about what the poets needed to guide them in fitting their verses to the airs, as well as what the musicians needed to fit their accompaniments and symphonies to them. Sometimes the poets knew nothing of the tunes and sometimes the musicians knew nothing of the texts. Sometimes Thomson sent the poet a line or a stanza of the original words that were to be superseded, as a model for rhythm and metre. In other cases the poet, as well as the musician, got only the tune and some indication of the tempo and character of the music, such as might be suggested by the words "allegro," or "moderato," or "affetuoso," or "scherzoso." Beethoven, in one of his letters, complains of the ambiguity of the word "andantino," which, he says, may mean either faster or slower than "andante." He is often quite dissatisfied with the sparing indications of the character of the songs he is to work on, and more than once asks for the complete words. In one letter, he says:

"I urgently beg you always to add the texts to the Scottish songs. I do not understand how you, who are a connoisseur, cannot understand that I should produce quite different compositions if I had the texts at hand; and that the songs never can become perfect products unless you send me the texts. Unless you do you will force me, in the end, to decline your commissions."

Thomson's ideas about "improving" the words of the songs strike the modern lover of folk song as peculiar. In a letter to Burns, proposing the task, he says he wants "the poetry improved for some charming melodies"; and declares himself in favour of verses in English instead of the Scottish vernacular, because "English becomes more and more the language of Scotland." Burns promptly accepted the invitation; but says he will accept no "wages, fee or hire," and would alter no songs unless he could "amend them"; and if his own were not approved, they could be rejected without offence: "I have long ago made up my mind as to my reputation of authorship," he writes to Thomson, "and have nothing to be pleased or offended at in your adoption or rejection of my verses." Thomson seems to have had the best of the arrangements with Burns, at any rate. He altered his verses when it suited him to do so, added stanzas, changed rhythms by inserting or removing words, and adapted verses to unauthorised tunes. Burns advised him to "let our native airs preserve their native features"; but Thomson had the notion of the day that "improvement" was necessary.

Thomson's proceedings with Burns's poem "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" were among those least to the modern taste. Burns contributed the poem to this collection; the tune is not one of those assigned to Beethoven for setting, as it was disposed of before he began to work for the Scottish editor. Burns wrote the verses to the old tune of "Hey tutti tattie"; and in a letter to Thomson called them "a kind of Scots' ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning"—that is, Bruce's to his followers before the battle of Bannockburn. But Thomson did not like the tune and considered it "utterly devoid of interest or grandeur"; so he adopted another one in his publication. As this was in a different metre, a foot had to be added to every fourth line of Burns' song! Burns seems to have had no remedy, and Thomson printed it in his own improved version three years after the poet's death. Then Thomson saw the light, after there had been an acrimonious public discussion, admitted his error, and in his next volume reprinted "Scots wha hae" with a note to the effect that the tune Burns had selected "gave more energy to the words" than his own choice. And so, thenceforth, the words have been married in the hearts and mouths of all Scotsmen to that tune.

The matter of prices was never dropped in the correspondence between Thomson and Beethoven, Beethoven always demanding more, Thomson always protesting that he could not pay so much. Beethoven recurs to Haydn and what he was paid, or said he was paid—and, at that, "he wrote only for the pianoforte and one violin

alone, without ritornellos and without 'cello." A charming touch is given in his reference to "Monsieur Kozeluch," who worked for lower prices; he ironically congratulates his correspondent thereon and also the English and Scottish publishers, if they liked that sort of thing. He values himself twice as much in this line as Monsieur Kozeluch (with the thoroughly Beethovenish parenthesis, "Miserabilis") and he hoped that Thomson could discriminate between them, which would enable him to do him, Beethoven, justice.

Thomson in his letters to Beethoven is also constantly urging him to greater simplicity in his writing. He realises that there is not one of his accompaniments "but is marked with the stamp of genius, learning and taste. Certain of the accompaniments, however, will fail to please, because the taste of the public is not sufficiently refined to appreciate their excellence." Will Beethoven, therefore, oblige by altering here and there? Thomson is willing to grant extra pay for such changes. "Your great predecessor, Haydn, invited me to point out frankly everything which was likely not to please the national taste, and very readily altered all those to which I took exception." Thomson then specifies nine airs in which he thought alteration was necessary. Here is an instance: "In this song there is not one pianoforte player in a hundred who could make both hands go properly together in the first ritornello; I mean, play four notes with one hand and three with the other at the same time." In another case the "style" is complained of: "the accompaniment is brilliant and the runs totally unsuited to a tender and plaintive air." He apologises for such candid criticism, "which is not from personal prejudice, but is only for the success of the work." In his next letter he still complains of the difficulties of Beethoven's writing: "there is not one young lady in a hundred who will do so much as look at the accompaniment, if it is ever so little difficult."

But Beethoven, alas! was not a Haydn. He was emphatically not willing to oblige; and having written a thing in his way, he intended that it should stay so. His answer ran: "I regret that I am unable to oblige you. I am not accustomed to tinker my compositions!" But he did get so far as to re-write the accompaniments and ritornellos of all the nine songs complained of—and sent in a bill for doing it, much to Thomson's disgust. "I am surprised at your re-writing nine ritornellos and accompaniments," was the answer he got, "and making me pay 27 ducats [about £13 10s.] when there were only three that needed re-writing. I never imagined you would have any objection to making the very slight alterations I desired in the other six airs."

Notwithstanding all these woes and misunderstandings, and though he found Beethoven a very different character from the docile Haydn,

and still more different from the tame cats with whom he had begun his enterprise, Thomson persevered. He proposed to Beethoven an additional six English songs which he described as "ditties for young females." Beethoven never worked upon the ditties for young females. Whether in order to escape, or because his name and fame had by this time risen to greater financial values, he answered Thomson that he considered the honorarium he offered totally inadequate. Thomson thereupon burst out in indignation at what he considered Beethoven's "extortionate demands"—"nearly three times what you asked two years ago." Nothing daunted, Thomson in 1811 asked Beethoven to write not only more song accompaniments, but also a cantata based on James Thomson's "Battle of the Baltic," and an oratorio. Beethoven was ready to undertake the cantata for 60 ducats, and the oratorio for 600; but he made the condition that in the cantata there should be no unfriendly words about the Danes—as, in fact, there are not—and that the text of the oratorio should be "singulièrement bien fait." Nothing, of course, ever came of either.

Among the songs arranged by Beethoven are some of the best known of Scottish and Irish tunes, as: "Faithfu' Johnnie," "Bonnie Laddie," "Garyone" (twice), "Let Brainspinning Swains," "O Erin, to thy Harp Divine," "St. Patrick's Day," "The Banner of Buccleuch," "Auld Lang Syne," "God Save the King," "The Soldier" (better known to the words "The Minstrel to the Wars has Gone"), "O Sanctissima" (called "Sicilian Folk-Song," sung nowadays as a hymn-tune) and "Robin Adair." "Sally in our Alley" also appears, with the true English folk-tune to which Carey's words were adapted (and to which they are now sung) after his own air was abandoned about the middle of the eighteenth century. There are also several sets of simple variations for pianoforte alone, or with flute or violin, devised by Beethoven on airs of various nationalities, for Thomson's collections.

At this late day it is hard to see how the public of that time could have been so enamoured of the accompaniments and "symphonies" of Pleyel and Kozeluch as Thomson says it was; or could have hesitated a moment between them and Haydn's. Both presented only the baldest possible outline of accompaniment, reduplicating the tune with "tum tum" chords in the bass. Even in many of Haydn's the right hand duplicates the air, but usually with some harmonic enrichment. The obstreperous Beethoven went to greater lengths in devising independent figures and in making his work of an independent artistic value, even to the extent of perplexing the young females of the day. But his accompaniments and ritornellos seem now, for the most part, pretty simple, little differentiated in accordance with the character of the song. There is often, or generally, an independent

part, and by no means always a literal duplication of the tune. There is an effort to obtain a variety of figuration—no doubt the cause of some of Thomson's moans about the difficulty of the work. In the accompaniments for a trio, of pianoforte, violin and 'cello, the strings do not as a rule double the pianoforte part, and there is something lost in presenting them for pianoforte alone, as Thomson did in his later quarto editions. All this should be said in justice to Beethoven, as well as to put in their places Pleyel and Kozeluch, who were so well matched to the musical stature of Thomson's young ladies. But it need not be supposed that Beethoven, after all, contributed much to Thomson's publications that he had great reason to be proud of. What Beethoven really thought of the business may be gathered from a remark he made in a letter to an Austrian friend, Hauschka, that he "had to do a lot of scribbling for bread and for money"—the "scribbling" being, as Thayer interprets it, nothing other than his folk-song arrangements for Thomson. It may be remarked that Beethoven prudently refrained from calling it "scribbling" in his letters to his Scottish correspondent. It seems to-day mostly hack work, though it may be the hack work of a genius; such work as almost any well-schooled conservatory pupil could do about as well. There is not much that seems to reflect or to intensify the spirit of the folk-songs. It seems all too plainly to be work done with the composer's eye firmly fixed on the English pound sterling that had so stable a value in days when values such as the "Wiener Währung" were crumbling; something "useful for business." In other words, to quote one of his own most withering remarks about an unfortunate contemporary, who was thereby swept out of consideration, he "wrote for money." There may be, of course, degrees in "writing for money," a difference in the degree to which money is the controlling factor. If Beethoven's own expressions, frequently recurring in his letters to Thomson, may be believed, he had a real interest in the Scottish folk-songs. On the other hand, they seem to have made little impression upon him as musical material; and he never recurred to them as anything to touch upon in his own compositions. This Scottish episode in his life seems to have made only a transitory effect upon anything except his bank account.

RICHARD ALDRICH.



## BEETHOVEN AS A COMPOSER OF OPERA

*Fidelio*, oder die Eheliche Liebe, Beethoven's solitary contribution to the German lyric stage, was first produced in Vienna on 20th November, 1805, during the French occupation of the capital. After three performances it was withdrawn and its failure gave rise to the romantic legend, which is quite unsubstantiated by the known facts, that the disappointment caused Beethoven to abandon his operatic ambitions for ever. Even if it were not inherently improbable that a man of his sanguine temperament would be permanently discouraged by an initial set-back, the legend is refuted a thousand times over in his letters and in the records of his friends. Beethoven pestered every literary man of his acquaintance with requests for libretti. In many instances the details were discussed with enthusiasm; in some the text was produced, violently criticised by the exacting composer, revised, and then put on one side—to be forgotten in favour of some new project. After a hundred years we may forgive the waywardness of genius, which, like Nature herself, must be copious to wastefulness in order to create. To the unfortunate authors, who had spent much labour in their books, his conduct seemed less excusable, and among the many quarrels of Beethoven's life was one with Heinrich Collin, the author of *Coriolan*, who undertook, among other things, to produce a version of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, which was abandoned in the middle of the second act as being "too gloomy." We need not doubt the sincerity of Beethoven's intentions. At a suggestion his imagination caught fire. The general plan of a work and ideas for its details would flash through his mind. But, at least in the case of his operatic projects, his enthusiasm burnt itself out quickly, like straw. His sincerity is proved, indeed, by the petition, addressed in 1807 to the Directors of the Vienna Opera, in which, after insisting that his artistic ideals are untainted by any thought of gain, he proposes to bind himself "to compose annually at least one grand opera, to be chosen jointly by the Honourable Management and the undersigned (himself), in consideration of which he asks for a fixed salary of 2,400 florins together with the enjoyment, free of charges, of the takings at the third performance of each such opera." The Directors, who included Princes Lobkowitz and Esterhazy—men who were not likely to oppose any reasonable proposal from Beethoven—were evidently better judges than himself of his powers to fulfil the proposed contract, for his petition remained officially unanswered.

In addition to their knowledge of "the composer's well-known increasing infirmity of hearing, his habits of procrastination, and above all his inability, so often proved, to keep the peace with orchestra and singers,"\* the Directors may well have doubted his ability to write operas. The "princely rabble" did what they could to make it up to him by commissioning works or arranging concerts for his benefit. Even this kindly rebuff failed to check Beethoven's operatic ambitions, and he continued to make the lives of his literary friends a burden to them by his alternate demands and criticisms until in the last year of his own life, the long-suffering Grillparzer's *Melusine* was added to the number of abandoned opera-books with which the composer's path is strewn.

Mere irresolution and the excessive difficulty, which Beethoven experienced in the effort of creation, will not alone explain his failure to produce another opera. Nor does the familiar excuse suffice, that he never found a *libretto* which suited him. He did, in fact, profess himself satisfied with several *libretti*, after the exasperated authors had submitted to his criticisms and emendations. But always they were laid aside—usually on the ground that some other composer had produced, or was about to produce, an opera on the same or a similar subject. One cannot imagine an enthusiastic composer of opera abandoning his schemes on such a pretext in an age when it was no more uncommon for a *libretto* to be used by several composers than it had been for the tragic poets of Athens to present year after year their individual variations on the same old themes. Indeed, had Beethoven been consistent in his refusal to use a text already set by some other composer, the operatic stage would be the poorer by one great musical work, which is also the sole surviving monument of the generation which elapsed between the death of Mozart and the production of *Der Freischütz*.

The original *libretto* of *Fidelio* was adapted by Joseph Ferdinand von Sonnleithner from a French book by J. N. Bouilly, who was also the author of the text of Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*.† Bouilly's *Leonore* was set to music first by Pierre Gaveaux and was produced in Paris. An Italian version with music by Ferdinand Paër was presented, under the title of *Eleanora*, at Dresden in 1804. A performance of Paër's opera first acquainted Beethoven with the story of the faithful wife, Leonore, who, disguised as a young man,

\*Thayer's *Life*. (Krehbiel.) Vol. II., p. 100.

† *Les Deux Journées*, more familiarly known in England as *The Water Carrier*, was produced in 1800, and achieved great popularity.

apprenticed herself to a gaoler and effected the release from prison of her husband, Florestan, who had been secretly and wrongfully incarcerated by Pizarro, the governor of the prison. It is said that Bouilly derived the plots of both *Leonore* and *Les Deux Journées* from actual incidents which came to his notice while he was governor of a Department during the Terror. The type of plot was in vogue at the time, and the Germans, with their genius for categorisation, have invented the word *Rettungsstück* (Rescue-piece) as a label for it. The characters of *Leonore* are ordinary men and women (that is, not heroic figures or enchanted beings) in everything except their intense pre-occupation with goodness or with villainy. Indeed there is no essential difference between the story of Florestan's rescue by Leonore and the thousands of popular rescues of innocent men effected, in the nick of time, by virtuous young women, who are, however, usually unmarried until the end of the film.

We need not enter here into the question of the modifications made by Sonnleithner in his adaptation of Bouilly's text. He followed his original very closely, but added to the number of musical movements. The resulting *libretto* was in every respect a thoroughly bad one. The first act was taken up with an underplot concerning the minor characters—Marzelline, the gaoler's daughter, and her lover, Jaquino, who is jealous of the obvious, though psychologically improbable, attraction exercised upon the girl by the disguised Leonore. This thin comedy of jealousy, flirtatiousness and embarrassment—for Leonore is no "Mariandel" ready to enter into the fun of the thing, even if that kind of humour fitted her situation—makes an inordinately long and in the main irrelevant exposition. The real action only begins with the entry of Pizarro in the second act, and such little information as we have been given about it, could have been disclosed with far more brevity and point. Florestan himself does not appear until the third (and last) act, and it is only here that there is any real tension in the drama.

Mozart himself could not have made a success of such a *libretto*. He might—supposing him to have set it as it stands—have written more lively and characteristic music for the first act, which would have carried it off by its intrinsic merit. But he could not have overcome the formal weakness of the drama, which would inevitably have been reflected by a corresponding weakness in the musical form. Beethoven's acceptance of this *libretto* is the first proof of his inherent lack of a sense of the theatre, however much he may have been stage-struck. We must digress for a moment to differentiate between music which may be called *dramatic* and music which is effective in the theatre or, to use the word without any derogatory implication, *theatrical*. For no one will deny, in the face of the

C minor Symphony or the "Leonore No. 3" Overture, that Beethoven was capable of writing dramatic music. The drama is, however, not of a kind which can be presented in the theatre, where the conflict, even if it is one of ideas, must be embodied in the actions of rational human beings—rational, at least, according to the conventions adopted by the individual dramatist. The conflict presented in the C minor Symphony and in the Overture is one between spiritual forces, which can hardly and certainly need not be put into words, since they are of a kind which is best and most completely expressed in terms of music. Beethoven did not require, to quote Paul Becker, "the intermediary of outward actions and events which the poet"—and, I may add, the operatic composer—"needs for the presentation of his ideas." He could pierce below the exterior circumstances of the drama to its heart, and present its inward meaning in a way at once fuller and more concise, than the composer who is hampered by its externals and the comparatively gross unprecision of a verbal text. To put it in another way, he dealt with the things of the soul directly, and not, as the operatic composer must, through the medium of the body. So we cannot imagine his clinching a stage situation by his music with the sure touch of theatrical composers like Mozart, Verdi or Wagner.

If the use of Sonnleithner's text exposes the essentially untheatrical character of Beethoven's mind, it also indicates for us what kind of opera he desired to write. He was the child of his time and one of the greatest exponents of its ideas. The turn of the century had brought with it an all-pervading revolution of thought, of which the political revolution in France was but one of the active manifestations. The movement of *Sturm und Drang*, which had at times influenced even the typically eighteenth-century Mozart, resulted in an increased seriousness of outlook. Cynicism and frivolity gave place, at some expense of humour, to the opposite extreme. Beethoven was not alone in thinking *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* trivial and even immoral productions unworthy of a great composer. It seems to have occurred to no one that *Figaro*, even in da Ponte's adaptation, castigates immorality and glorifies faithful love. The nineteenth century wished to do the glorification and leave the immorality discreetly out of sight. The feat is nowhere performed with better success than in Sonnleithner's blameless book. It is true that there is a villain, Pizarro; but his villainy consists of a nothing but highly concentrated detestation of Florestan. It is the villainy of a maniac obsessed by one idea, not the wickedness of a rational human being. I have never been able to discover exactly why he imprisoned Leonore's husband—unless it was to provide a rescue-scene for an opera-book—but one thing is certain: we need not *chercher la femme*.

There is, of course, no reason why a good opera—good, that is, from the æsthetic point of view—should not be based upon these exalted ideals. It had already been done in *Die Zauberflöte*, which Beethoven thought would always remain the greatest of Mozart's works. The persons of that magic story were as real and as vivid to Beethoven as are the characters of Dickens to many Englishman. He nicknamed his friend Schindler "Papageno," and referred to his sister-in-law as "The Queen of the Night." Professor Dent has suggested that Leonore and Florestan are the realistic counterparts of the idealised figures of Pamina and Tamino. That is true to the extent that the two stories are variants—poles apart in manner—of the same theme. But the materialisation of the characters in Sonnleithner's book has involved the loss of that magic which makes Schikaneder's fairy-tale so perfect a skeleton for music to clothe with flesh and blood. It would be going too far to say that Sonnleithner's book is a drama able to stand on its own feet without the aid of a musical setting. But it only falls short of that by reason of its badness as drama and not because it fulfils the requirements of an opera-book. It does not conform in the least degree to the prime *desideratum* of a libretto, which Professor Dent has defined as "a drama constructed upon the interaction of 'musical' personalities," that is, "personalities of such a type that music is their normal and natural mode of self-expression."\* The natural mode of self-expression for Florestan and Leonore seems to me to be declamatory speech, which may account in part for the curious phenomenon, observed by several critics, that some of the most crucial moments in *Fidelio* are enacted with spoken words and without music, and yet are profoundly moving.

Beethoven, whose mind was not only untheatrical but also unoperatic (in the sense that he did not see that an opera must be a drama based on musical personalities), evidently wanted to use an ordinary drama and to superimpose his music upon it. He was critical, as any intelligent man must be, of the faults of the average opera-book, and, also like many other intelligent men, failed to see that a text intended for music must differ essentially from a drama pure and simple, if one partner or other in the transaction between composer and poet is not to suffer. He had before him the examples of Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, and saw in the direction of realism a way of escape from the existing conventions, by which he was unwilling to be bound. But even Beethoven's genius was unable to overcome the fundamental error of his choice, especially as his gifts were not those of an operatic composer. Perhaps it is fortunate that

\**Mozart's Operas*, by E. J. Dent, p. 13.



he was also a man of poor literary taste\* and could overlook the flaws in Sonnleithner's book, since a perception of them would have probably robbed us of this interesting and at times magnificent essay in a medium for which he was not fitted.

It is interesting to note, if I may hark back for a moment to the comparison with *Die Zauberflöte*, that Beethoven definitely abjured magic as a possible element in the *libretti* he wished to set. He considered heroic and mythical subjects like *The Return of Ulysses*, *Macbeth* and *Faust*, but tales of romantic enchantment did not appeal to him. He objected to a proposed *libretto* by Collin, called *Alcina*, on this very ground. "As to the question of magic," he wrote, "I cannot deny that I am prejudiced against that sort of thing, because it so often demands that both emotion and intellect shall be put to sleep." He did not perceive that the magical element can both raise the imagination to the highest power and provide the composer with most suitable material for musical expression. He wished to present the dramatic conflict in the literal terms of realism and not in romantic metaphors. Bouilly's plot exactly fulfilled his requirements. It dealt with contemporary life in a realistic way. Even the solution of the problem at the end by the arrival of the Minister of State is given an air of probability, and, for all that he is none other than our old friend, the *deus ex machina* in disguise, his intervention is made to appear a stroke of providence and not a supernatural interference with the affairs of men. Although, therefore, *Fidelio* may in one sense be said to follow up the idealism of *Die Zauberflöte*, it belongs to a very different *genre*. It is actually more nearly akin, in another sense, to the *verismo* of Italian opera in the early years of the present century. To Beethoven Pizarro and Rocco, Leonore and Florestan were as real and as contemporary as the consul in *Madame Butterfly* and the sheriff in *La Fanciulla del West* were to Puccini. There is this vital difference, however: whereas the characters in the modern operas are individual human beings, Leonore and Pizarro are types actuated by a single and simple emotion, faithful love on the one side and unreasoning hatred on the other. Beethoven was attracted by this contrast between absolute good and absolute bad, which provides excellent material for expression in "absolute" music, and overlooked the absence of individuality in the characters and the poverty of dramatic situations.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to examine in detail the various revisions to which Beethoven's opera was subjected. Briefly, the history of these attempts to improve the work is as

\* One trembles to think what the opera would have been like, for which Beethoven proposed in one of his fits of enthusiasm to write the book!

follows. After the initial failure in 1805, the text was revised by Stefan von Breuning, who reduced its three acts to two. This curtailed version was produced in 1806 with more success, but was withdrawn almost immediately owing to a quarrel between Beethoven, who seems to have been entirely in the wrong, and Baron von Braun, at that time the Director of the theatre. Before this disagreement arose, Beethoven was complaining to Sebastian Mayer\*, who sang the part of Pizarro, of the lack of rehearsal and the bad playing of the orchestra, who "deliberately" ignored the composer's dynamic marks. His complaints are hardly reasonable, for he did not produce the revised score of the opera until the last moment. The knowledge of incidents like this may well have had some influence on the decision of von Braun's successors to ignore Beethoven's petition in the following year.

After its withdrawal, the opera remained on the shelf until 1814, when Beethoven was at the height of his fame. Three singers of the Kärnthnertor Theatre asked that they should be allowed to revive *Fidelio* for their "benefit." He generously agreed to the proposal, but was unwilling that it should be performed as it stood. He submitted the text to Friedrich Treitschke, the stage-manager and poet of the theatre. Treitschke was a man of some ability, both literary and in other directions, for he seems to have been chiefly responsible for keeping the composer to his purpose of revising the work. Beethoven's letters to Treitschke make it clear that he found the task difficult and burdensome. "The opera," he writes, "is gaining me a martyr's crown. Had you not taken so much trouble and so improved everything, I could scarcely have forced myself to it! You have thereby saved something from a stranded ship! . . . I shall go ahead now until all is finished, also quite changed by you, and for the better; and of this I become more and more aware every moment. Still it does not go as quickly as if it were something new." Elsewhere he speaks of his determination to "restore the crumbling ruins of an old castle," and again: "the whole business of the opera is the most troublesome in the world, for I am dissatisfied with most of it, and there is scarcely a number in it to which I have not been compelled to tack on *some satisfaction* to my present *dissatisfaction*. It is a very different matter when one can give oneself up to free reflection and inspiration."

Treitschke's recension adheres to the two-act scheme of von Breuning. According to his own account he re-wrote most of the dialogue, with Sonnleithner's permission, making it as "succinct and clear as possible—an essential thing in the case of *Singspiele*." The

\*Mayer (or Meier) was the second husband of Josepha Weber, the eldest sister of Aloysia Lange and Constanze Mozart, and the original singer of "The Queen of the Night."

The first act is considerably strengthened dramatically by the introduction of Pizarro and the extension of the final scenes into a broad operatic finale. The first five numbers, dealing with the sub-plot, remain as pointless, dramatically, as ever; but the general result is a great improvement on the original and on von Breuning's bluepencilings, which had no other purpose than to reduce the unwieldy length of the work. The second act needed less radical alteration and Treitschke's chief contribution to it is the change of scene for the finale from the dungeon to the open air, which gives greater point to Florestan's release.

The general effect of these alterations is not only a tightening-up of the dramatic action, but also a vast improvement in the text as a basis for musical treatment. On Beethoven's part it resulted inevitably in a certain unevenness of style. He had developed enormously in the eight years which had elapsed since the previous performances of the operas. During this interval five of his great symphonies (Nos. 4 to 8) had been written. It was hardly to be expected that he would recapture the mood of his first inspiration. We must beware how we apply the word "spontaneity" to any work by Beethoven. Becker speaks of a loss of this quality in the revised sections of the work, but one may well doubt its existence in the original, of which Thayer says, "every number was the tardy result of persevering labour—of the most painstaking study."\* Nor can the unevenness of style be wholly attributed to the lapse of time between the two versions. There is an enormous difference of style between the quartet in canon (No. 3) and Rocco's "Gold" aria, which immediately follows it. The quartet, one of the finest things in the whole opera, is a magnificent example of Beethoven's art, but the gaoler's *buffo* air speaks much the same language as the songs of Papageno or even Leporello. I suggest that these differences are due to Beethoven's inexperience of opera and in part to his lack of interest in the minor characters, which resulted in his falling back upon existing formulae when he wrote the music for them.

As a whole, the final version of *Fidelio* is infinitely superior to that of 1805 in instrumental colour, in the dynamic gradations and in general dramatic expression. Experience had taught the composer more about the setting of words to music† and the treatment of the

\**Op. cit.* Vol. II., p. 46.

† In this connection one may note the curious doubling of the word "namen" ("O namen—namenlose Freude") in the duet, which follows Pizarro's *exit* in Act II (No. 15). Becker attributes this to the fact that the music of this number is adapted from a trio written for a previous operatic project in collaboration with Schikaneder. The words, he suggests, have been forced to suit the melody. But he seems to have overlooked the precisely similar doubling of the word in Leonore's part in the canon-quartet in Act I (No. 3), for which no such excuse can be advanced.

human voice, though in this he was never fully a master, since he regarded the voice too much as if it were another instrument in the orchestra. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Anna Milder, the original Leonore, prevailed upon him to modify some of the more uncouth phrases in her part.

Although Beethoven clearly did not possess the power of dramatic characterisation which enabled Mozart and Wagner to delineate in a few strokes the individuality of the least personages in their operas, he was able to rise to the occasion when faced with the big moments of *Fidelio*. The quartet already mentioned is in reality an undramatic piece of music. As operatic writing, it is inferior to the quartet in the last act of *Rigoletto*, which resembles it to the extent that both sum up from varying points of view of four persons an emotional crisis in the dramatic action. Beethoven's is a fine piece of music, but it does not produce in the listener the feeling of tension and of conflict which he gets from Verdi's *ensemble*. Yet, almost as though by a stroke of good fortune, the quartet in *Fidelio* does achieve a very distinct dramatic effect. For its grandeur suddenly raises us far above the comparatively mediocre level of the duet between Jaquino and Marzellina and the latter's air. In this way it serves to emphasize the importance of Leonore, who has made her first entry during the intervening dialogue, and throws into strong relief the nobility of her character.

Leonore's character is naturally the focus of Beethoven's interest and, within limits, it is well drawn. For her personality does not develop during the drama. It is static, a type rather than an individuality. It is precisely here, in his power of depicting a single and uncomplicated emotional impulse, that Beethoven's genius differs from that of the true operatic composer. Leonore's heroism and the meaningless gusts of Pizarro's fury do not require the use of psychological subtleties. The expression of extremes of good and evil is all that is needed. While, therefore, it is true to say that the music of *Fidelio* often reaches a high dramatic level, it is equally true that it is seldom theatrical, in the sense of the word already defined above. Theoretically, as I have already indicated, the work is a drama pure and simple rather than an opera-book, though Treitschke's revisions made it more "operatic." But, in fact, the characters possess so little individuality that they owe such life as they have entirely to the music.

The musical drama in the opera—as opposed to what, for want of a better technical term, we must call the literary drama—is of such a kind that it is capable of being expressed as fully and even to better advantage in absolute music without the hampering apparatus of words and scenic presentation. Hence it has become a commonplace

of musical criticism to say that the dramatic situation of *Fidelio* has been summed up with far more mastery and concision in the Overture "Leonore No. 3" than in the opera itself. The dictum would be applied with even greater accuracy to the Overture No. 2, which is nothing more or less than a symphonic poem, and as such is an important landmark in musical history.

Is it too much to suggest that it was an intuitive realisation that his gift of dramatic expression in music lay rather in the direction of the Overture (the idea of a symphonic poem had not come into being) rather than in the theatre itself, led Beethoven to abandon all his various operatic schemes, in spite of his ambition to shine also in that form? Whether that is so or not, it is to the Overtures and to the *Egmont* music that we must look for the finest expression of that side of his genius. Yet *Fidelio* remains a remarkable work, interesting as the sole operatic experiment of a man who was a giant in the other spheres of musical composition, and able, after a hundred years, to retain its place in the repertory\* by reason of its musical quality. Thayer has summed it up admirably in the words, "Inborn genius for musical composition, untiring industry, and the ambition to rival Cherubini in his own field, sufficiently explains the extraordinary merits of this work of Beethoven; want of practice and experience in operatic writing, its defects." To which I would only add that Beethoven's genius did not lie in this direction, or we should surely have had more operas from his pen.

DYNELEY HUSKEY.

\*I speak, of course, of the German opera-houses. *Fidelio* has not been staged at Covent Garden since 1910. It was given in London at the Scala Theatre by the Royal Carl Rosa Company in 1924 with Miss Eva Turner as Leonore. One is glad to see that the occasion of the centenary celebrations has been signalled by the inclusion of the work in the repertory for the London Opera Syndicate's season this year.



[illegible]

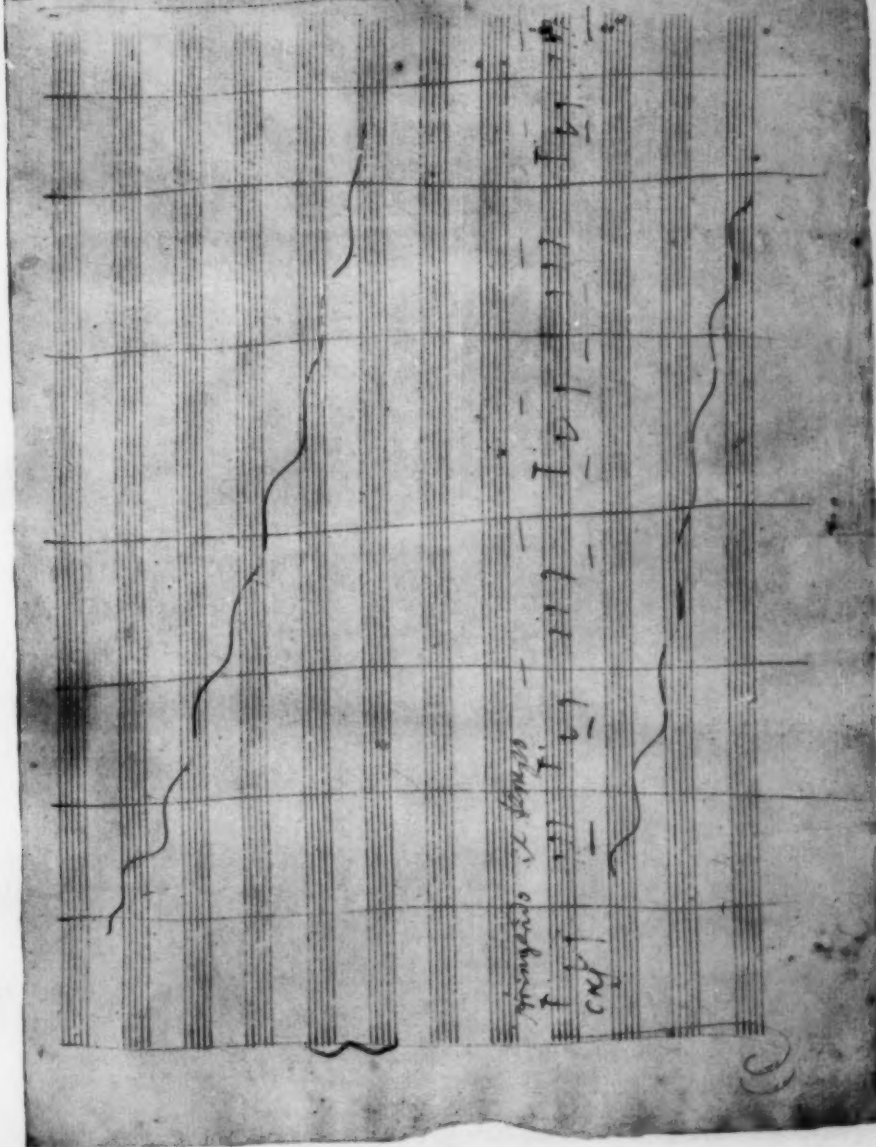
Handwritten musical score on aged, stained paper. The score is written on ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The handwriting is in cursive. The paper shows signs of wear, including tears and discoloration.

Handwritten text on the left margin: *From Notebook for Anna, A.D. 1840*

Handwritten text on the right margin: *Anna*

Handwritten text in the center: *Anna*

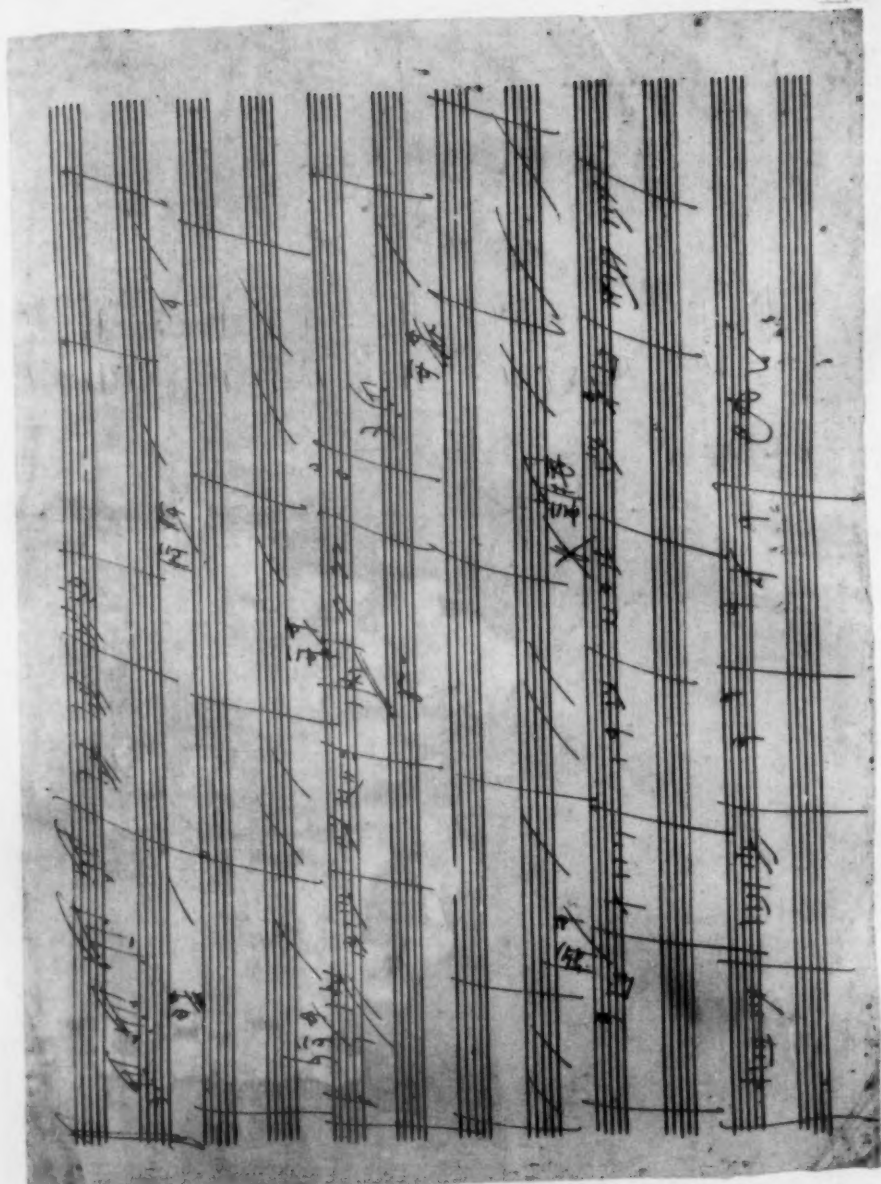
Handwritten text at the bottom: *Anna*



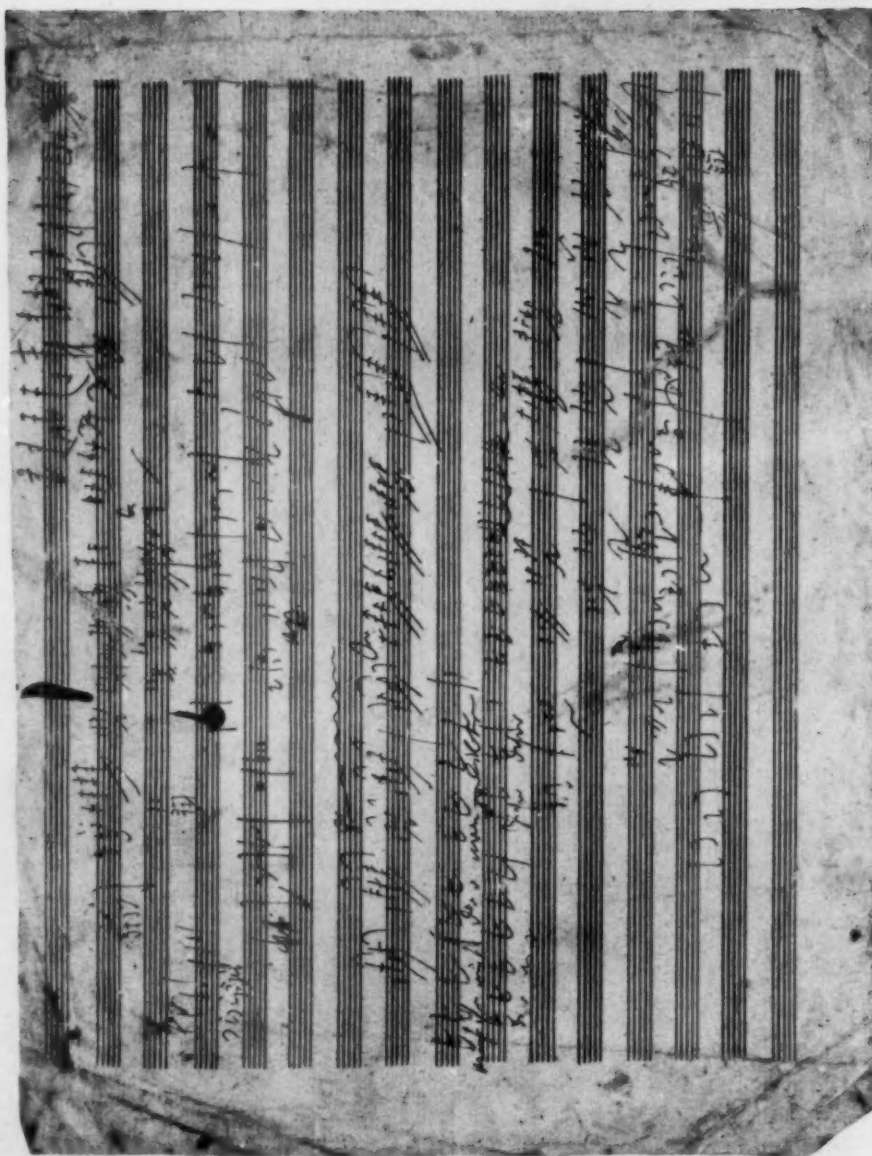
A handwritten musical score on aged, stained paper. The score consists of ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and clefs. There are several large, stylized letters (possibly 'H', 'B', 'C') written above the staves. The paper shows signs of wear, including tears and discoloration. The handwriting is in ink and appears to be from the 18th or 19th century.

Handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring multiple staves and musical notation. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The notation includes various musical symbols, such as notes, rests, and clefs, arranged across several staves. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and wear along the edges. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The notation includes various musical symbols, such as notes, rests, and clefs, arranged across several staves. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and wear along the edges.





A handwritten musical score on aged, slightly stained paper. The score consists of ten staves. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values, rests, and bar lines. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is dense, with many notes and rests. The paper shows signs of age, including creases and discoloration. The handwriting is in dark ink, and the overall appearance is that of a historical manuscript.



## AUTOGRAPHS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. EDWARD SPEYER

### PLATE 1.

#### *Facsimile of a Letter.*

One page, small quarto, no place or date [Vienna, between 1796 and 1800] to Baron Nikolaus Zmeskall von Domanovecz, in Vienna. Baron Zmeskall, a distinguished musical amateur, was the life-long and trusted friend of Beethoven. Beethoven's letters and notes to him are full of fun and high spirits (—and "misprints"). Beethoven could never cut a quill properly, and, the days for steel pens not yet having come, he often turned to Zmeskall for help.

*Original.*—Seine des Herrn von Z. haben sich etwas zu beeilen mit dem ausrupfen ihrer (darunter auch wahrscheinlich einige fremde) Federn, man hofft, sie werden ihnen nicht zu fest angewachsen sein—sobald sie alles thun was wir wünschen wollen, sind wir mit vorzügliche Achtung.

ihr F

BEETHOVEN.

*Translation.*—His Excellency the Baron von. Z. will have somewhat to bestir himself with the pulling out of his feathers (among which there are probably some borrowed ones). It is hoped they will not stick to him too fast. As long as you are ready to fulfil our wishes, we shall always remain with particular esteem.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

### PLATES II, III, IV, V.

#### *The Coda of the Scherzo of the Ninth Symphony.*

These pages represent the last two sheets of the autograph score in the Royal Library in Berlin, from which two sheets are missing. An inscription (not shown here) on the autograph states that they were presented, June 14, 1846, by J. Moscheles to H. Phillips, the English singer (1801—76). To Moscheles they were presented, September 14, 1827, by Schindler. In Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*, first edition, p. 140, noté, is a statement that he possessed (in 1840) the autograph score of the Ninth Symphony.

The following letter dealing with three points in the score of the Ninth Symphony naturally finds a place here:—

*To the Editor of MUSIC AND LETTERS.*

DEAR SIR,—A facsimile of the autograph of the Ninth Symphony has recently been published, complete all except the last sheet of the scherzo which is in the possession of Mr. Edward Speyer, who sent it to the publishers, who, however, have not included it in the copies so far issued.

Three points of great importance are raised by this facsimile, and a closer scrutiny would reveal many other interesting details. The following notes are made from memory, and while I am certain of the essential facts I shall be glad of correction in detail, and shall consider the object of these remarks achieved if they incite Mr. Speyer and my friends at Mainz and other musical scholars who may have opportunity to visit Mainz, to collect and digest the whole evidence on these lines.

1. The return to D in the first movement, where the material of the introduction comes fortissimo on a chord of the sixth of D major with a long roll of the drum, shows the following points: (a) The drum-roll was at first merely continuous and did not go down to A at the end of each fourth bar. But as soon as, or soon after, Beethoven saw the necessity for that dip to help the theme, he felt uneasy about the basses, and changed their tremolo into the following important thematic rhythm, or something like it:



2. As is well known, Beethoven changed his mind about the notation of the trio of the scherzo, having first thought of it as in 2-4 bars. It is perhaps not so well known that he did not change his mind until at least the whole movement was fully scored, and that he had to strike out every odd bar stroke, even in Mr. Speyer's last leaf\*. The old dispute as to whether the tempo should be *minim*=116 or *semibreve*=116, never had any sense in it, and originated (as Sir Charles Stanford pointed out in a letter to the *Times* a few years ago) in the fact that the tail of the *minim* was rather imperfectly printed in the first edition. The musical sense of the join between scherzo and trio could never have been doubted

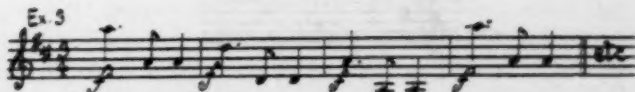
\* I see, from the facsimile here printed, that I was mistaken. Beethoven must have already made his decision when he came to the Coda.



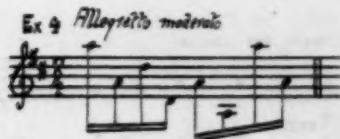
by any musical person. The passage, which for convenience I put in Beethoven's first notation,



is obviously a transformation of



whereas at twice the pace it means nothing but



which is nonsense.

Unfortunately the metronome mark for the trio is the same as that for the scherzo: viz., Scherzo, dotted-minim=116; Trio, minim=116; and while this expresses Beethoven's intention as to the general impression produced by the tempo relation, it ignores the all important fact that a big *stringendo* had led from the 3-4 bars to those alla breve octaves that are to correspond with them. Conductors are quite right in feeling that the trio drags if its half bars correspond to the whole bars of the scherzo; and it was to prevent this that Beethoven changed the notation. But we need not suppose that the only alternative to dotted-minim=minim is dotted-minim

=semibreve. The obvious intention of the composer is that the *stringendo* should arrive at a correspondence between

Ex 5



and

Ex 6

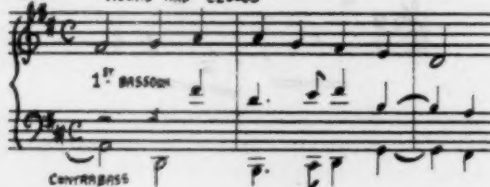


which gives a lively but not ridiculous tempo to the trio.

9. In the orchestral statement of the choral theme the middle part played by the first bassoon has always been greatly admired.

Ex 7

VIOLES AND CELLOS



But the double bass is, even with the most perfect playing of a large orchestra, uncomfortably remote from the rest of the harmony; and (pace Weingartner) only a pious opinion can maintain that the exquisite freedom of the first bassoon would lose anything if the second bassoon played (in the upper octave) with the double basses, as Beethoven or any normal orchestrator always intends in similar cases. Now here the autograph is quite unmistakable, it says *fag. 2ndo col basso*.

And the effect is a blessed relief even to the most pious upholders of pious opinions.

Now, how did two such crass contradictions of the composer's expressed intentions as this and the rhythmic substitute for the tremolos in the first movement creep into the authoritative editions, original and critical?

To find the answer to this you must go to Mainz and ask my friends, the heads of the house of Schott, to show you the fair copy with Beethoven's absolutely final corrections which he sent to that firm as the text which they were to print. I am not sure whether, in the passage in the first movement, the alteration in the drums (which also coincides with one in the trumpets) does not first appear in that copy and not in the autograph at all. But I am quite sure that he abandoned the projected change in the basses, and there is no difficulty in agreeing with him that it would have attracted (or distracted) attention as a fussy detail. It is interesting that he should have tried, by such means, to give his basses more tone, but in practice when a quick tremolo is not strong enough players instinctively substitute a slower motion. Perhaps the end of the Egmont Overture is the only place where Beethoven took the trouble to change from semiquavers to triplets at the climax of a tremolo.

Now as to the bassoon. At the beginning of the finale, i.e., at the dramatic introductory pandemonium of all the wind instruments the contrafagotto is playing with the second bassoon and double basses. Beethoven looked over the fair copy before sending it to Messrs. Schott, and when he came to the three-part counterpoint of his choral theme he suddenly noticed "Good heavens, I haven't got rid of the contrafagotto!" So instead of writing *fagotto 2ndo col basso* he scrawled *contrafagotto tacet* and put rests below to make sure of it. He could easily forget that he had not provided for the second bassoon, and when the score was printed with the direction *contrafagotto col basso* instead of a part on a stave of its own, these rests remained where they could apply only to the second bassoon. It is ridiculous to suppose that, after making up his mind in the autograph to have the passage played as any competent orchestrator would have it, he decided on an eccentricity which he could no more test by ear than he could hear the applause at the first performance when his friends made him turn round to see it.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

Edinburgh, Feb. 4, 1927.

## PLATES VI, VII.

*These contain sketches for the last movement of the Pianoforte Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2, from the collection of Edward Speyer. The two plates are recto and verso of one leaf.*

This leaf contains a sketch of the exposition (first and second subjects) of the finale of the C sharp minor sonata. On its first page (which, judging from the trace of scissors on the right-hand margin was its second page when the leaf was in the sketch book)\* we find the beginning of the movement. The whole first subject is bar for bar as in the sonata, as far as harmonic plan is concerned but the characteristic sforzando quavers are not there! p. 11. The arpeggios begin in a position which would certainly not reach these chords as we know them. The theme consists only of arpeggios; and the bass, instead of being in staccato quavers at wide intervals, is at first conceived as a growling tremolo. This last detail, however, Beethoven at once improves, for he strikes out one of the semiquaver strokes in his indication of the bass in the first bar, thus



leaving quavers, but still at the narrow interval of a third; and all the remaining indications of the bass are quavers. One place that looks like semiquavers has that appearance merely from getting mixed up with a double sharp in the stave below.

The second subject enters as in the sonata (there is no indication of the bass), but though its outline and its varied repeat are essentially as we know them, its characteristic appoggiaturas and rising sequences have not appeared. The second and third bars are rather flat, but the second bar is very significant in the light of subsequent developments. The varied repetition, instead of leading to the modulations and the fierce emphasis on the flat second that we know, comes to an ordinary

\* From this it would seem that the left was already cut off when the sketch was made.

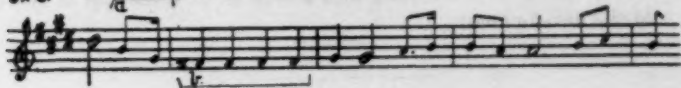
full close in two extra bars. There Beethoven scrawls "etc.," showing that the sequel (presumably the new quaver theme)



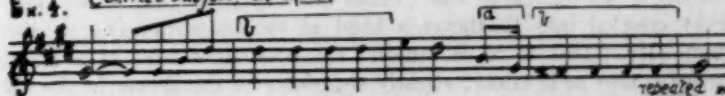
is quite settled and need not be sketched: and we now turn the leaf over.

On the other side we find the end of the exposition, the cadence subject. The Alberti bass of the left hand is indicated, but the right hand has a melody which is a sort of cross between the main theme of the second subject and the cadence subject we know. We have here, as often in Beethoven's sketches, one of those cases where the mature version carefully and wisely obliterates thematic references that were obvious and intended to be important when first sketched. The only way to make the present example clear is to quote the themes, marking the figures.

Ex. 3. *Second subject, main theme, in sketch*



Ex. 4. *Cadence subject in sketch*



From which it is clear that Beethoven intends the cadence subject to be a development of the main theme of the second subject. He goes on with a decrescendo repetition of its last bars\* and indicates a full

\* What Beethoven has really done is to reject all the sketched cadence subject except this decrescendo repetition of the last bars. These have become the cadence subject as we know it.



close with a quiet descending semiquaver arpeggio in the left hand ending on a semibreve bottom G♯. Then he draws a double bar and the sketch ends. There can be no doubt, then, that this is intended for the end of the exposition. Comparing this cadence with that of the final version, we find that :

- (1) The cadence subject was first conceived as in *four-bar* rhythm; the mere fact that the final version



is in two-bar rhythm is one of the characteristic improvements which only a Beethoven ever conceives—all the difference between monotony and life, and yet no special effect or *tour-de-force*.

- (2) The cadence subject was first conceived as a kind of return to the main second subject after the material referred to in the "etc." at the foot of the first page; and the resemblance is, in the final version, reduced to an unobtrusive subtlety.
- (3) The exposition ended decrescendo and with a drawn-out full close, instead of crescendo, with a lead back to the repeat and on to the development.

The rest of the page is occupied with four bars (between repeat marks) of an agreeable and Cramer-like arpeggio study which probably crawled into Beethoven's hand as he was strumming on the pianoforte. This is in B minor. Likewise eight bars of a broad melody, also in B minor, slightly suggestive of the theme in the C♯ minor finale that ought to occur where Beethoven puts "etc.," but only slightly. And B minor is the very last key in which such advanced sketches for a C♯ minor sonata could possibly occur. So this is probably an independent notion, inspired by a feeling for pianoforte effect. It is fully harmonized, with considerable point in the bass as a bit of full, soft, and slightly swinging pianoforte sostenuto chord-writing. Thus it is an entirely different kind of sketch from the broad generalisations of the rest of the leaf.

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

PLATE VIII.

The key to this sheet is the fifth stave, in those two semibreves. No clef or key-signature, and the bar-lines suggest the treble. But we soon notice that these bar-lines refer only to one stave. The semibreves then may be B's or G's. With that hint it is not hard to think where they belong: fifth piano concerto, slow movement, the third and fourth bars from the end. Before them we see the bass of the preceding bar, and, after them, the suggestion of the finale written in quavers, two octaves below pitch.

Then, on the second stave, we see the scale of ascending thirds which comes from bar 35, and before it the first bassoon crotchets of bar 34. In the third stave is a hint of bars 37 and 38; and, in the eighth stave, of the semiquaver passage which begins in bar 54, with its characteristic slurring. Finally, in the fourth stave, is the germ of the passage which dominates the finale, from the 9th and 10th bars.

In the lower half of the sheet those who are unfamiliar with German script may be a long time before they make out "geliebter," the last word in the ninth stave, and, with luck, "dahin" just below it; and then, with pain and grief, "möcht" . . . ich . . . mit . . . dir (!) . . . o (!) . . . mein," just before it; and then chuckle with delight, "Kennst du das Land!" Then, in front of "dahin," the words, "Di o m g" to a tune that fits "Dir O mein geliebter ziehn"; and another one after the "dahin," without words, which fits "dahin möchte ich mit dir O mein geliebter ziehn."

In the last six staves we are back in the concerto again, at bars 35-38 of the adagio, up to the trilled minim E of bar 39.

This manuscript is from a sketch book of 1809. The autograph of the concerto is dated 1809; the song was composed in 1810.

A. H. F. S.

## BEETHOVEN AND HIS TIME

BEETHOVEN was nineteen in the year of the fall of the Bastille. There followed years of marching and countermarching, upheaval and blood. We imagine them to ourselves as winds blowing across Europe, whirling the dust of battle and demolition, while through it all ring wild cries of "Rights of Man!" "Glory!" "Liberty!"

So strange is life that the formidable agitation in which an era crumbled remains in existence only as the background of a poor, sickly and uncouth musician in a garret in Vienna. Not, of course, but that the practical consequences of the great upheaval are about us on every hand. So are the consequences of innumerable revolutions in history and out of it—the consequences, not the thing itself.

Of all the sieges of Troy there actually remains but one. It is in a way real and contemporary: it is Homer's song. So by Beethoven do his times live which would otherwise be dead. Sceptre and crown come tumbling down. Men become, so far as conscious personality goes, as though they had never been. The proud and active survive at most as part of the movements they initiated. We search the world for a once so powerful man as Napoleon in vain, in spite of the pains of historians. He is dead. All men die, except poets.

A Beethoven does not die, except in the strictly personal sense. The man is certainly not ordinarily dead who—one exception in all the millions—speaks aloud to generation after generation; is known to them as are few corporeal men; and is not only real, but is also one of the greatest of the agents that bring realities home to the perception.

If we try to measure the vividness and radium-like energy of the ever-living poets, Beethoven's will strike us as extraordinarily rich and full for this reason, that he includes in his immortality the general life of his time. There is more of this in Beethoven than in any other musician. In passionately expressing into his music all he could of himself—for the first time the musician's self was to be poured, soul, wits, instincts, all, without reserve, into the measure—he naturally put in what had gone to his making, the new sounds that reached him, the new winds of Europe.

We hear in Beethoven the marching and the clash of armies more strenuous than ever known before; we hear fanatical orations full of anger and aspiration; we hear those formidable mottoes that men sling at one another like concrete things, and the clamour of terrible

mobs. If all literature and historical records were lost Beethoven's music would still surely tell us of the stormy dawn that lighted the scene at the end of the eighteenth century. There is plenty of historical detail of the disturbances it heralded. But here in Beethoven actually are the red gleams and the flushed faces of the watchers.

Beethoven's world, so his music is in itself enough to tell us, suddenly discovered that life was more adventurous than had been thought. In Beethoven dawns the discovery of new possibilities of feeling in the human breast, fraught with exquisite suffering and joy. The world renewed its youth. There had not been a generation as young as Beethoven's since Shakespeare's, and there has never been another music of the daring of Beethoven's.

Youth dares to demand its right—the right to live fully at whatever pain; the right to knowledge and passion, in the pride of its strength to shoulder every responsibility. It dares to face all things and hope all things.

There are generations that are cheated of their youth. Beethoven's was "of the fount unsealed." No one knew whither the dark waters would flow. But the inhibitory eighteenth century looked like a desert, and the new springs had to be found. The exploration was not light-heartedly undertaken. We cannot but be struck by the sombreness of Beethoven's young world as compared with Shakespeare's. The one is bathed in liberation and the radiant Renaissance spring. The other has to fight against heavier odds. An ineluctable thirst drives it on. It must drink, no matter what the bitterness of the wells.

It is beside the point that, "My Aunt received on Thursdays as usual," as an old survivor long afterwards remarked, wondering at the exaggerated legend of the Terror. So there are numbers of our contemporaries for whom 1914—1918 made little difference, except that their supply of truffles was cut off. Their dry stability does not alter the fact that the general generation, the fully living, was borne off in the new whirlwind, battling and suffocating.

Fancy asks what Beethoven might have made of our time and its bloody disturbances. It must have been something totally different; for this main reason that our passion was suffered in the desperate cause of mere preservation. We went through with it simply lest worse should befall, and cherished no grander illusion. Hence the contemporary irony, an irony of which Beethoven was perfectly innocent. That we should (we smile with some wryness) have stood so much for the sake of the mere known! A just-sufficient, yes, but not an over-generous cause.

Beethoven was blest with illusions altogether more poetic. He

fought with "les droits de l'homme" pealing through the battle-smoke, and "Seid umschlungen, Millionen!" The torments of the time were not of the damned, but were a passage for faithful souls on the way to salvation. That is the brief spiritual explication of the Beethoven symphony.

The change is simply in poetry's available raw material. It is obvious that whereas Beethoven could naturally then, with his breast against a thorn, sing "To Hope," or an "Ode to Joy," he must to-day, like the composers in our midst, have shunned such topics, from which actuality has gone out; and that his most characteristic movement could no longer have been a pressing on through stress and travail to a triumphant apocalypse, in a world that has found itself under first one compulsion, then another, giving up the attempt at making a valid concept of triumph.

He was not a minor poet or exquisite, of the sort that must be satisfied with warbling of purely private fancies in an unheeding and unheeded seclusion. Gifted with such powers as he had, he held himself in honour bound to tackle truths as universal as could be identified and challenged. He was an inspired poet. Precisely. One who creates out of that which is blown into him. With his capacity, the air of a minor poet's hole and corner would not have filled his lungs. He could do with the largest generalities that were to be had, and make something of them. In a wind-swept Europe, Liberty and Fraternity, the hero's life and the tyrant's doom were in the air, and all are in Beethoven. Indeed, subtract them and their like from him—subtract the elements that were the characteristic inspiration of his times—and we have undoubtedly lost Beethoven.

Compare Bach. We suggest that he was perhaps the greater as a master of sheer music. His world was narrow, dull and unpromising, and by force of circumstances, as no doubt also by nature, he was concentrated on his inner self and its powerful mystical conviction—a Christian optimism that strikes us as more medieval than of his own time. It is not easy, but it is a shade easier, to fancy Bach translated in time; whereas Beethoven's essential subject would fail in resonance, like Don Quixote's chivalric call. His visionary eccentricity, as we should say, would in our time have made a more or less obscure prophet of a minority—a sort (if it can be accepted without offence) of Edward Carpenter or Francis Thompson. . . . But that is no longer Beethoven.

Beethoven, then, was lucky in his age, the rushing of whose mighty wind inspired him to an utterance which cannot on the whole be reckoned as inferior to that of Bach himself, than which it is positively richer in varied human and personal interests. Hardly a third musician is to be named in such company, unless it is Wagner.



Wagner was the decline of the famous day whose dawn Beethoven had witnessed in all its bleakness. What had been unknown peril and responsibility for Beethoven—the losing of the self from secular prohibitions, and its setting out for new trials and hopes—became indulgence and luxury for Wagner. The earlier hour had not been the time for sensuousness. The pressure of its business made for sternness and violence. Between campaigns and revolutions men snatched at rapid pleasures without staying to give much consideration to them. The feeling was that the hour called for deeds, for exploration, struggles and conquests. The later day was to allow of the cultivation of voluptuousness, the science of leisured desire, the cycle of sentiments and complaisant regrets. Wagner's sensuousness was the exploitation, in hours of peace, of the earlier hard-won fight of man's spirit to live as fully as was in its nature to do, to look out for itself, not to rest till it had touched the limits of possibility, and to accept the risks. In Beethoven there is a highly characteristic lack of amorous preoccupation, and this speaks to us of a hardy, strenuous age, in which men naturally forwent no more than usual the deeds of love, but brushed past the clinging sentimentalities. The typical passionate adventure was Julien Sorel's—which accepted what gratification came in the way, but was primarily undertaken in a bold ambitious spirit.

If Beethoven was lucky in his sanguine generation, what of the generation's luck in its Beethoven? He fixed its spirit and made of its ephemeral dreams a perpetual monument. But for him we should not have known the generosity that moved behind its fanaticism and massacres. We should have merely heard tell about it all, and it would have looked rather squalid, as the doctrinal upheaval of the early sixteenth century does, in the lack of the spiritual illumination of a great artist. Deeds are a clumsy and treacherous register of the mind; yet lacking the poet—the poet, who has exquisite, secluded processes for this one concern, the expression of mental values—we should have had to fall back on deeds for the evidence. As it is, the evidence of such men of action as Robespierre and Napoleon is wholly subsidiary to Beethoven's. Whatever their first intentions, they became helplessly enmeshed in the practical world, and Beethoven must have detested most of their doings.

He was indeed not a man of his time if that must mean putting faith in one of the new political programmes, Jacobinism, Saint-Simonism, or whatever. (The material conditions that made possible the production of his music, as we know it, were due to the old aristocratic regimen). Yet he was the one of them all to save the soul of that world. He would have been wasted, lost, in the ephemerality of practical politics. But he possessed the more interesting ability—that of giving form in his art to the characteristic

Idea of the age, which may be roughly defined as its powerful liberating passion. This was his apprehension of God. Such reference is of necessity vague, but the thing itself—Beethoven's spiritual interpretation—is not vague at all. It makes for our most prominent surviving reality ; a relic of the past, of course, inasmuch as the spirit and its hopes and faith are in perpetual flux ; but all the same, a reality, intelligible in an altogether different, more vivid way from the rest of the past with its extravagant crimes and fancy dress. Beethoven cannot speak for us. What he has been able marvellously to do in his music is to prolong the vibrations of bygone aspirations, obedience and revolt, as the sea-shell has been fancied to be ever echoing forgotten tempests. We hear them : " Thus did the dead once feel ! " So this other, this preserved reality of Beethoven, comes to help define our actual state, if only by its impossibilities—its heart-searchings that we see no cause to endure, and its promise of a paradise we know we shall never enjoy.

Vedi se far si dee l'uomo eccellente,  
Si ch'altra vita la prima relinqua !

An art of the scope of Beethoven's appears to be conceivable only in an age possessed of a general faith in life. When all allowance has been made for the artist's innate technical aptitudes and tolerable conditions of production, it is clear from his and every analogous case that widespread public, and not merely personal, spiritual certainties are essential to the rearing of such structures. Whence those certainties spring and whither vanish is beside the point. Their phenomenal tides are assuredly beyond the power of any one man, poet or whoever, to evoke or control. The poet arriving on the scene is, we suggest, encouraged by their flood, and correspondingly at a disadvantage in coming upon a desolation of scepticism like that of Imperial Rome, or for that matter our own scene.

Shakespeare was named a moment ago. It is no slight on his enchanting personal genius if we see him as enriched by a reflection of the whole gay and confident world that seems to have just stepped from winter into spring when it is caught by the golden ray of his verse. That world, without which Shakespeare were not Shakespeare, put its faith, too, in a new freedom, if in a more glad, instinctive, effortless way than Beethoven's. In both the spiritual interpretation appears, as it were, involuntary. There simply was no other adequate matter to work on than the world at large ; unless it was that the world of the moment, being so adequate, was not to be refused.

There is one other name mentionable to complete the high order. In Dante, too, a world lives. With his great framework of Christian philosophy he makes us think of Bach ; but also of Shakespeare and

Beethoven by force of the varied human life that crowds his scene. We gaze into the crystal globe of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Beethoven, at the living movement of a century. The art of these men is credible on its merits, whether we accept their premisses or not. A whole age had accumulated the material for Dante's deliberate structure. The creed of the philosophic revolutionaries of Beethoven's time, their trust in

Thy thought, thy word, O soul republican,  
O Spirit of Life, O God whose name is man,

were hardly more than a momentary illumination. It was all the same. The moment's reality was enough, given its intensity. The poet seized it, and prolonged the faith and passing mode of thought into perpetuity.

It would not be hard to show that even Beethoven's day-to-day life, especially in relation with patrons and aristocratic pupils, was not altogether unaffected by what for briefness sake we call the spirit of '89. The patrons would have had a different hold over him a generation earlier. But that point is nothing compared with the full confession, in his technical processes as in the very heart of his song, of the new god, "That Freedom, whence the soul's springs ran." It is in the unpredictable course of all his resolute, headstrong subjects, examples of which crowd in on the mind. Take the one that starts the F major "Rasoumoffsky." In Bach its career would have been sublime and certain. In Beethoven there is no certain knowing; but how proud the departure for the unseen victory! There is no elegance—unhampered native strength is wanted for the trials to be undergone. It is a relatively humble subject, not one of the great princes or dictators of Beethoven; but unforgettably characterised. It sets forth without the aid of the special buoyancy of the Shakespearian age. It cannot claim the terrible miraculous transportations of Dante. It is a simple, sturdy soul, in that first hour of man's consciousness of bearing the whole responsibility; fiercely conscientious therefore, serious but confident, as it strikes out for the new republic.

Time gives the poet his theme, but that is only the beginning. He must make his own ending, since in time there is none. In great art are not only the hopes men set their hearts upon but also the fulfilment. We come back to this, that for posterity the passion of an age lives principally as a preparation for its poetry. And where but in poetry is the consummation? Where is to be found Dante's Paradise? Where, in all reason and sufficiency, but in Dante! And where the harvest of Messidor? Why, all garnered in Beethoven, ruddier than gold!

RICHARD CAPELL.

## WILHELM VON LENZ

Few books of musical criticism are worth reprinting, except as historical or antiquarian curiosities, a couple of generations or so after their first appearance. It says something for Wilhelm von Lenz, then, that his "*Beethoven et ses Trois Styles*" should have been thought deserving of modern reissues both in French and German. The book well repays reading again to-day, in spite of all the intensive Beethoven study that the last sixty or seventy years have brought forth.

Lenz (1808-1883) was one of those cosmopolitan well-to-do Russian amateurs who did so much for musical culture in the first half of the nineteenth century. Another of the breed, Oulibicheff—the Mozart fanatic who maintained that the universe had been created in order that the Jupiter (or was it the G minor ?) symphony should be written—had produced in 1844 a book on Mozart in which, by way of further glorification of his idol, he had largely disparaged Beethoven. This brought Lenz into the field with his first Beethoven book\*, in 1852. He was sharply critical of Oulibicheff, who answered him with a good deal of acerbity in his "*Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*" (1857). Oulibicheff died in the following year, his death being said to have been hastened by the controversy. Musical criticism in those days, apparently, was fatal to its practitioners; in our day the mortality is among the unhappy readers of it.

Lenz's book was probably the first in which any real approach was made to a thorough understanding of Beethoven. The composer had been plentifully admired and revered while he was alive, but apart from E. T. A. Hoffmann's famous article on the Fifth Symphony his contemporaries produced nothing very searching in the way of criticism of him. They were content to enjoy his art rather than to try to penetrate to the secrets of it, though here and there some one would hit upon one of these, as when Czerny noted his power to build up big expressive structures out of material in itself insignificant. Fétis, again, in the article on Beethoven in his "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*" (1857) made a real critical point when he said that what distinguishes "the compositions of this great man" is "the spontaneity of the episodes by which he

\* He published another later—"Beethoven, eine Kunststudie," 6 vols. 1855-60.

suspends the interest he has created, in order to substitute for it another as vital as it was unexpected. This art is peculiar to him, and it is to this that he owes his finest achievements. These episodes, that are apparently alien to the prime idea, at first attract attention by their originality; then, when the effect of the surprise begins to wear off, the composer makes them part of the unity of his plan, and shows us that, in the work taken as a whole, the variety is dependent upon unity." But until well into the second half of the nineteenth century there were very few attempts to see Beethoven steadily and see him whole; even Berlioz's famous articles dealt for the most part only with the symphonies.

It was Lenz's merit that he tried, and to a great extent succeeded, to realise for himself and to make comprehensible to others not this or that work of Beethoven, but Beethoven's mind as a whole. His claim to distinction is not that he first showed that the composer's works fell into three categories or "styles." Most artists' works do that, and the division must have been more or less a commonplace of criticism even in those days. Fétis had already particularly insisted on it in the case of Beethoven; who, indeed, could help seeing that Beethoven's earlier works have a uniform character that is vaguely and inaccurately called Mozartian, that a new Beethoven comes into view with the "Eroica," and that the final works mark yet another orientation of his genius? Lenz's originality showed itself in regarding this broad division not as the end but as the beginning of the matter. He tried, in the first place, to find out the causes for the changes from one style to another, and in the second place he did not accept the divisions as watertight; he pointed out instances of reaching out in an early work to a later style, and of reversions in later works to an earlier style. Thus while he includes the bulk of the "Pathétique" sonata in the first style, he regards the *grave* introduction as a foretaste of the second; the "Appassionata," which belongs to the second manner, is the first work to give hints of the third; in the last of the piano sonatas he sees occasional reversions to the second manner; and so on. We need not trace his discriminations in detail; the point to be remembered in his favour is that, first among the Beethoven critics, he had some coherent idea of the curiously personal workings of the composer's mind.

Perhaps, in the main, he only crystallised into telling phrases the more enlightened conception of Beethoven's art that was then becoming current; but even so his services to Beethoven criticism were great. His book abounds in *aperçus* of the kind that, whether we agree with them or not, stimulates us to a new critical examination of a composer or a work. He was constantly trying to discover the



personal secrets of a man's art, his unconscious revelation of his mentality in his music. He made, for instance, an interesting comparison of the slow movements of Mozart and those of Beethoven. "The adagio of Mozart's *Fantasie* and *Sonata* is a sort of *scena ed aria* for piano, another *Donna Anna aria*. There is nothing symphonic in this adagio; it is self-sufficing. . . . Beethoven does not treat the adagio in this way. His melodies are the personages of his symphonic dramas (*dramatis personæ*), whose rôle is always subordinate to the main idea. A Beethoven adagio is, as a rule, the knot into which the action complicates itself; the adagio of the *Fantasie* and *Sonata* of Mozart is the episode of a cantilena in all its incidents." The differences between the musical mentalities of Mozart and Beethoven were of perpetual interest to Lenz. He recognised what to-day we would call the superior logic of Beethoven, the consistent advance from point to point, the coherence of the whole that was not only derived from the details but bestowed, in retrospect, a new vitality upon these. We can often foresee pretty well what Mozart is going to do; but no one, from the first page or so of a Beethoven movement, could forecast what actually happens later. "After having rendered unto Mozart that which is and always will be Mozart's, we say that the second part of an allegro of his can almost always be foreseen; it has nothing like the rich developments of the ideas that a Beethoven allegro shows—developments always and everywhere unforeseeable. A Mozart second part says nothing that the first part has not said, and whatever the genius that shines forth in the intermediate working, we could, at a pinch, and without going very far astray, indicate it in advance. A Mozart second part is a thesis from which he is certain to emerge victorious; whereas Beethoven has really done nothing when he has done no more than write his first part." In another place Lenz says, on the same subject, that Beethoven shows such an abundance of ideas that each movement of his has the air, so to speak, of regretting having to end; whereas the conclusion of a Haydn or Mozart movement, especially in their chamber music, "seems to surrender what life remains in it under the spur of repetitions, imitations, canons, mutations, transformations." Haydn and Mozart "take an idea and lavish on it all the resources of melody, harmony and rhythm—a method not exempt from fatigue, and sometimes bringing with it that monotony that is the characteristic of school precepts, be the precept itself perfect and the school a classical model. With Beethoven, on the contrary, the idea never succumbs; it is the form that reveals itself as all-important, because the idea overflows it; hence the new forms of the second and third manners."

All this seems obvious enough to us now, but it was not so obvious

to the generation that immediately followed Beethoven. Lenz did not merely repeat the *cliché* that Beethoven was a "development" of Mozart and Haydn; he saw that the essence of Beethoven was not so much that he was a development from them as that he was a departure from them; as he puts it in one place, Beethoven, in his second manner, sets fire to "the Capitol Haydn-Mozart." Lenz had an intuition of a truth that many historians still seem to lack, that the development of music is more by way of sudden individual variations than of gradual modification of the type, that the vital element in a great composer's work neither comes from his predecessors nor can be transmitted to his successors. Lenz always had his eye fixed on Beethoven *qua* Beethoven rather than on Beethoven *qua* link in an historical chain. He saw that what made him Beethoven was not purely and simply the musical faculty in him but the man in him, the man trying to register in his music the changes wrought in him by his experience of the world. Lenz expresses this very well when he says that "if a work of Mozart's youth is inferior to one written in the full maturity of his genius, it is none the less true that the man himself has remained the same; it is only the genius that has developed. Not so with Beethoven"—with whom, to paraphrase the remainder of the argument, it was the growth of the man that determined the development of the genius; "he builds for himself a city of his own that is like no other, a city without a name, too vast for anyone's habitation but his own." And Lenz never loses sight of this aspect of the secret of Beethoven. It was precisely because Beethoven was so individual that he is so universal; he mirrors all life. "The sonatas of Beethoven are *man*, just as the landscapes of Calame are nature, *all* nature, not simply a given point. . . . His sorrows, his joys, his triumphs, his deceptions, are of all times, all men. He is the nature itself of things in conditions that do not vary. One in conception, his music is multiple in its detail; various in its means, but one in thought." There are no *redites*, he says, in Beethoven. "Nothing is less like a Beethoven sonata than another Beethoven sonata: we recognise him by the ensemble of his style, not by reminiscences"—in which respect, says Lenz, he differs from Mozart, who often repeats himself.

This idea of Beethoven's mind as a cosmos in itself never deserts Lenz. He sees that, while remaining completely individual, Beethoven generalises his experiences as no other composer had done. "Like the personages of history who are the personifications of ideas, the symphonies of Beethoven have a soul, contain a cosmos of ideas converging on this soul; we should consider them as events of universal history, not merely as musical productions of more or less merit." Weber, for instance, is just Weber, and his music is just himself,

whereas "Beethoven is not a man but the personification of all men, with their faults, their virtues, their misfortunes, their happinesses, and above all their hopes." "Like Napoleon, he is already an improbability: sometimes we are inclined to regard him as a myth." His last period "can be compared to the Second Part of Goethe's 'Faust'; the ensemble of this third style and its so exceptional ideas is to his second manner what the Second Part of Goethe's great conception is to the First. It is genius constructing the heaven of its dreams. The emotions of the moment no longer play the leading rôle; the poet dwells upon them as one dwells upon a memory. . . . The third manner of Beethoven is no longer a participation in the impressions of the human cosmos, but a judgment passed upon it." So completely is Beethoven under the domination of this new development of his personality that we find it, says Lenz, writing itself not only on the greater but the smaller works of the third period, as may be seen by comparing the "Bagatelles" of Op. 33 with the later ones published as Op. 119 and Op. 126; "the differences are not so pronounced as in the more developed works, but all the same they are there." Nevertheless, while conscious of this last phase in Beethoven's thought, Lenz is not always sympathetic to it. Like everyone else, he finds things in the last quartets and the last piano sonatas that indicate the difficulty the composer sometimes had in realising his new conception of the world in music that should be as clear to others as it was to himself; some of the variations in the last piano sonatas, for example, quite baffle Lenz; he finds here and there "a vortex of notes that no doubt had in Beethoven's eyes a significance that escapes us." But so many of the problems connected with Beethoven's last period are still unsolved that we can hardly reproach Lenz with being held up by them. Rather is it to his credit that he recognised that they are problems rooted in the very nature of Beethoven's spiritual development, a perception that was denied the average Beethoven lover of the first half of the nineteenth century, who took them to be merely signs of the degeneration of the musical faculty in the master. There is a good deal in Lenz's book from which even the modern student of Beethoven may learn.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*Beethoven. Vie intime.* Par André de Hevesy. Paris. Emile-Paul Frères. 1927. 15 francs.

The chief interest of this book lies in the new light the author has been able to throw on the friends of Beethoven, in especial his female acquaintances, the Brunsviks, Gallenbergs, Erdödy. M. de Hevesy has had access to two sources hitherto not fully explored—the archives of the Ministry of Police in Vienna, and the private papers of Thérèse Brunsvik at Palfalva—and from these he has extracted a certain amount of information that does not appear in Thayer. The facts about Marie Erdödy seem to have been known to Thayer, but he passes them over as "a sad and revolting story over which a veil may be drawn" (II (Krehbiel) 88). M. de Hevesy is less reticent (he talks of Thayer—it is almost an accusation—as "ce puritain" and "cet esprit méthodique et froid") and gives the tale in fuller detail of the arrival of Countess Erdödy in Vienna in 1820, her daughter's attempts to poison herself at the hotel, the arrest of Brauchle, the servant-secretary-music-master accused of having so cruelly treated the two young Erdödy boys as to have brought them to their death and of having put poison in the daughter's way. Even M. de Hevesy will do no more than hint at what he has read in the police *dossiers* of what followed in this sorry history. The sad tale of the Brunsvik girls is also told. Josephine, widow of Deym the wax-works artist, married to the impossible Stackelberg and then left. Thérèse nursing a hopeless passion for a certain "Louis" whom it would be exquisite to think of as Beethoven but who really was Count Louis Migazzi, living on into the middle of the nineteenth century, long enough to see her favourite niece sentenced to ten years imprisonment for revolutionary tendencies. Lastly there is the rapacious Giulietta Guicciardi, Countess Gallenberg. Here M. de Hevesy adds little to what is already recorded of that hard, bright lady's existence. It is improbable that she suffered any pang at having led Beethoven a dance. The wonder is that Beethoven escaped as free as he did. This book is a supplement to Thayer, dealing, as his does, purely with the man, leaving the musician's work on one side; it fills in one or two gaps in Thayer's book with curious *minutiae* of information. Actually it is something more than a mere *chronique scandaleuse*, for on the whole the fresh light is thrown unglaringly. The style is at times rather too romantic for

such serious matter. The book might well have been more fully documented. M. de Hevesy runs the risk of having his trustworthiness called into question from the way in which he appears (p. 97) to accept as genuine the highly problematical third Bettina letter (that one in which Beethoven is purported to describe to Bettina the meeting with Royalty in the streets of Teplitz), the authenticity of which has been discarded by most authorities. The author also confuses Stumpf the piano tuner sent over by Broadwood and Stumpf the harp maker who gave Beethoven the Handel edition. There is no index.

*Der Bär. Jahrbuch von Breitkopf und Härtel auf das Jahr 1927.*  
Breitkopf und Härtel. Leipzig.

This instructive publication is to be recommended to students of Beethoven's life. In it there is to be found much unusual information to do with people whose fortunes impinged on Beethoven's life, as well as scholarly discussions on his own actual life and works. We mention here only a few of the many interesting things printed in this booklet. Herr Wilhelm Lütge discusses the new version of the second Leonore overture showing the points of difference and giving the history of the scores. The same author describes a MS. that has lately come to light comprising "Twenty-four melodies collected and harmonised by Beethoven," written for Thomson, of which nine songs have not previously been discovered. Herr Lütge also writes appreciations of the Streichers and of Anton Reicha, as well as a discussion of some letters of Schindler; all these papers contain useful knowledge for Beethoven researchers. Herr Günther Haupt contributes a well written paper on the relationships existing between Beethoven's friend, the Countess Marie Erdödy, and her servant-secretary Brauchle. It is in this article that a poem, written by Marie Erdödy inviting Beethoven to stay at Jedlersee, is printed. The following quotation has a certain interest as showing the accentuation of the composer's name as used by a personal friend:

"Erhöre unsere Bitte,  
Bleib heut in unsrer Mitte—  
Der grosse Mann Beethoven  
Gibt FIAT unserem Hoffen."

Herr Hitzig writes interestingly on Beethoven's dealings with the house of Breitkopf und Härtel. At the end of this excellent little volume there is a reprint, from the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung for March, 1827, of Friedrich Rochlitz' obituary notice of Beethoven.

Sc. G.



*Beethoven. Impressions of contemporaries.* By O. G. Sonneck.  
G. Schirmer, Inc. New York. 1926.

Kerst in his "Erinnerungen an Beethoven" brought out two well prepared volumes, fully documented. Leitzmann put together two similar volumes taken from the same sources though not treated in such a scholarly way as Kerst's. And now Mr. Sonneck has planned, compiled and annotated a certain number of the contemporary reminiscences of Beethoven that Kerst originally assembled. This book, therefore, covers no new ground, its value being chiefly for those who cannot compass the original German. Remembrances such as these are interesting in showing the impression that Beethoven made on people who came into contact with him, an impression in many cases strong enough for them to have kept a clear picture of their dealings with him. The accounts are to be divided into two classes. There are those, of which Gerhard von Breuning's and Schindler's may be taken as representative, where the narrator's memory needs no awakening, the impression of Beethoven having been one that has never faded. It is this strong, clear memory that enabled von Breuning to write his "Aus dem Schwarzspanierhause," the most perfect tale of Beethoven's latter years and one of the finest, most delicate pieces of musical biography. In the second place there are the less vivid memoirs, represented by Gottfried Fischer's informative but very informal jottings, that bear the stamp of a certain amount of prompting. Mr. Sonneck has wisely chosen those which he prints in this little book from the former class. Even here, however, the need is great for care in accepting tales that have probably been sifted through more than one mind. As an instance of this the following may be taken. Schlösser is describing a visit to Beethoven in 1823, when he says he saw "the magnificent grand piano by Broadwood, and on it the *de luxe* edition of Handel's works: both had been presented to him by London, and one volume lay open on the piano-rack" (translation from the present American edition, p. 142). Actually Stumpf did not send Beethoven the Handel edition until 1826 and so Schlösser could not have seen it in 1823. Either the date of Schlösser's visit is wrong (though if he had visited Beethoven in the year before the composer's death he would have found a different man to describe from the Beethoven of 1823), or he is adding (probably unwittingly) to his own narrative facts that he had heard from others of Beethoven's life and surroundings. The point is a small one but is indicative of the care that must be taken when reading these often entrancing personal reminiscences.

SCOTT GODDARD.

## A BEETHOVEN BIBLIOGRAPHY

THIS Centenary year, which will see the publication of a whole host of fresh volumes on Beethoven, provides a suitable occasion for reviewing the literature already in existence. The following list, which makes no pretensions to be anything more than a handy working bibliography, is confined to works published independently in book form, and takes no account of papers contributed to periodicals, or of articles in encyclopædias, general histories of music, or volumes of miscellaneous essays. The books are arranged under the following main headings :—

1. Bibliographies.
2. General Works of Reference.
3. Correspondence, Sketch-Books, etc.
4. Biographical Works.
5. Critical Works.

Under each heading the individual works have been grouped according to their scope and character, the order within each group being determined by the date of the first edition.\* Bibliographical notes are given in round brackets at the end of each entry, and explanatory notes, where necessary, in square brackets, at the end of each group or section.

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### I. BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Kastner, E. : *Bibliotheca Beethoveniana*. Versuch einer Beethoven-Bibliographie. [2nd ed., revised by T. Frimmel.] pp. vi. 84. Breitkopf, 1925. (1st ed., 1918. Is also issued bound up with Nottebohm's Thematic Catalogue.)

[The only bibliography which attempts to cover the whole field. It includes articles in magazines and newspapers and even gives references to auction catalogues. There are, however, some surprising omissions (there is no mention, for instance, of the English version of Thayer's Life, published in 1921) and the titles of the works cited are often rather carelessly transcribed. Moreover, the

\* The edition described, however, is the latest revised edition in the original language.

strictly chronological arrangement makes it impossible to discover what has been written on any particular aspect of Beethoven's life without wading through the whole book. In spite of these blemishes, however, it is indispensable for purposes of reference. Excellent classified bibliographies are now published annually in the "Neues Beethoven-Jahrbuch" (see below). The first (1924) dealt not only with the literature of the previous year but covered the whole period from 1914-23.]

## 2. GENERAL WORKS OF REFERENCE

### (i.) *Thematic Catalogues.*

(a) Nottbohm, G.: *Thematisches Verzeichnis der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Ludwig van Beethoven*. [2nd ed.] pp. iv. 220. Breitkopf, 1868. (1st ed., 1864. The second ed. was reissued without alteration in 1918 and 1925.)

(b) Thayer, A. W.: *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwigs van Beethovens*. pp. viii. 208. F. Schneider: Berlin, 1865.

[Nottbohm's book, though it is now badly in need of revision, is still the standard catalogue of Beethoven's compositions. The main arrangement is by opus numbers, unnumbered works being relegated to a separate list, but a chronological index helps to bind together the two classes. In Thayer's list the compositions are arranged chronologically and numbered consecutively for convenience of reference. It is still of value, especially for the study of the early works.]

### (ii.) *General Works.*

(a) Frimmel, T.: *Beethoven-Handbuch*. 2 vols. (pp. viii. 477, pp. 485.) Breitkopf, 1926.

(b) Frimmel, T., ed.: *Beethoven-Jahrbuch*. 2 vols. G. Müller: Munich, 1908, 09. (No more published.)

(c) Sandberger, A., ed.: *Neues Beethoven-Jahrbuch*. B. Filser: Augsburg, 1924, etc. (2 vols. have appeared.)

[Frimmel's "Handbuch" is really a Beethoven encyclopædia, arranged in dictionary form and crammed with information on all kinds of subjects directly or only remotely connected with the composer. After Thayer's *Life* and Nottbohm's *Catalogue* it is the most valuable of all the works of reference.]

## 3. CORRESPONDENCE, SKETCH-BOOKS, ETC.

### (i.) *Correspondence.*

(a) Kalischer, A. C. ed.: *Beethovens sämtliche Briefe*. Kritische Ausgabe. 5 vols. Schuster and Loeffler: Berlin, 1906-08. (Of the

2nd ed., revised by T. Frimmel, only three volumes were published, 1909-11.—English trans. of the 1st ed. by J. S. Shedlock, 2 vols., Dent, 1909.—Selection from Shedlock's trans., edited by A. Eaglefield-Hull, Dent, 1926.)

(b) Prelinger, F., ed.: *Ludwig van Beethovens sämtliche Briefe und Aufzeichnungen*. 5 vols. E. W. Stern: Vienna, 1907-11.

(c) Kastner, E., ed.: *Ludwig van Beethovens sämtliche Briefe*. [2nd ed., revised and enlarged by Dr. J. Kapp.] pp. 854. Heese and Becker: Leipzig, 1923. (1st ed., 1910.)

(d) O. G. Sonneck: *Beethoven Letters in America*. pp. 213. The Beethoven Association. 1927.

[The handiest and at the same time the completest edition of the letters is that by Kastner. It is not a critical edition and does not aim at a punctiliously accurate reproduction of the text but is good enough for all ordinary purposes. Of the others Prelinger's is more reliable than Kalischer's and it is unfortunate that only the latter is available in an English translation. A definitive edition is now being prepared by Dr. Max Unger. Sonneck prints 35 originals with translation and notes.]

#### (ii.) Sketch Books.

(a) Nottebohm, G.: *Zwei Skizzenbücher von Beethoven aus den Jahren 1801 bis 1803*, beschrieben und in Auszügen dargestellt. Neue Ausgabe mit Vorwort von Paul Mies. pp. vii. 43. 80. Breitkopf, 1924. (First published separately, in 1866 and 1880 respectively.)

(b) Nottebohm, G.: *Beethoveniana*. 2 vols. Peters, 1925. (A reprint of the two series published respectively in 1872 and in 1887. The essays are almost all concerned with various "sketches" by Beethoven.)

(c) Mies, P.: *Die Bedeutung der Skizzen Beethovens zur Erkenntnis seines Stiles*. pp. v. 173. Breitkopf, 1925.

[The importance of Beethoven's rough sketches for the study of the development of his ideas is well known. Nottebohm's books are our chief source of information about them and Mies's monograph the best connected discussion of them.]

#### (iii.) Conversation Books.

Nohl, W.: *Ludwig van Beethovens Konversationshefte*. O. C. Recht-Verlag: Munich, 1923, etc. (Three instalments only so far published, the last having appeared in 1924.)

[During Beethoven's latter years, when he was almost stone-deaf, his visitors could only converse with him in writing. He provided

little note-books for this purpose, 198 of which, formerly in Schindler's possession, are still preserved in the Berlin Library. These records, one-sided though they are, are full of matter of the highest interest, and it is to be hoped that the project of publishing them in their entirety has not been abandoned. Select passages were reproduced by Schindler in the 2nd ed. of his biography, and similar selections will be found in the pages of almost all the later biographers.]

#### 4. BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

##### (i.) General Biography.

(a) Wegeler, F. G., and Ries, F.: *Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*. Neudruck mit Ergänzungen und Erläuterungen von Dr. A. C. Kalischer. [2nd ed.] pp. xxviii. 228. Schuster and Loeffler: Berlin, 1906. (Originally published in 1838 and followed by a supplement in 1845. A French trans. by A. F. Legentil was published at Paris in 1862.)

(b) Schindler, A.: *Beethoven-Biographie* [Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven]. Neudruck herausgegeben von Dr. A. C. Kalischer. illus. pp. viii. 786. Schuster & Loeffler: Berlin, 1909. (A reprint of the 3rd ed., published at Münster in 1860.—1st. ed., 1840; 2nd ed., 1845; 4th, really a reissue, 1871.—An English adaptation of the 1st ed. by Moscheles, with no mention of Schindler on the title-page, was published by Colburn in 1841. A French trans. by A. Sowinski was published at Paris in 1864.)

(c) Lenz, W. von: *Beethoven. Eine Kunststudie*. 5 pts. E. Balde: Cassel; Hoffmann & Campe: Hamburg, 1855, 60. (Pt. 1. Das Leben des Meisters; pt. 2. Der Styl in Beethoven. Die Mit- und Nachwelt Beethovens. Der Beethoven-status quo in Russland; pts. 3-5. Kritischer Katalog sämtlicher Werke Ludwig van Beethovens mit Analysen derselben. Pts. 1 and 2 were first published separately at Cassel and then reissued with the concluding parts when these were published at Hamburg. A 2nd ed. of the first two parts appeared in 1879 and a revised reprint by Dr. Kalischer in 1908.)

(d) Marx, A. B.: *Ludwig van Beethoven. Leben und Schaffen*, [6th ed., revised and enlarged by Dr. G. Behncke.] 2 vols. O. Janke: Berlin, 1908. (1st ed., 1859; 2nd ed., 1863; 3rd ed., 1875; 4th ed., 1884; 5th ed., 1901.)

(e) Nohl, L.: *Beethovens Leben*. 3 vols. Markgraf & Müller: Vienna; J. E. Günther: Leipzig, 1864-77.

(f) Thayer, A. W.: *Ludwig van Beethovens Leben*. Nach dem Original-Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet von Hermann Deiters. 4 vols. Breitkopf. [Latest editions:] vol. 1, 3rd ed., edited by H. Riemann,



1917; vol. 2, 2nd ed., 1910; vol. 3, 3rd ed., 1923; vol. 4, 1st ed., 1907, reissued in 1923; vol. 5, 1st ed., 1908, reissued in 1923. (First published in 3 vols., 1866-79, a fourth and fifth volume, prepared by Deiters and published after his death by Riemann, being added in 1907 and 1908.—An English edition in 3 vols., revised and amended with the assistance of Thayer's original English MS. by H. E. Krehbiel, was published by the Beethoven Association of New York—English agents, Novello—in 1921.)

(g) Wasielewski, J. W. von: *Ludwig van Beethoven*. 2 vols. Brachvogel & Ranft: Berlin, 1888.

(h) Crowest, F. J.: *Beethoven*. illus. pp. 319. Dent, 1899. ("Master Musicians" Series. Reissued in 1921.)

(i) Frimmel, T.: *Ludwig van Beethoven*. [6th. ed.] illus. pp. 109. Schlesische Verlagshandlung: Berlin, 1922. (Vol. 13 of the series "Berühmte Musiker." First published in 1901.)

(j) Rolland, R.: *Vie des hommes illustres*. [1.] *Beethoven*. pp. 103. Paris, 1903. ("Cahiers de la quinzaine, ser. 4, No. 10; subsequent editions reset, but without textual alteration, were published in 1907 and 1909, the latter with illustrations by Perrichon.—First English trans., by F. Rothwell, published by H. J. Drane in 1907; translated by B. Constance Hull, with the addition of analyses of the sonatas, symphonies and quartets by A. Eaglefield-Hull, for Kegan Paul's "Library of Music and Musicians" in 1917.)

(k) Shedlock, J. S.: *Beethoven*. illus. pp. vi. 60. Bell, 1903. ("Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians." Frequently reissued.)

(l) Chantavoine, J.: *Louis van Beethoven*. pp. 259. Alcan: Paris, 1907. ("Les Maîtres de la Musique.")

(m) Diehl, Alice M.: *The Life of Beethoven*. pp. viii. 376. Hodder & Stoughton, 1908.

(n) Bekker, P.: *Beethoven*. ["Prachtausgabe."] illus. pp. vi. 488. Schuster and Loeffler: Berlin, 1911. ("Kleine Ausgabe," pp. 623, 1912. Now published by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart.—English trans. by M. M. Bozman, pp. ix. 391, Dent, 1925.)

(o) Indy, Vincent d': *Beethoven*. *Biographie critique*. illus. pp. 148. H. Laurens: Paris, 1911. ("Les Musiciens célèbres.")

(p) Thomas-San-Galli, W. A.: *Ludwig van Beethoven*. [7th ed.] illus. pp. xv. 448. R. Piper & Co.: Munich, 1920. (1st ed., 1913.)

(q) Ernest, G.: *Beethoven*. *Persönlichkeit, Leben und Schaffen*. [3rd ed.] illus. pp. v. 592. G. Bondi: Berlin, 1926. (1st ed. 1920.)

(r) Hevesy, A. de: *Beethoven*. *Vie intime*. illus. pp. 250.

Emile-Paul frères : Paris, 1926. See Review p. 278. (An English trans. by F. S. Flint is announced for publication by Faber and Gwyer.)

(s) Grace, Hervey : *Ludwig van Beethoven*. pp. xi. 926. 1927.

[Thayer's biography of Beethoven, the standard work, was the labour of a life-time : from first to last he spent some fifty years upon it and even so only lived to see the first three volumes published, the last of them carrying the story of Beethoven's life down to 1816. He possessed few graces of style and his book, both in the English and the German versions, is rather heavy going. Moreover, he made no attempt to discuss Beethoven's music\*. But what he set himself to do he achieved triumphantly : the facts of Beethoven's life, gathered in the course of years of laborious research, are recorded fully, accurately, and—for such a hero-worshipper—with an extraordinary detachment. Of the other biographies mentioned in the above list Bekker's is perhaps the one most likely to be useful to the average student. It devotes a considerable space to the discussion of the music and has the advantage of being available to the English reader in an excellent translation. The original "Prachtausgabe" was a magnificent quarto volume, with a valuable appendix of portraits, facsimiles and miscellaneous illustrations extending to 160 pages. The illustrations are also a valuable feature of the excellent book by W. A. Thomas-San-Galli, one of the few to hit the happy mean between brief summary and full-length chronicle. Rolland's book hardly deserves the reputation it enjoys. It consists of a short and rather rhapsodical account of Beethoven's life, followed by translations of a few select letters and other documents. The works by Marx Chantavoine, and D'Indy are predominantly critical. The older biographies by Wegeler and Ries and by Schindler are still of great value. Wegeler is one of the best authorities for Beethoven's early years and Schindler's book, though it must be used with caution, will always be important as the work of one of the composer's most intimate friends and the first full-length biography to be published.]

(ii.) *Collections of Biographical Material.*

(a) Ley, S., ed. : *Beethovens Leben in authentischen Bildern und Texten*. pp. xv. ff 150. B. Cassirer : Berlin, 1925.

(b) Kerst, F., ed. : *Die Erinnerungen an Beethoven*. 2 vols. J. Hoffmann : Stuttgart, 1918.

(c) Leitzmann, A., ed. : *Ludwig van Beethoven. Berichte der*

\* A certain amount of musical criticism was introduced by Deiters and Riemann into the volumes for which they were responsible.

*Zeitgenossen, Briefe und persönliche Aufzeichnungen.* illus. 2 vol. Insel-Verlag: Leipzig, 1921. (A reissue, with the addition of the letters and some illustrations, of "Beethovens Persönlichkeit," published in 1914.)

(d) Sonneck, O. G. ed.: *Beethoven. Impressions of Contemporaries.* illus. pp. vii. 231. G. Schirmer: New York, 1926. See Review p. 275.

[These four books all contain selections from accounts of Beethoven by men who were his contemporaries. Kerst's collection is the fullest and is admirably indexed. The lack of an index is the only blemish in Sonneck's otherwise excellent selection, which is illustrated with a series of 16 portraits of the composer.]

(iii.) *Special Periods.*

(a) Prod'homme, J. G.: *La Jeunesse de Beethoven, 1770-1800.* pp. 386. Payot: Paris, 1920.

(b) Schiedermair, L.: *Der junge Beethoven.* illus. pp. xxiii. 487. Quelle & Meyer: Leipzig, 1925.

(c) Breuning, G. von: *Aus dem Schwarzspanierhause.* Erinnerungen an L. van Beethoven aus seiner Jugendzeit von Dr. Gerhard Breuning. Neudruck mit Ergänzungen und Erläuterungen von Dr. A. C. Kalischer. illus. pp. viii. 221. Schuster & Loeffler: Berlin, 1907.

[Prod'homme's book provides a scholarly and admirably written survey of Beethoven's early life and compositions, paying particular attention to the latter. It is furnished with an elaborate thematic catalogue of all the works discussed. Schiedermair deals only with the period of Beethoven's residence at Bonn but treats it with great thoroughness and shows the importance for the subsequent development of the composer's style of the influences to which he was there exposed. The Schwarzspanierhaus, the home of Stephan von Breuning, Beethoven's life-long friend, was the house in which the composer died. Gerhard von Breuning, Stephan's son, attended Beethoven during his last illness, and his delightfully vivid recollections are one of the chief sources of information on the last years of Beethoven's life.]

(iv.) *Beethovens relations with Women: The "Immortal Beloved."*

(a) Kalischer, A. C.: *Beethovens Frauenkreis.* 2 vols. Schuster and Loeffler: Berlin, 1909, 10. (Vols. 2 and 3 of the author's "Beethoven und seine Zeitgenossen.")

(b) Tenger, Mariam: *Beethovens unsterbliche Geliebte nach*

*persönlichen Erinnerungen*. illus. pp. vii. 75. F. Cohen : Bonn, 1908. (1st. ed., 1890.—English trans. by Gertrude Russell as "Recollections of Countess Theresa Brunswick" published by Fisher Unwin in 1898.)

(c) Kalischer, A. C. : *Die "unsterbliche Geliebte Beethovens" : Giulietta Guicciardi oder Therese Brunswick?* pp. iv. 67. R. Bertling : Dresden, 1891.

(d) La Mara [Marie Lipsius] : *Beethovens unsterbliche Geliebte. Das Geheimnis der Gräfin Brunsvik und ihre Memoiren*. pp. 186. Breitkopf, 1908.

(e) Thomas-San-Galli, W. A. : *Die unsterbliche Geliebte Beethovens, Amalie Sebald*. pp. x. 85. O. Hendel : Halle, 1909.

Unger, M. : *Auf. Spuren von Beethovens Unsterblicher Geliebten*. pp. 130. H. Beyer & Söhne : Langensalza, 1911. (Heft 97 of the "Musikalisches Magazin.")

(g) La Mara : *Beethoven und die Brunsviks. Nach Familienpapieren aus Therese Brunsviks Nachlass*. illus. pp. 98. Siegel : Leipzig, 1920.

[A sensible summary of the various theories as to the identity of the lady to whom Beethoven refers in a famous letter as his "Unsterbliche Geliebte" is to be found in Frimmel's *Beethoven-Handbuch*. The books mentioned above mark the chief stages in the controversy. The question is of no great importance but unsolved mysteries exert a perpetual fascination even when, like this one, they are incapable of solution. "Mariam Tenger" 's so-called reminiscences have long been discredited and La Mara's researches have now been superseded by Hevesy's discoveries in the Brunsvik archives. The latter writer is inclined to support the claims of Julietta Guicciardi.]

#### (v.) *Beethoven's Deafness.*

(a) Schweisheimer, W. : *Beethovens Leiden, ihr Einfluss auf sein Leben und Schaffen*. pp. 210. G. Müller : Leipzig, 1922.

(b) Bilancioni, G. : *La Sordità di Beethoven. Considerazioni di un otologo*. illus. pp. 342. Formiggini : Rome, 1921. (With bibliographies.)

#### (vi.) *Personal Appearance : Portraits.*

(a) Frimmel, T. : *Beethovens äussere Erscheinung*. illus. pp. xi. 178. G. Müller : Munich, 1905. (Vol. 1 of the author's "Beethoven-Studien.")

(b) Frimmel, T.: *Beethoven im zeitgenössischen Bildnis* illus. pp. 62. K. König: Vienna, 1923.

[The first of Frimmel's two studies gives the fullest and best account of the various portraits of Beethoven. The second is a more summary treatment, but embodies some fresh material.]

(vii.) *Beethoven as a Performer.*

Huschke, K.: *Beethoven als Pianist und Dirigent.* pp. 102. Schuster & Loeffler: Berlin, 1919.

## 5. CRITICAL WORKS

### (i.) General.\*

(a) Lenz, W. von.: *Beethoven et ses trois styles.* [New edition, with introduction and bibliography by M. D. Calvocoressi.] pp. ix. 500. Legoux: Paris, 1909. (First published at St. Petersburg in 1852, and then at Paris in 1855. The Russian edition is one of the great rarities of Beethoven literature.)

(b) Oulibischeff, A. D.: *Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs.* pp. xv. 352. Brockhaus: Leipzig, 1857. (German trans. by L. Bischoff, Leipzig, 1859.)

(c) Wagner, R.: *Schriften über Beethoven.* [Ed. by R. Sternfeld.] pp. viii. 168. Breitkopf & Siegel: Leipzig, 1916. (The most important of these essays is that entitled simply "Beethoven," first published in 1870. An English trans. by E. Dannreuther was published by W. Reeves in 1880.)

(d) Walker, E.: *Beethoven.* pp. xi. 195. John Lane, 1905. ("Music of the Masters.")

(e) Meramann, H.: *Beethoven. Die Synthese der Stile.* illus. pp. 59. J. Bard. Berlin, 1922.

[For Von Lenz, see article, p. 268. Wagner's essay is stimulating in spite of its incoherence and special pleading: but it must be admitted that it throws more light on Wagner than it does on Beethoven. Ernest Walker's unassuming little volume is still the best critical account of Beethoven's music in English. Meramann's book is a general study of the features of Beethoven's style.]

### (ii.) Special Aspects.

(a) Schmitz, A.: *Beethovens "Zwei Prinzipi": ihre Bedeutung für Themen-und Satzbau.* pp. 108. F. Dümmler: Berlin, 1923.

\* Works containing biographical matter, however excellent their criticism, have been placed under the heading "Biographies." This accounts for the small number of entries here.



(b) Becking, G.: *Studien zu Beethovens Personalstil. Das Scherzothema. Mit einem bisher unveröffentlichten Scherzo Beethovens.* pp. 166. Breitkopf, 1921.

(c) Klauwell, O.: *Ludwig van Beethoven und die Variationenform.* pp. 31. H. Beyer & Söhne: Langensalza, 1901.

[The "Zwei Prinzipie" which Schmitz discusses are referred to by Beethoven himself as a characteristic of his style in a conversation with Schindler recorded in the 2nd ed. of his biography (Nachtrag, pp. 279, 280). Schmitz tries to show that the reference is to the composer's fondness for themes built up of two strongly contrasted sections. The unpublished scherzo which Becking brings to light is a brief movement for PF. in G, preserved in a MS. in the State Library at Berlin.]

(iii.) *Groups of Works and Particular Compositions.\**

*Symphonies.*

(a) Grove, Sir G.: *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies.* pp. vii. 400. Novello, 1896. (Frequently reprinted.)

(b) Prod'homme, J. G.: *Les Symphonies de Beethoven.* [10th ed., revised.] pp. xiv. 492. Delagrave: Paris, 1926. (1st ed., 1906.)

(c) Chop, M.: *Ludwig van Beethovens Symphonien.* Geschichtlich und musikalisch analysiert. 8 vols. Reclam: Leipzig, 1910. (Nos. 5231-5238 of "Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek.")

(d) Evans, Edwin, Senr.: *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies fully described and annotated.* 2 vols. W. Reeves, 1923, 24.

(e) Weingartner, F.: *Ratschläge für Aufführungen klassischer Symphonien.* [vol. 1.] *Beethoven.* [2nd ed., revised.] pp. xii. 207. Breitkopf, 1916. (1st ed., 1906.—English trans. by Jessie Crosland, "On the Performance of Beethoven's Symphonies," Breitkopf, 1907.)

(f) Barroso, M. H.: *La IX Sinfonía de Beethoven.* Ensayo de crítica y estética musical. pp. 220. The Author: Madrid, 1912.

(g) Schenker, H.: *Ludwig van Beethoven: IX Sinfonie.* Universal-Edition: Vienna, 1912. (An analysis, with directions for performance and references to the literature on the symphony.)

\* "Der Musikführer," a series of brief analytical handbooks first published by H. Bechold of Frankfurt in 1894, subsequently continued by J. Schmitt of Frankfurt and H. Seemann of Berlin and now issued by Schlesinger, contains guides to most of Beethoven's works, including many which are not elsewhere treated at such length, e.g., the Coriolanus Overture, the Septet, the Choral Fantasia, the C major Mass and the oratorio "Christus am Oelberge." Breitkopf and Hartel also issue separately the analyses contained in Hermann Kretschmar's *Führer durch den Konzertsaal.*

(h) Tovey, D. F. : *Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*. pp. 44. Paterson : Edinburgh. 1922.

[For English readers Grove's book on the symphonies seems likely to retain its supremacy for many years to come. It will certainly not be ousted from popular favour by Evans's two volumes of elaborate analysis. A translation of Prod'homme's admirably-written study would be a far more serious rival. Tovey's analysis is minute and authoritative.]

#### *String Quartets.*

(a) Helm, T. : *Beethovens Streichquartette*. Versuch einer technischen Analyse dieser Werke im Zusammenhange mit ihrem geistigen Gehalt. [3rd ed.] pp. vii. 355. Siegel : Leipzig, 1921. (First published by E. W. Fritsch, Leipzig, 1885 ; 2nd ed. published by Seigel, 1910.)

(b) Riemann, H. : *Beethovens Streichquartette*. pp. 188. Schlesinger : Berlin, 1910.

(c) Marliave, J. de : *Les Quatuors de Beethoven*. Avec une introduction et des notes par Jean Escarra. pp. x. 408. Alcan : Paris, 1925.

(d) Hadow, Sir W. H. : *Beethoven's Op 18 Quartets*. pp. 64. Milford, 1926. ("The Musical Pilgrim.")

[Marliave's book, of which an English translation is in preparation, provides the fullest analyses of the quartets but does not quite achieve Helm's skilful combination of technical analysis with æsthetic appreciation. Riemann's treatment is briefer and more purely technical.]

#### *Pianoforte Works.*

(a) Marx, A. B. : *Anleitung zum Vortrag Beethovenschen Klavierwerke*. [New ed. by Dr. E. Schmitz.] pp. 250. G. Boese : Regensburg, 1912. (1st ed., 1863 ; 2nd ed., 1875. A new ed. by G. Behncke was also published in 1912, by O. Janke of Berlin.)

(b) Reinecke, C. : *Die Beethovenschen Klaversonaten*. Briefe an eine Freundin. [6th ed.] pp. 129. Gebrüder Reinecke : Leipzig, 1912. (1st ed., 1896.—An English trans. by E. M. T. Dawson was published by Augener in 1898.)

(c) Nagel, W. : *Beethoven und seine Klaversonaten*. [2nd. ed.] 2 vols. H. Beyer & Söhne : Langensalza, 1923, 24. (1st ed., 1908-5.)

(d) Riemann, H. : *L. van Beethoven's sämtliche Klaviersolo-*

*sonaten*. Aesthetische und formal-technische Analyse mit historischen Notizen. 3 vols. M. Hesse : Berlin, 1918, 19.

(e) Lowe, C. E. : *Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas*. Hints on their rendering, form, etc. pp. iv. 205. Novello, 1921. (No. 95 of Novello's Music Primers and Educational Series.)

(f) Shedlock, J. S. : *Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas : the origin and respective values of various readings*. pp. 51. Augener, 1918.

[Riemann's book is the most detailed guide to the sonatas and the only one to discuss the juvenile works published without opus number. It is, however, far too elaborate, and the author's peculiar symbols for indicating harmonies and rhythmical sub-divisions add to the oppressive effect which its mere vastness produces. For ordinary purposes Nagel's book is much more useful. The works by Reinecke, Marx and Lowe are intended chiefly for the performer.]

#### Violin Works.

(a) Matthews, J. : *The Violin Music of Beethoven*. pp. 101. "The Strad" : London, 1902. [No. 10 of "The Strad" Library.]

(b) Midgley, S. : *Handbook to Beethoven's Sonatas for Violin and Pianoforte*. pp. 64. Breitkopf & Härtel; Vincent Music Co. : London, 1911.

(c) Rupertus, O. : *Erläuterungen zu Beethovens Violinsonaten*. pp. 101. P. J. Tonger : Cologne, 1915.

(d) Wetzel, J. H. : *Beethovens Violinsonaten nebst den Romanzen und dem Konzert analysiert*. M. Hesse : Berlin, 1925, etc. (In progress. So far one vol. has been published, dealing with Sonatas 1-5 and the two Romances.)

(e) Herwegh, M. : *Technique et interprétation sous forme d'essai d'analyse psychologique expérimentale appliquée aux sonates pour piano et violon de Beethoven*. pp. 254. P. Schneider : Paris, 1926.

#### Vocal Works.

(a) Lehmann, Lilli : *Studie zu Fidelio*. pp. 68. Breitkopf, 1904.

(b) Chop, M. : *Ludwig van Beethoven, Fidelio*. Geschichtlich, szenisch und musikalisch analysiert. pp. 112. Reclam : Leipzig, 1928. (No. 5124 in Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek. First published in 1910.)

(c) Kufferath, M. : *Fidelio de L. van Beethoven*. illus. pp. xii. 283. Fischbacher : Paris, 1912.

(d) Northcott, R. : *Beethoven's "Fidelio" in London*. pp. 21.  
Press Printers : London, 1918.

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(a) Sternfeld, R. : *Zur Einführung in L. Van Beethovens Missa Solemnis*. pp. 77. "Harmonie" Verlag : Berlin, 1900.

(b) Weber, W. : *Beethovens Missa Solemnis*. Eine Studie. [New ed.] pp. 155. F. E. C. Leuckart : Leipzig, 1908. (1st. ed., 1897.)

(c) Chop, M. : *Ludwig van Beethoven, Missa Solemnis*. Geschichtlich und musikalisch analysiert. pp. 68. Reclam : Leipzig, 1921. (No. 6259 in Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek.)

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Curzon, H. de : *Les Lieder et airs détachés de Beethoven*. pp. 54.  
Fischbacher : Paris, 1905.

C. B. OLDMAN.

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC BY PLATEAU MUSIC-ROLL  
AND GRAMOPHONE RECORD

Sounds from a box! As were Apollo cased  
In wood, or each fair fabled denizen  
Of pinegrove, mountain, or close-reeded fen  
(Their strands of pagan ichor interlaced  
With dew of twilight pity, such as graced  
The unpedestal'd Hermione) before men,  
Dream-wafted to an echoing Grecian glen,  
In breathless courses her fleet fellow chased.

I heard the Pans and Hamadryades,  
The sylvan pipe of many an oak-crowned boy,  
Portunus pacifying angry seas,  
To their surprisers Nymphs no longer coy,  
And (strangest Heav'n!), borne on the still room's breeze,  
The seraph call of confraternal joy.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

On hearing the Choral Symphony and C sharp min. quartet.



## BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC IN PLAYER-PIANO MUSIC-ROLL AND GRAMOPHONE RECORD

### I.

#### PLAYER-PIANO

For the player-piano student and lover of Beethoven's works, whether pianoforte, orchestral, or chamber, a very rich collection is afforded by the Animatic music rolls. These are made by Hupfeld Ltd., primarily for use in the Hupfeld electric reproducing instruments. But every roll is available for use with any make of player-piano which has the standard 88-note tracker; and there can be no doubt that as the Animatic rolls get more generally known, they will attain a leading place in the affections of player-pianists. The agents for these rolls in Great Britain and Ireland are Blüthner and Co., London.

Planned in the first instance for the reproducing instruments, the Animatic rolls are for the most part "artist" rolls. That is, they are recordings of the tempo and rhythm adopted by certain great pianists. The recording is of value according to the worth of the pianist, and it pleases us according to our agreement with him or her. Occasionally it happens that we cannot see eye to eye with the pianist, as is my own case with some of Emil Sauer's interpretations; and if we cannot adjust ourselves to the interpretation, we simply have to pass the particular set of rolls by. But this rarely occurs, for the over-seeing editor or editors of the Animatic library exercise a wise control, and extravagant or highly individual performances of classical music are exceedingly rare here.

William Backhaus has played the sonata in A, Op. 2; the three sonatas in Op. 10; the great "Hammerclavier," Op. 106, in B flat; and the last sonata, the work in C minor, Op. 111. Backhaus has also played for the Animatic the C minor concerto, Op. 37, and the E flat, Op. 73 (the "Emperor").

Frederick Lamond has played the great Variations and Fugue in E flat, Op. 35; the little known Polonaise in C, Op. 89; the little sonata in F sharp, Op. 78; and the sonata in A, Op. 101.

From Busoni's hands comes merely the Liszt arrangement of "Adelaide." Eugen d'Albert offers the concerto in G, Op. 58, and the "Waldstein" sonata, Op. 53; also the "Lost Penny" rondo. Raoul Pugno's delightful art is preserved in his interpretation of the D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2.

Weingartner in the sonata in E, Op. 109, and Dohnányi in that in A flat, Op. 110, help us to understand works which are likely to be misapprehended by those of us who regard the later Beethoven as necessarily complex, for Weingartner and Dohnányi show that the music of these two works is actually simpler than that of the sonatas of the middle period, when Beethoven wrote his great concert-sonatas.

Nearly all the other piano sonatas are available, interpreted by

pianists of varying merit:—Max von Pauer, Xaver Scharwenka, Willy Eickemeyer, Arthur Friedheim, Sauer, Conrad Ansorge, etc. The only Harold Bauer performance is that of the "Moonlight," and the only Godowski that of the sonata "Les Adieux," Op. 81.

Every one of the symphonies is available, at full length. All but the fourth are in the "straight" roll (the *rolle métronomique*), prepared from excellent piano-duet arrangements, with occasional skilful editing to make the music yet more effective on the player-piano. The fourth symphony is in a two-hand arrangement, interpreted by Margarete Isenberg. The only overtures are the "Leonora III" and the "Ruins of Athens."

The Animatic provision of chamber works in the piano-duet form is most valuable. Of the string quartets, Op. 18, Nos. 2 and 4 are available. All three works in the great Op. 59 are available; likewise the Op. 95, the Op. 130, and the Op. 132. Seven of the piano trios have their piano part provided, and there are various other "accompaniments" to violin sonatas.

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It is evident that arrangements have been made whereby Animatic music rolls are conveyed to the Ampico reproducing instruments. (All that has to be done is to translate the dynamic-control perforations of the one instrument into the same system of perforations for the other instrument.) This business arrangement is very good indeed for art, and it is all the more welcome in that the present Ampico set of Beethoven works is meagre.

The C minor symphony is, however, available in an unusual condition. Two pianists, Milton Suskind (Polish-American, born 1898) and Arthur Loesser, play the symphony as a piano duet to Arthur Bodanzky's conducting.

But for the rest, there are only the "Pathetic" (Clarence Adler) and "Moonlight" (Bauer) sonatas, and some half-dozen miscellaneous pieces.

The Ampico player-action is now installed in eight or ten famous British pianos, all under the direction of Messrs. Ampico, Ltd., of Regent Street; and we may be sure that a complete change in the Ampico library in this matter of Beethoven's music will be effected very quickly.

---

The finely representative Beethoven section of the Welte catalogue (Steinway and Sons and the Bechstein Piano Company) benefits by the circumstance that the Welte is the earliest of the electric reproducing pianos, and that some of its artists are therefore musicians famous in the 1890's and opening years of the twentieth century. It is only necessary to mention Teresa Carreño's performance of the "Waldstein" sonata, Op. 58, to show how pleasant and interesting

this is. (Medtner also has recorded the last movement of this sonata for the Welte.)

Eugen d'Albert has provided the 1st and 2nd movements of Op. 2, No. 3—the brilliant work in C major; the scherzo from Op. 31, No. 3, E flat; the delightful sonatina in G, Op. 79; Nos. 3 and 4 of the Bagatelles, Op. 126; the Polonaise in C, Op. 89; the Rondo in G, Op. 51, No. 2; the E minor sonata, Op. 90, 1st and 2nd movements; and the A major, Op. 101. (This late E minor is played in full by Xaver Scharwenka, and the A major is played by Josef Hofmann.)

Dohnányi plays the happy little work in F sharp, Op. 78, and Weingartner that in E, Op. 109. Saint-Saëns is preserved in his performance of the *adagio grazioso* from the sonata in G, Op. 31, No. 1, and Pugno in the opening movement of the "Moonlight," which last work is played in full by Paderewski.

The "Appassionata," Op. 57, is recorded by Ernest Schelling and Graf von Pückler; another roll contains Xaver Scharwenka's interpretation of the first movement of this sonata. Lamond and Edward Fischer have played the "Pathétique," Op. 18; and Lamond and Fanny Bloomfield-Zeissler have played that other work in C minor, the last sonata of all, Op. 111.

Practically every other piano sonata is to be found in the Welte catalogue, though of some sonatas only one or two movements are brought in. The omissions are occasionally curious. Thus the finale of the third sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, C major, is not to be found, and yet this movement is so good on the player-piano that it might almost have been written for it.\*

Miscellaneous pieces are generously included:—The long *andante* that was originally intended for the "Waldstein" (played by Max Pauer and Alfred Grünfeld), several of the German dances, the *Écossaises* (by ancient Reinecke and Maria Carreras), rondos, fantasias, minuets, and all the great sets of variations.

The first four piano concertos are present in selected movements. There are the "Egmont" and "Leonora" overtures. The "Eroica" symphony is played in full by Carlo del Grande and Paula Utz. Georges Kiek has played the last three movements of the symphony in D, No. 2; Sándor László has played the whole of the symphony in C minor; and del Grande and Paula Utz have played the whole of the "Pastoral" symphony.

This large orchestral music comes magnificently from the electric instrument. But as the Welte rolls, like the Animatic, can be used with any instrument having the standard 88-note tracker, the music may be realised quite as well upon the ordinary "straight" player, if the player-pianist has technical ability and physical strength.

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The Aeolian Company from the beginning—which means from about 1897—have realised the value of Beethoven for the "Pianola." Their original complete catalogue (about the year 1910) contained a long

\*Since making the above account of Welte Beethoven rolls, I have observed that this finale has been recently included in a supplementary list of rolls.

list of his works; though the sonata in A, Op. 101, never happened to be cut for the "Pianola."

I cannot offer here an abstract of the works that will be standing in the Aeolian catalogue when this number of MUSIC AND LETTERS is published, because I understand that a special set of "straight-cut" Beethoven rolls will be issued to mark the centenary, among them the entire collection of the piano sonatas. But I can offer an interesting insight into the use of Beethoven's music by player-pianists in general, and so of the popularity of certain works, by quoting the titles of those compositions of which the sales are both steady and large.

## SONATAS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| (1) Op. 13, C minor,<br>"Pathétique."      | (2) Op. 26, A flat,<br>"Funeral March." |
| (3) Op. 27, C sharp minor,<br>"Moonlight." | (4) Op. 47, A major,<br>"Kreutzer."     |
| (5) Op. 53, C major,<br>"Waldstein."       | (6) Op. 57, F minor,<br>"Appassionata." |

## SYMPHONIES.

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| (1) No. 3, "Eroica." | (2) No. 5, C minor. |
| (3) No. 5, C minor.  | (4) No. 7, A major. |
| (5) No. 9, "Choral." |                     |

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| (1) The song, "Adelaide."             | (2) The "Andante in F."                        |
| (3) The "Emperor"<br>piano concerto.  | (4) The "Egmont" overture.                     |
| (5) The "Leonora"<br>overture, No. 1. | (6) Minuet in G.                               |
| (7) "Lost Penny" rondo,<br>Op. 129.   | (8) The "Ruins of Athens"<br>overture.         |
|                                       | (9) "Turkish March"<br>(Beethoven-Rubinstein.) |

The Duo-Art (electric reproduction) pianola-piano has sonatas played by various famous pianists: the "Pathétique," by Bauer; the A flat, Op. 26, by Marguerite Volavy; the "Moonlight," by Carrefio and Hofmann; the E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, by Lamond; the "Appassionata," by Bauer; etc. And this instrument has the Fifth Symphony arranged for piano solo and played by Albert Stoessel.

In the new "World's Music" series of rolls, a number of Beethoven works are already named. But until the centenary publications are announced, it is not worth while to go into particulars.

## II.

## GRAMOPHONE

The same absence of knowledge as to what the gramophone companies are doing for this occasion makes it impossible to describe adequately the Beethoven recordings. It is known, at the moment of writing, that the Columbia and Gramophone (H.M.V.) Companies are each

issuing something like a hundred specially prepared records—sonatas, trios, quartets, symphonies, vocal pieces, and the like.

It is not likely, however, that the great successes effected during the past twelve months (that is, since the new electrical recording came into operation) will be put aside by the special centenary records, or that the miscellaneous selections will be so representative as, for example, that set of half-a-dozen airs from "Fidelio" which is to be found in the Polydor catalogue; Frida Leider's singing of "Komm', o Hoffnung" and "Abscheulicher!"; or Helene Wildbrunn's singing of the same, will probably remain the solitary recordings of these numbers, as the first-named singer's beautiful performance of the Italian scena, "Ah! perfido," will probably remain unsurpassed.

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"A Summer Song" (Guy d'Hardelot), "I  
heard a sweet song" (Dorothy Forster), "A Song  
of Gladness" (Eino priza song), "Close-props"  
(sung by "Co-ops"), "A Song of Joy" (Maude  
Craske-Day), "The Shepherd King" (May H.  
Brabe), Cantatas "Arcades," "Coral Isle,"  
"Gipsy Suite," "By the Shore" (Luigi Denza).  
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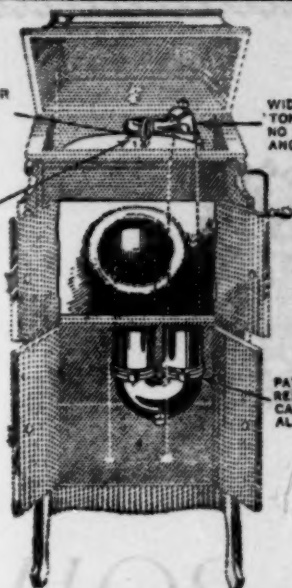


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